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The
Emma
Goldman
Papers

REEL

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Emma
Goldman
Papers

A Microfilm Edition

Reel 36

Correspondence

December 1, 1935, to March 15, 1936

Edited by
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Ronald J. Zboray
and
Daniel Cornford

CHADWYCK-HEALEY INC.

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[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 18, Plymouth [England to] Liza [Koldofsky, London] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 18, Plymouth [England to] Bank of Montreal, Montreal / E[mma] G[oldman].
[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 18, Plymouth [England to] George Fearon, Coventry [England] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 19, Plymouth [England to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter] 1936 Feb. 19, Coventry, England [to] Emma Goldman, London / George Fearon.
[Letter] 1936 Feb. 19 [Nice to] Emma [Goldman, Plymouth, England] / E[mma] Eckstein].
[Invoice] 1936 Feb. 19, London [to] E[mma Goldman, London] / C.W. Daniel Co.
[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 20, Plymouth [England to] Es[landa Robeson, London] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 20, Plymouth [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 20, Plymouth [England to] Walter C. Mycroft, Elstree [England] / [Emma Goldman].
[Invoice] 1936 Feb. 20, London [to] E[mma Goldman, London] / C.W. Daniel Co.
[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 21, Plymouth [England to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman].
[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 21, Plymouth [England to] Shloime [Sutton, Enfield, England] / [Emma Goldman].

- [Letter] 1936 Feb. 21, Brooklyn, N.Y. [to] Emma Goldman, London / John Haynes Holmes.
- [Letter] 1936 Feb. 21, Brooklyn, N.Y. [to] Emma Goldman, London / [John Haynes Holmes].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 22, Plymouth, England [to Max Nettlau, Vienna] / E[mma] G[oldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 22, Plymouth, England [to Max Nettlau, Vienna] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 22, Plymouth [England to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 22 [Plymouth, England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 22 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, Plymouth, England] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter, 1936] Feb. 23 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, Plymouth, England] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter] 1936 Feb. 25, London [to Alexander Berkman and Emmy Eckstein, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 25, London [to] George [Seldes, New York] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 25, London [to] George [Seldes, New York] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 25, London [to] George Fearon, Coventry [England] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 25, London [to] Angelica [Balabanoff, New York] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 26, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1936 Feb. 26, Coventry [England to] Emma Goldman, London / George Fearon.
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 27, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 27 [London to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 28, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 28, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter, 1936] Feb. 28 Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 28, Enfield [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 29, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 Feb. 29, London [to] Nell[y Lavers?, Bristol, England] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 1936] Feb. 29 [Nice to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter] 1936 Feb. 29, Scarboro Bluffs, Canada [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Dorothy [Rogers].
- [Letter, 1936 March 1? Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Frank [G. Heiner].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 1, London [to] Paul [and Eslanda Robeson, London] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 1936? March 2? London to unknown recipient (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 2, London [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 2, London [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 2, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].

- [Letter, 19]36 March 2, London [to] Henry [G. Alsberg, Washington, D.C. (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter 1936] March 2, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Angelica [Balabanoff].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 3, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1936 March 3, Montreal [to] Emma G[oldman, London] / F.J. Buck.
- [Letter, 19]36 March 4, London [to Frances] Briggs, [London] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 4, Enfield [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / S[hloime] Sutton.
- [Letter, 1936 March 5? London to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1936 March 5, London [to unknown recipient] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1936 March 5, London [to unknown recipient] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 5, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 5 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].
- [Letter 1936] March 5, Bearsville, N.Y. [to Emma Goldman, London] / Stella [Ballantine].
- [Letter] 1936 March 5, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Frances Briggs.
- [Letter, 19]36 March 6, London [to] Shloime [Sutton, Enfield, England] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 1936] March 6, London [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Es[landa Robeson].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 7, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter 1936] March 8, Sheffield, England [to Emma] Goldman, [London] / P.L. Ingold.
- [Letter, 19]36 March 8 [London to] Es[landa Robeson, London] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 9, London [to Alexander Berkman and Emmy Eckstein, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1936 March 9, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Jeanne [Levey].
- [Letter, 1936 March 10? London to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 10, London [to] Milly [Witcop Rocker, Crompond, N.Y.] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 10, London [to Abraham Zubrin, Detroit] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Envelope, 1936 March 10, London to] A[braham] Zubrin, Detroit / E[mma] G[oldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 10, London [to] Harry [Kelly, New Rochelle, N.Y.] / Emma [Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 10, London [to] Harry [Kelly, New Rochelle, N.Y.] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 10, London [to] Alfred A. Knopf, New York / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1936 March 10, Cardiff, Wales [to Emma Goldman, London] / A.L. Williams.
- [Letter, 19]36 March 10 [London to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton].
- [Letter] 1936 March 11, London [to unknown recipient] / [Emma Goldman].
- [Letter, 19]36 March 11, London [to Alexander Berkman and Emmy Eckstein, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].
- [Letter] 1936 March 11, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Bessie [Davidoff].

[Letter, 19]36 March 12, London [to C.W.] Daniel, [London (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman].

[Letter] 1936 March 12, Cardiff [Wales to Emma Goldman, London] / A.L. Williams.

[Letter, 19]36 March 12 [London to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton].

[Letter] 1936 March 13 [Nice to Emma Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].

[Letter, 19]36 March 14, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].

[Letter, 19]36 March 15, Coventry [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].

Introduction to Reels 31 through 37 (May 1, 1934, to June 30, 1936)

The twenty-six months following the end of Goldman's American tour in April 1934 were a restless but productive period in her life. She lectured extensively in Canada and Great Britain, spending the summer and early fall of 1935 at her cottage in St. Tropez. With Alexander Berkman's editorial assistance, she wrote several major articles on anarchist theory and on the political crisis in Europe. In her personal life, 1934 was marked by the exhilaration of her affair with Frank Heiner, but Berkman's suicide at the end of June 1936 plunged her into despair.

After leaving the United States, Goldman settled for a year in Canada, lecturing frequently in Toronto, Hamilton, and Montreal on a broad range of literary and political topics, alerting her audiences to the twin menaces of Nazism and fascism, and continuing to speak on such topics as birth control and "The Erotic Element in Life". While lecturing was her own primary means of support, she also used the occasions to raise funds for political prisoners in Europe.

Her correspondence during this period includes long, passionate letters from Frank Heiner, who she met in Chicago during her U.S. tour. Her initial response while still in the country was to attempt to confine the relationship to a friendship based on their mutual political interests (4/11/34). His talent as an orator, his magnetic personality, his broad education in the social sciences, and his keen interest in anarchist ideas led her to hope that he could effect a resurgence of anarchist activity in America and carry on her legacy. While she found his effusive expressions of love exhilarating, she remained cautious, expecting his love for her to be "too much of a miracle to be real" (5/6/34). But after returning to exile in Canada, she had to confront her loneliness and her desire for an intimate relationship: "Mine has been and is a very lonely life since I have been exiled. Lonelier and [with] an inner void much more so than my outer appearance suggests" (4/11/34).

Goldman was also aware of the obstacles that would inevitably taint an intimate relationship with him: the twenty-nine-year difference in their ages; Heiner's stable marriage to Mary Koll Heiner, with whom he had a twelve-year-old daughter; and the restrictions on Goldman's travel to the United States. But Mary's tolerance of Frank's romantic interest in Goldman, along with his lyrical love letters, gradually persuaded Goldman to put aside her misgivings and allow him to come to Toronto in August. After two weeks of "overwhelming bliss," she felt devastated when he returned home to Chicago. Still, the relationship with Heiner, she wrote Stella Ballantine, "strengthened my belief in freedom as the highest expression of man" (9/9/34). She maintained both a personal and professional correspondence with him for two years: she kept him informed about her political activities, quizzed him about current developments in the social sciences, and articulated her despair about not being able to visit him.

Goldman sustained her voluminous correspondence with Berkman throughout these years as well. After returning to Canada, she began to worry about his health, even though he usually joked about or minimized his illnesses. He had a chronic, unspecified heart condition and, in the last year of his life, prostate cancer. He also suffered from depression, which was neither diagnosed by his physicians nor recognized by his friends. Goldman knew, however, that he felt despondent when separated from her for long periods, a feeling she attributed to his lack of intellectual camaraderie, as she believed that his companion, Emmy Eckstein, did not share any of his interests. And his status as a political exile, which made any kind of political activity impossible and forced him to reapply every few months for permission to reside in France, was responsible, she felt, for some of his pervasive sense of hopelessness about the future. In letters to him and others, she focused primarily on his complaints of physical exhaustion that hampered his ability to work. She worked with Phillip Kapp of the International Ladies Garment

Workers Union and Minna Lowensohn, an associate in New York, on establishing a retirement fund for him.

Goldman did what she could to help Berkman in all aspects of his life, attempting, for example, to relieve the pressure of the deadline he set himself to complete the translation of Rudolf Rocker's large volume of theoretical essays, *Nationalism and Culture*. As a friend and a correspondent of Rocker's, she tried to coordinate their efforts. But a quarrel was inevitable, since Berkman believed he had been given the authority to edit and shorten the German text for a popular English audience. When Rocker expressed displeasure at Berkman's deletions, Berkman withdrew from the project feeling hurt and unfairly treated. Goldman supported Berkman throughout this ordeal, even though she understood Rocker's point of view.

In the spring of 1935, as Goldman prepared to leave Canada, she began to correspond with Berkman's companion, Emmy Eckstein. Eckstein's many letters before Goldman's arrival in France testify to a growing warmth between the two women as they resolved their mutual, but previously unspoken, jealousy over Berkman's attention. Nevertheless, when the three set up a joint household in St. Tropez, day-to-day tensions undermined the harmony they had achieved. Goldman, grieving the loss of her intimacy with Heiner, felt ignored by Berkman. Eckstein, as previously, felt shut out of Goldman and Berkman's close friendship. Berkman was dismayed by the inability of his two closest friends to solve their difficulties with each other. Eckstein and Berkman soon returned to their apartment in Nice, while Goldman began to prepare for her lecture tour of Great Britain the following fall.

Goldman met with a warmer welcome in Great Britain in 1935 than on her two previous tours in 1925 and 1933. She attributed her success to British intellectuals' gradual disenchantment with Stalinism and their recognition, with the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, of Mussolini's expansionist aims. Unlike their counterparts in other countries, even Communists in Britain seemed

more tolerant of Goldman's anti-Soviet perspective. She found several new organizations open to her, including the National Council of Labor Colleges, the British Drama League, and the Rationalist Society. Nevertheless, she faced an "uphill struggle" to earn a living by lecturing; after five months of lectures in London, Bristol, and Wales, she anticipated being forced to sell her home in St. Tropez.

Midway through her British tour, Goldman learned from Emmy Eckstein of Berkman's hospitalization for prostate problems. Assured by Eckstein of Berkman's eventual recovery, Goldman continued her lectures. Although more surgery for Berkman and Eckstein's own hospitalization for colitis followed shortly, the two repeatedly insisted in their correspondence that Goldman had little cause for alarm. Still, guilt at her delay surrounded Goldman's return to Nice, where she nursed both her friends until Eckstein felt well enough to care for Berkman. He remained in pain and recovered slowly. Having returned to her home in

St. Tropez, Goldman wondered whether she had done enough for him. On June 27, after he sent Goldman warm birthday greetings and in the midst of a painful relapse, Berkman shot himself in the abdomen. Upon receiving a call from Eckstein, Goldman hurried to Nice where she found Berkman still conscious but unable to speak.

Goldman experienced his death a few hours later as her greatest personal loss. Her forty-seven-year friendship with Berkman, though sometimes strained by disappointments and failures of communication, provided her with unwavering affection that grew more essential to her well-being with the advancing years. Her intimate correspondence with him allowed her the opportunity to explore and define her thoughts about both her public and private lives in an atmosphere of complete trust. No wonder that, grieving the loss of this friendship, she described it as "the one treasure I have rescued from my long and bitter struggle" (7/12/36).

In the years prior to Berkman's death, and despite her worries about him, the anguish of her affair with Heiner, and her own continuing financial woes, Goldman continued to publish a variety of essays. In "Was My Life Worth Living?" for *Harper's*, she updated her autobiography. She prepared a theoretical piece, "Two Communisms: Bolshevik and Anarchist" for *American Mercury*, whose editor retitled it "There Is No Communism in Russia" and deleted the crucial section on the anarchist alternative to the Soviet system. Although she prominently placed the "The Tragedy of the Political Exiles" in the *Nation*, she failed to find a mass market publisher for her article "The Place of the Individual in Society".

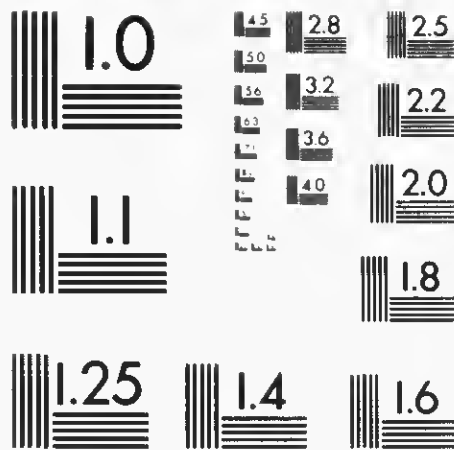
In addition to this formal writing, Goldman expanded her circle of correspondents during these months, her American tour supplying the occasion to revive written exchanges with old friends in the United States. And she found new correspondents, including Jeanne Levey and Dorothy Rogers, among those who had helped with her lecture tours in the United States and Canada. She also corresponded more frequently with relatives during a period that included several family crises: the death of her brother Herman, the successive heart attacks of her other brother Morris, and the psychiatric depression of her grandniece Ruth Lowe, Stella Ballantine's daughter.

In several letters of the period, Goldman expressed the dark mood that resulted from these tragedies. In a letter to Roger Baldwin, for example, she quotes the German novelist B. Traven: "'Why do I permit myself to be tortured? Because I have hope, which is the sin and the curse of mankind.' Hope has been that to me.... Well, I have had so many disappointments in my long struggle that one more is not likely to kill me" (10/24/34). Goldman's revelations of her internal struggle against hopelessness elicited crucial support from old friends like Joseph Goldman, a Chicago comrade, who wrote her: "What if your ideal for which the better part of your life has been devoted, is at present in eclipse? Is there reason to despair? I don't think so.... If I had to live life over again, I would choose the same path" (4/4/35). As much as she

sought solace from others, she had to console them as well. When Rose Pesotta wrote in a despondent moment that her work for the International Ladies Garment Workers Union in Seattle had met with the same obstacles as Goldman's work as a labor organizer forty years earlier, Goldman encouraged her to continue her efforts and insisted that she would make a lasting contribution to the labor movement.

Throughout this period, Goldman's interest in the anarchist movement in Spain increased. She had been in contact with immigrant Spanish anarchists in New York in the 1910s. Renewing these relationships during her U.S. tour in 1934, she kept informed about events in Spain through Maximiliano and Anna Olay, Chicago activists with connections to the Spanish movement, and encouraged several other comrades, including Frank Heiner, W. S. Van Valkenburgh, and Victor Martinez, editor of *Cultura Proletaria* (a Spanish-language newspaper published in New York), to publicize Spanish events to an English-speaking mass readership.

16X



The Emma Goldman Papers

870920176

[Letter, 1935? Dec.? London to] Paul [Robeson, London] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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4916

Dear Paul. Essie's letter of nov 24th tells me wonderful things about you. Can you blame me then, if I am more than usually eager to see you and learn about your achievements? I am so glad that I am staying on in England, London most of the time. Surely there will be a chance for a visit with you and Essie. I am particularly interested to get your reaction to your visit to Russia, and your experience with your ~~African~~ African group you trained for the film ~~etc~~ I saw in Paris. Of course I want to see you for your own dear sake. I have asked Essie to squeeze in an hour or two and I will come flying.

Affectionately

I am looking forward eagerly to hearing you the 19th.

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1

The Emma Goldman Papers

870928149

[Letter, 1935 Dec.? St. Tropez to] Emma [Goldman, London] / [Emily Holmes Coleman].— 1 p.; 21 x 16 cm.

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see a stone and a couple
Tenchor books. What does the
Rocher book look like? Can-
not be found.

Every person in the town
has feared me like a re-
turned mermaid. I feel so
important. Baillie is giving
me the regular luncheon
(a pot me) every day for
10 francs. It costs 15. I eat
lard, cheese & bananas for
supper, or cook eggs. Madame
L'Escafe gave me a pot.
My friend Joe followed me
from the village, poor child. I
told him I was going that I had
to move. I will not be mean
to him, but I can't make
my time from here. I am
in the Ludatons' hill in
my little campsite and
just back of Odette's first.
I can't get used to it. I have
been hearing up myself
in the night. I made a small
fire. I am everything again
now!

Ludatons are leaving
home. Madame is sad. I am
must help her to make
a small home.

Yardage, dear. I go to you
lives every day & here even
see in the toilet.

Dearest Emma-

I was plan-
ning to write my father
to California for Christmas
by one of the Western Union
special messages. But it
seems that the Post Office
here does not comprehend
that. It would cost me a
fortune to send a regular
message, so could I ask you
to get Hilda or Doris to
send this out as soon as
possible? I enclose a little
price. I have to bother you.
I believe one can send it
from any post office in Paris.
The gardener said
four of your speech trees were
lost. He showed them to me.
I suppose these trees do not
last. Do you want them
replaced? It will cost you
the large sum of five
francs per tree.

I stole my blanket
and potting from your house.

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870920204

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4967

I am here since the 14th of last month. I have already lectured eight times, four in London, one in Leeds and four in Plymouth. I see that makes nine times. The attendance was

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920204

[Letter, 1935 Dec., London to] Fan [Stark, Montreal?] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p. ; 23 × 18 cm.

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4960

small and the admission, except for a few rows at six pence, free.
You can see I will not be burdened by wealth when I leave England.
I cannot begin to tell you how very poor the poor are and even
part of the middle class. English people think in pennies and
lectures are the last they spend money for. And yet I am determined
to go on. Especially now that you are not coming over I will battle
on until spring. After all England is the only country where I may
speak out. All other European countries are closed to me for public
work. So is the U.S. And Canada has also meant a bitter battle with
no more material results than I will carry away from here. On
the other hand, England is after all Europe, one can hear some
good music or see a good play occasionally. Canada has precious
little of that. And it costs so much to get there, nor ~~xxxxxx~~ has
the number of active people increased. All, in all I really have no
choice. If I do not want to end my days in France gagged and
spiritually paralysed I must try hard to gain a footing here. I
realize the climb is steep and painful. But I am determined to
plod on.

Of course I hope when this reaches you you will be in
better health than some months ago. I suppose you will go back to
Florida for a while. I remember how you suffer from the severe cold
and, whatever you do I wish you a very merry Christmas and a happy
and interesting New Year. My holiday will probably be very glum
so you must drink a glass to our friendship. Please give my love
and the best of wishes to your lovely children. It will be great
to see you and the girls again in June. Now mind don't disappoint

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920204

[Letter, 1935 Dec., London to] Fan [Stark, Montreal?] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p. ; 23 × 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.*

3

me again. What about Edith and her family? I hope they are all well. If Edith is unlike you in so many ways you both are alike lazy correspondents. I wrote her in answer to the one letter I had from her. And that was the end. But I love my friends for their short comings almost more than for their virtues. So you will please give Edith, Ronny and June my love and my heartfelt wishes for a happy, healthy and interesting New Year. The same wished to our nice Rabbi should you have a chance to see him.

Devoted love to you my dearest Fan.

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5

The Emma Goldman Papers

890128006

[Letter] 1935 Dec. [Paris to Emma Goldman, London] / Mollie Steimer. —
2 p.; 29 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Senya Flechine Archive.

Copy

I

Dec. 1935 File

About my health? Well, I am sorry to tell you but it got worse since your departure. The medicine I got from Fuller did me no good. That is why I didn't return to him after the 6 weeks expired. If this was the best he could do for me, then what is the use of returning??? Perhaps my present state is also due to a lot of aggravation I went through of late.

to
Fanny

F.'s behaviour in the Fund became very disagreeable. At first, she continually found fault with the secretary- J.D., not against his honesty but his manner of keeping the books, his not being prompt enough in replying to letters etc. Well, it was often explained to her that Jacques has a lot to do and the work for the Fund, he can only do when he has a free moment that's why we cannot ask of him too much. That none of us are bureaucrats. We are comrades united to help ours in distress and as COMRADES WE MUST ACT. That is: DEVIDE THE WORK. J. is the secretary officially, but this ought not to prevent us from answering some of his letters or doing a part of his books. As a matter of fact, this was always the case in the Relief Fund. Each one did according to his ability and time, we never gave a thought about the official functions. What mattered was that the work be done. Mutual assistance was a matter of course. Unfortunately, Fanny has no understanding for such things. She is a bureaucrat with a very limited mind. Before I invited her to work in the Fund, Senya warned me that "She is no comrade". But she made a very good impression on me and I thought that she may become one. Alas, this is not the case. She did become a member of the S.G.T.S.R. - by conviction or because she is the friend of Senya - but she never became a comrade! As a result, the late sessions of the Fund were dry, business-like and a feeling of antagonism developed which brought to clashes for the least important thing...

Recently, the Fund carried on a correspondence with M. Day the Belgian comrade who is the head of the International Committee to aid the persecuted Anarchists. We wanted to clear certain points. For instance to know whom does he help? Are Russians included? Does he get money for Russian prisoners? Etc. Jacques carried on a correspondence for some time and Fanny often remarked that he was too slow. Imagine our stupefaction, when at the last session of the Fund Fanny brought Jacques strict instructions (supposedly to have come from the secretary of the I.A.A. through Senya) to: 1) Write to M. Day within 48 hours! 2) Not to take any decision in the case of M. Day before consulting the I.A.A. 3) To submit the entire correspondence re this case to the Secretariat of the I.A.A. 4) to make a copy of all letters he sends out. Etc. etc. !!!

The Relief Fund consists of: Senya, Voline, Galina, Fanny, Jacques Doubinsky and me. We are all willing to accept a good advice from the I.A.A. -- provided it is given in a comradely way, and that we too found it good. But under no circumstances has the I.A.A. a right to give us orders! Even if the Fund were a section of the I.A.A., which it is not(!), we pay no membership to the International and have no voice in its doings, we asked the I.A.A. to control our books, this the secretary did, and this was our only link with the International until now. But, even if it were a Section, these have absolute autonomy and no one would permit the secretary of the I.A.A. to dictate or order them what to do!

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6

The Emma Goldman Papers

890128006

[Letter] 1935 Dec. [Paris to Emma Goldman, London] / Mollie Steimer. —
2 p.; 29 × 21 cm.

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II

File

The session therefore rejected the instructions as well as the manner in which these were given over, and decided to send a delegation - Voline and Jacques - to the secretary of the I.A.A. Dufour for an explanation.

All those years in which we worked in the Fund with Sasha, Voline, Jacques in Paris, or Millie Rudolf and the others in Berlin, there was always harmony, mutual understanding and perfect comradeship. We were neither functionaries who are to carry out orders, nor dummies. We were Anarchists working together in a comradely way. Now, the spirit of devotion and comradeship gave way to "musts" and "orders" from the I.A.A. and "decisions of congress" and lots of other such expressions that would make one think that we are not a voluntary Committee working to help our comrades in need, but subordinates to some invisible power... Voline was to ask the reason for the changed attitude of I.A.A. who formerly never interfered in the work of the Relief Fund.

From the talk with the secretary, it appeared that no orders were given. That as far as he knows, "the International has absolutely nothing concrete against M. Day which would permit to doubt his honesty. But in his opinion, "it is more a question of tendencies. Because M. Day is an Anar. Individualist, Bernard and Sanya - who are more Syndicalists than Anarchists with strong bureaucratic inclinations - cannot stand him, and there is a certain desire on their part to rid the movement of M. Day."

When Fanny transmitted the order to the secretary of the Fund, she said that these "instructions came from the secretary of the I.A.A.: DUFOUR! But here was clear that it wasn't Dufour at all and that Sanya was behind the whole thing! This made me sick for several days. I spent sleepless nights and my jaw trouble became worse than ever. We then decided to: resign from the Fund as it is physically impossible for me to stand such action or atmosphere. We sent in our resignation to the secretary of the Fund the 9th of December giving as reason: my bad state of health, for we do not want to disturb the further work of the Fund, nor have anybody know about the misunderstandings going on. If I were well, I would remain and fight it out, as it is, we must leave.

Please remember then, that officially, we left on account of my physical condition. It is only to you, Sasha Millie and Rudolf that we feel obliged to explain the matter as it really is.

S'long my dear! I am sorry to begin the New Year with unpleasant news. May there soon be a change for the better in our movement in general and some very happy changes for you personally.

Devotedly

Mollie Steimer

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7

The Emma Goldman Papers

890317201

[Letter] 1935 Dec. [Paris to Emma Goldman, London] / Mollie [Steimer].—
2 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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Copy
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I

Dec. 1935.

About my health? Well, I am sorry to tell you but it got worse since your departure. The medicine I got from Fuller did me no good. That is why I didn't return to him after the 6 weeks expired. If this was the best he could do for me, then what is the use of returning??? Perhaps my present state is also due to a lot of aggravation I went through of late.

F.'s behaviour in the Fund became very disagreeable. At first, she continually found fault with the secretary- J.D., not against his honesty, but his manner of keeping the books, his not being prompt enough in replying to letters etc. Well, it was often explained to her that Jacques has a lot to do and the work for the Fund, he can only do when he has a free moment that's why we cannot ask of him too much. That none of us are bureaucrats. We are comrades united to help ours in distresses and as COMRADES WE MUST ACT. That is: DEVIDE THE WORK. J. is the secretary officially, but this ought not to prevent us from answering some of his letters or doing a part of his books. As a matter of fact, this was always the case in the Relief Fund. Each one did according to his ability and time, we never gave a thought about the official functions. What mattered was that the work be done. Mutual assistance was a matter of course. Unfortunately, Fanny has no understanding for such things. She is a bureaucrat with a very limited mind. Before I invited her to work in the Fund, Sanya warned me that "She is no comrade!" But she made a very good impression on me and I thought that she may become one. Alas, this is not the case. She did become a member of the S.G.T.S.R. - by conviction or because she is the friend of Sanya - but she never became a comrade! As a result, the late sessions of the Fund were dry, business like and a feeling of antagonism developed which brought to clashes for the least important thing...

Recently, the Fund carried on a correspondence with M. Day the Belgian comrade who is the head of the International Committee to aid the persecuted Anarchists. We wanted to clear certain points. For instance to know whom does he help? Are Russians included? Does he get money for Russian prisoners? Etc. Jacques carried on a correspondence for some time and Fanny often remarked that he was too slow. Imagine our stupefaction, when at the last session of the Fund Fanny brought Jacques strict instructions (supposedly to have come from the secretary of the I.A.A. through Sanya) to: 1) Write to M. Day within 48 hours! 2) Not to take any decision in the case of M. Day before consulting the I.A.A. 3) To submit the entire correspondence re this case to the Secretariat of the I.A.A. 4) to make copies of all letters he sends out. Etc. etc. !!!

The Relief Fund consists of: Senya, Voline, Galina, Fanny, Jacques Doublinsky and me. We are all willing to accept a good advice from the I.A.A. - provided it is given in a comradely way, and that we too found it good. But under no circumstances has the I.A.A. a right to give us orders! Even if the Fund were a section of the I.A.A. which it is not(!), we pay no membership to the International and have no voice in its doings, we asked the I.A.A. to control our books, this the secretary did, and this was our only link with the International until now. But, even if it were a Section, these have absolute autonomy and no one has the right to ask the secretary of the I.A.A. to dictate or order them.

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II

ROC

The session therefore rejected the instructions as well as the manner in which these were given over, and decided to send a delegation - Voline and Jacques - to the secretary of the I.A.A. Dufour for an explanation.

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Devotedly

Mollie

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935 Dec. 1? London to] Dorothy [Rogers, Scarboro Bluffs, Canada] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 21 × 17 cm.

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Dearest Dorothy,

[December 1935, enclosure]

Your letter lifted a weight from my heart. I have been terribly anxious about you. You see, my dear, you were among my prompt correspondents - I do not remember when you left me without a word so long as this time. Naturally, I was uneasy.

I had a letter from Mrs. Barrett. She mentioned the fact that she had seen you, but nothing else, and I have not heard from anyone else in Toronto. Only the other day, I had a letter from Dien and I had planned to write her to find out what was the matter with you. Anyway, I am relieved to hear from you direct.

Dear, I can read between the lines that you have been very unhappy - very likely going through a terrible struggle in regard to your home and other matters. I wish there was anything I could say to relieve you, but it is unfortunately true that in great distress each one must fight his own battle; not even the dearest friends can help us in that. However, I have confidence in your will-power and in your determination to be true to yourself and to continue the work for our ideas you have so splendidly begun when we met.

I do not think you should be so disappointed about our Group. After all, nothing ever could be done in the surer. I am certain when Allen comes back and possibly Joe, you will whip the group into line again. The very fact that you have succeeded in raising money for the plates of Sasha's BC proves that the group still has life. So you must not despair.

I can see why you and the other exiles feel like joining the unorthodox Communists - unorthodox because they are not yet in power - for anti-Fascist and anti-Brit work. I hope you will have no cause to regret it.

For myself, I could never make common cause with people who believe in dictatorship, for I know that if they get the least bit of power, they use it to crush every one's opinions and, first of

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[2]

all those of the anarchists. But, of course, the group must decide for itself. I have never yet imposed my views on any of the comrades and I do not propose to do so now.

Yes, I do say that the Communist Party in Toronto is confused on the European situation and dictates from Moscow. That merely goes to prove that the Communist Party is made up of dummies. Had its members ever been taught to think for themselves they would now not be confused. They would have realized long ere this that the Soviet Government will make any compromise to further its State ends - anything to keep the power in the hands of one man. Naturally, people who follow like sheep cannot be expected to see clearly.

The European situation is confusing only to those who would like to serve God and the Devil at the same time. It is not confusing in itself. Every Government is out after our money and loot, pretending humanitarian (?) ideas and at the same time only too willing to "settle" matters behind the scenes. Foremost in hypocrisy has been Great Britain: it is always starting out with a humanitarian motive. Its whole cry for "sanctions" was nothing else but imperialistic designs as unscrupulously as those of Mussolini. There is no difference, really. All the hue-and-cry for a nation was merely to throw sand into the eyes of the people. Already England is "manipulating" Mussolini, trying to come to some understanding! So where is the confusion? The tragic thing is that the people simply do not learn from experience and that they lend themselves to being duped again and again. All the more reason for us, Anarchists, to stand firmly on our feet and to proclaim as loudly as our voices will carry the delusion and the snare of the League of Nations which consists of nothing else but flunkys each Government represents, and which (the League) by its very existence, has blindfolded and hypnotized the peoples for so many years.

I wish I could talk to you about the matter; it would be easier. But I will have to finish. I still have a lot of letters to dictate. I arrived here last Friday. Some lectures have been arranged in London and in some of the provincial towns. They are all on a small scale and I do not hope to reach many people through them. But I am more determined than ever to break through: that is my main purpose.

I am happy to have an old friend of mine take my letters; it has been very difficult for me to keep up my vast correspondence since I left Canada. I had no one to help me. I did miss Willie Dwyer terribly; she was such a friend! Well, my friend who is helping me here is an old comrade, and we have many things in common.

Remember me to the other comrades of the group situation too, and do let me hear from you again soon.

Respectfully,

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10330

Emma, darling,

Does it seem that I neglect you? Nothing could be further from my wish as nothing could be nearer than you are to my thoughts. The truth is that I do not like to write you when I am in moods of despondency which seem to be often the case. Away from home in October, I felt well enough but going places, eating, drinking, talking, while sane and sane, are but an escape. This was followed by an overwhelming feeling of futility concerning my own possibility for any outlet of expression, pessimism concerning the movement, etc. etc. But why hear you? I would not put all this on paper to you. I love you so much. You have so much more than I to contend with. Comrade Roker's coming has revived my spirits considerably and I am quite myself again. All these mental mix-ups, need I say, were apparent to no one or intended to be apparent to no one. It is my pride and my surface dignity I lose to show my friends and anyway, that is more characteristic of me. The melancholy of an permanent sort is not natural to me and despair is quite impossible. Still, I am not by an idea I cannot achieve and a woman I cannot reach, even I am some times baffled for a moment. Well, I say that both the idea and the woman are so infinitely precious to me that no world treasures would compensate for the thought of them.

Devine woman, my heart's own, trust me.

Still and always, I worship you. Is it trite to say that I worship the ground you walk on, the air you breathe, and every word you utter, and your every slightest movement. Anyway, that is the fact. The other day, a comrade said something so trivial, I forget what it was, somewhat I am understanding your point of view about something. I rushed to correct it. He said, "You wouldn't let a speck of dust fall on Emma, would you?" It is true that I become something of a royalist in stead of an anarchist where you are concerned. But I would be the first to deny that charge. I would say that our temperments harmonize in such a way that it is unthinkable that you and I could disagree on any major issue. Always, my Goddess, my adorable woman with the vice of gold, the body of flame, the touch of magic, the carress that is food and drink and medicine and promise of life that is beyond the world. I love you. I love you.

There is more news than usual in the movement here during the last month. There are two leading items, the ridiculous, the rather painfully ridiculous, and the sublime. Which shall I take first? Yes, to be sure, I must take the disagreeable first as it will be replaced by the encouraging feeling of the other.

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22

Our old acquaintance Ben Reitman got us into a messy situation. He decided, all on his own, to hold a May Day Memorial meeting. He advertised it at the University before. They often have him speak before classes in the sociology department where they exploit him as a kind of guinea pig, though he does not know it. I must add, in fairness to him that he has doubtless been able to get them some valuable information concerning various down-and-outs and interesting types. Please remember, dearest, that I always feel a scrupulous obligation to be fair to Ben because I have the supreme good fortune to occupy the place in your affection which he once held. I can never get over pitying him for his loss. To have lost such a woman. That great error of fortune could befall one. I hope, God help me, that I have not forfeited her by my erratic negligence but that is another story. Anyway, Ben held his meetings. There was a city hall detective there. Though I have no proof, I am certain that Ben must have arranged that as the police do not come to our meetings. There is no one they fear since you and Sasha left, so much the worse for us. In addition, Lloyd Lewis the dramatic critic of the Chicago Daily News was there. Now, Lewis is not an ordinary reporter. He is a dramatic critic, not perhaps of the first water but with a reputation of his own. He has written several books, one, I think, on the history of Chicago. For this reason, I was ready to believe the accuracy of his report. I also believed it because he gave a sympathetic report of the talk of Nina Speers who talked at the same meeting. That he reported was what I have heard her say before and Ben's speech was much the same performance as he put on for us at the Tropodkin Memorial meeting a couple of years ago when he talked for nearly an hour without mentioning the name of Tropodkin.

To come to the point, Ben talked dynamite and more dynamite. He said that dynamite is labor's road to emancipation, gave that as the Anarchist view and said that the Communists call dynamite old-fashioned and stupid but that they, the Communists, have weakened the labor movement by substituting education for dynamite. To have us represent that way. He was putting on a show for the young students present, giving them the living room medicine of the old news paper picture of the Anarchist by way of a thrill. It was pure sensationalism where there was no danger. Lewis said that instead of being prepared, the detective went to sleep. Worst of all, Lewis said, "If Ben Reitman is perhaps the only surviving Anarchist in this changing world?"

You know quite well that I believe in the individual more than Ben Reitman does but to have us represent an aimlessly stupid both rowing cult, playing right into the hands of the enemy was too much.

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The comrades were unanimous in the opinion that the report had to be answered and our point of view made clear. I wrote the answer. It was submitted to the group, that is, to both groups before it was sent. You will be amused when I tell you by the way that I had to make a second draft because they said my first draft was too European. They said I should include more of the American tradition and that it contained more Anarchist propaganda than the paper would print.

Our answer was published. Reitman went quite up in the air. He blamed me for the whole thing. He tried frantically to get me on the phone. Finally, he got Mary. I was not there, being at Baker's lecture that evening. Ben said he wanted to give me hell, that I knew no thing about Anarchism, that of course, the Anarchists are violent, that I am a misguided boy, that he would spend an evening with me to teach me the real principles of Anarchism, and both that he intended to answer my letter in the press. I ignored all his calls since it is not a personal issue to me and not worth wasting time on except as it affects the movement. My own reputation or what any one thinks of it or does with it is also worth nothing to me except as it affects the propaganda value. For this reason, I told the comrades the y must stand by me, to let that idiot know that it was the Anarchists of Chicago and not I personally who had repudiated his statements. You see, I knew that he had more opportunity for publicity than we have and I did not want more mud thrown on the movement. Clay talked to him and told him that my letter which had to have an original signature to get into the Voice of the People column expressed the opinion of the group and not alone my views. I think he will be quiet. I hope so. It is interesting that Brutus met Sophie Fagin today or so after our answer and said that I had done right to publish the article and that he admired it. Brutus seems to me to be a fine lad. I am always in hopes we can land him if we can take him in without his father. Ben himself would be of fine stimulative value to us if he could just forget himself for five minutes. I understand that he told the sociology people recently that we exclude him. That is because his ego enters in making co-operation impossible to him. I always encouraged him and defended him to the comrades. His indignation at me was amusing in view of the fact that while the comrades liked my letter, some of them criticized me a bit for not mentioning it in part as a thing of denunciation of Ben Reitman which I had refused to do. Unless forced to do so, I never refuse to be personal is sue and never shall. The revolution is a great and impersonal. I am sending you our letter to the paper. In fairness to Ben, I should send you the original report. My copy of that got accidentally thrown out with the rest of the newspaper. I ask you, dearest, to take my word for that until I can get you one. You see, the fear of being ungenerous regarding Ben makes me go out of my way to be the opposite for the reasons I have told you. It would be hypocritical of me to say that I like him. Yet, I have nothing against him. Some of the comrades insist that the revolution ends and even wrote the preface to a vilely anti-Semitic book which some parade Rabbi had written. It was just this distasteful personal.

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4.

but if he did, God help him, it was just his distorted personality seeking to convince itself of status. One thing, dearest, I will frankly admit. I envy him and have often envied him with painful realization, the years he spent with you. If I could have had those years, I might really have amounted to something. The n I think how you influenced my whole life, even before I knew you and that just one little moment with you cast a spell on the rest of my days. I think of what such years could have been. The n, the unimaginable story of having so much of you. I would be willing to have had life end with one such year.

Comrade Roker being here raised my spirits. It was a choice off the great anarchist tradition and a promise of a brighter future. I was not with him as much as I should have liked because on such occasions, I feel it is sort of duty to keep a bit in the background. I am, on account of my intellectual advantages and the admiration some of the comrades have for me, when I am prominent person like Roker is with us; they are inclined to put me forward to meet them but for that very reason, I am inclined to draw back. I want comrades who have less advantages and more need of spiritual sustenance to get the benefit of such contact. If you were here though, my heart is drawn, I would not be so considerate. I would want to be near you even when you were talking to others, as unobtrusive as need be but near you. I love you so much. I intended to give you a detailed account of Roker's magnificent lectures but you know his view was better than I do. I heard all except one on Corkey which was compelled to miss. One, to a branch of the I.L.G.W. was in English, on the subject of the labor union and its role in the past and future. The rest were in Jewish. I understood the Jewish one very well. He and you are the only two people thus far whose Jewish I understand. It was a strange sensation to hear the chairman make an incomprehensible announcement and then to understand the lecture in the same language. However, I have fully decided to study German this winter and must also get Jewish. Each lecture was a panorama of world history, world culture and world affairs. At the party Saturday night, Roker gave his position on the European situation and the next week I am told that that there has been some discussion of the question in the Freie Arbeiterstimme and that as you predicted to me, some of our people are ready to join the patriotic forces in a crusade against Nazi Germany. It pleases me that Roker's position is, without reservation, the same as yours and Sasha's.

I did not mention the matter of the translation to him as in the first place, it is not my affair and secondly, I had no suggestions of value to offer. When you wrote me concerning the difficulties that the Sasha and I were having in getting together on it and the final decision to have some one else do it, I thought you would

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prefer to have me keep quiet about it! People are always so inclined to take sides and pick and attach blame when their friends disagree even when the parties themselves do not want anything of the kind! I knew, that Jo Goldman and the committee would soon know all about it but I was against making it a matter of common gossip. It hurt me that things were going that way because I wanted the translation to be a lasting monument to Sasha. I am still sure that if Sasha and Rokker had been able to work on the book together, everything would have been satisfactory. A thing like that cannot be done by correspondence. The greater and more original the collaborators the more difficult the task becomes. At any rate, I said not a word to any comrade about it and I was glad I had done that. At the party, Jo Goldman announced that someone else had undertaken the translation because of Sasha's poor health. Sasha might disapprove of that very version. I do not know. It seems better to me because it is not a question upon which the whole Anarchist movement is called to decide. I think it saves so much needless talk and possible misunderstanding. The parties mainly concerned understand each other and that suffices. Do you agree with me dearest?

I was much interested in the letters you sent me, the ones from other people and your answers to them. I forget to which one of them criticized Sasha's translation as being a free translation. Of course, I agree with you that a good translation must be a free translation. In a translation, we want the universal spirit not the foreign idiom. The idiom should be preserved only when it is necessary to give flavour or local color. The reverse, the spirit is better preserved by taking any necessary liberties with the idiom. Being an artist, Sasha would know that and would, I am sure, be a great translator.

Comrade C. . . whoever he is, seemed to have a idea of bringing Anarchism about without revolution and to mis understand the whole revolutionary process. As usual, I agree with you on your interpretation of this process and the necessity of it. It is unthinkable that you and I could disagree on anything of importance to us. Harry Kelley and Jo Goldman like to play with the idea of a non-revolutionary course. I simply do not get their idea. I respect both of them but I think their view is more credit to their tender consciences than to their logic. Do you find it difficult, permit me to add this suggestion. I am sure you will agree with it and you have probably said it some time or other.

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6.

That it is while it is true
that a revolution is a spontaneous uprising of the masses
that it is the culmination of a social process, that the
moment of the earthquake cannot be predicted nor its impact

stopped by the revolution will result
in failure or dictatorship which is the same thing unless
until we can have a revolution in which the aims are clear and
the methods and the materials are ready from the very
outset. The very psychology of the situation, then, brings
down off established conventions and the unaccustomed
freedom makes the people seek authority. Kronodkin
gives some thing of this when he emphasized the necessity
of leading the people from the outset of the revolution.
I would go so far as to believe that the French and Russian
revolutions carried the seeds of failure in their very beginning.
Our one hope is in having a large number of
people educated to liberty, to cooperation, to participation,
to a clear perception of what they want before
the revolution. I do not believe that any revolution could
be turned to an Anarchist or Anarcho-Syndicalist revolution
after it gets under way. Do you agree with me in this?
That does not mean, by the way, that I would not try to do
the very thing I say cannot be done were I in the situation.
One should always state the impossible. It is by reason
for the sun that we get light and growth. The quest for the
pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, at least, is the last
color of the rainbow in our hearts. I will never shrink
from attempting the impossible. Still, I think that
the explanation of why revolutions turn against liberty is
us a much disappointment at the repeated failure.

Emma, my heart's own, I will write
you another letter before you answer this. I have not
said nearly all I wish to say to you but I want you to get this.
No letter or all the time in the world would be sufficient to
tell you how I love you. I hope that even though I may not
deserve it, I am still in your heart. It is my harbor in
this disappointing world.

My shining Goddess, inexpressibly
lovely woman, my tender mother, mate of my dreams, I
I love you.

Frank.

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London Dec. 3rd 35.

14648

Darling Jeanne. You will see by the inclosed returned envelope of my letter I wrote you a month ago from Paris what an old fool I am. Imagine making such a blunder to address you to New York. I can not explain it in any other way except that I must have been in a distressed state of mind at the time. This is by no means unusual to me. I should feel even more disgusted with myself for the wrong address had I not followed the letter of Nov 5th up with another letter telling you of having finally come together with the Halperines. In that letter I confessed my sin of having wronged out dear friends. I dare say you must have been puzzled because my previous letter had failed to reach you, hence you could not know that I had expressed doubts about the Halperines as regards their friendship for me was concerned. The few days with them in Paris convinced me that I had been mistaken.

The Halperines were to come to London where I had hoped to spend a few more days with them, but the accident Julia had and its effect on her made them decide to go back home from Paris. I was terribly disappointed but I understood that it was best for Julia not to risk the bad weather in London. I inclose her parting letter which as you see is very lovely and warm hearted.

I don't know what Julia meant by saying I should at any time turn to them. Naturally, I mentioned nothing to them about cashes and nine precarious existence. I did not want any complaints or material matters to intrude on the few beautiful days I spent with the three dear ~~warm~~ people. But the time may come, much sooner than I care to believe when I will have to ask you to talk to Julia and Aaron about us.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928191

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 3, London [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].—
4 p.; 20 × 16 cm.

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14609

the Committee specially organized for that purpose consisting of some members of the International Ladies Garment workers Union and some other labor people. Well, the "handsome nurse" evidently did not materialize. Something like five hundred dollars had been collected of which Sasha has so far received \$300. The Committee was also to organize a large affair in New York. It has done nothing, as even sent Sasha a cable. It seems that all great idealists must wait until they are dead before they will be celebrated. Of what value are the living? For the present Sasha is not in immediate economic distress. I have not the remotest idea what will be later.

As to myself, I have already lectured at three meetings. It would have made you weep to see the size of the audiences. Yet the attendance was better than three years ago. In as much as the admission was free you can well imagine that I will not have to worry as to the safest bank where I might deposit my fortunes. Lucky if out of the meetings arranged by the comrades I will realize 2 pounds a week, barely enough to cover the mere necessities of life and postage which in my case swallows up from \$2.50 to 3, a week. However, I have not given up. I am now busy sending out letters to groups of people outside of our ranks, educational societies, drama leagues. If I should meet with response I would be able to reach wider circles and also earn enough to pull along. But I am not optimistic though I do not intend to give up without a great effort.

If only I could place some articles. But as far I have not been approached by any of the papers. In addition there is no way to publicity as in the states in this country. The few interviews were wretchedly reported. The only review, that of a book by a woman I know on her work SEVEN YEARS IN PRISON.

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14680

Have you seen or heard from the Frankins again? Strange people who profess such concern and interest and then disappear. I suppose it will hardly be worth while to approach Frankin again if the need should arise about some monthly allowance. I am sure the Malperines would want to do something along that line. For the present it is not necessary. We do not bother in any way. I am writing you our situation for further use when the moment desperate moment will arrive.

I wonder how you fared with the exchange

I have been given a letter of introduction to the Hon. Sec. of the Interior, in which I mean

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change the underwear for shirts, size 16, with attached collars.
Now it is probably too late. Sasha discovered when they unpacked their
winter things that he still had two warm suits. But he is poverty
stricken in shirts. Well, you have been bothered enough with the
whole business.

Goodby darling for the present. I will write again
before the holidays, or send you a new year greeting at least. I
hope you and J are well and that your affairs have improved. Give
J my love and the halperins. What a lovely and intelligent child
Lucille is Sasha and I fell quite in love with her.

Love to you dearest.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1935] Dec. 3, Nice [to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].—
1 p.; 24 × 19 cm.
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Nice, Dec. 3rd [1935]

Well, dear, it is December already. Soon the end of the year. It is fearful how the years fly.

I enclose the Jewish (P. S.) clipping about Petrini. It is almost incredible that fascists as they are, that should do such a murderous thing. It surely means death for the poor boy. But I am inclined to believe they did it all right, particularly because of the details: the Onega pretending that Petr. is a Fascist is just like the methods of the Tenack in order to explain their expulsion of Petr. to Italy. I still hope there may be some misunderstanding about this matter, but I am afraid it is true all right.

How are you, dear, and how are the lectures? Is there any improvement. By the time you get this you will probably be going to Plymouth, so that I'll write you my next letter there. But the truth is, there is nothing to write from here. What news can there be? I mean, from this end. So that when several days pass without your getting word from me, you should just know that I cannot consistently write you that there is nothing to write about, get me, dear?

I am sending you by printed matter some more copies Emmy made for you of that Holmes letter, though you probably do not need them any more. Also sending you back those reviews of Lewis etc. books.

When one sees the hundreds of books published, by every publisher in every country, one asks himself what is the use of writing? In fact, of late I have not at all been in a mood for writing, not even letters. Somehow I feel the need of physical work rather than of mental, and you know that about the house, as in Bon Esprit, I can always find something to do, with hammer or paint brush. And I am not sure that physical work is not more useful, in the long run, than those endless books and articles that forever repeat the same story in a million different and yet similar versions.

Mellie is leaving on the Rex on the 5th, and if the weather is good we may go out to see her off to the boat. Otherwise we see no one. The truth to tell, I am not hankering to see people. Somehow I am tired of people. You have to see enough of them for both of us now.

In the Revelle story it seems that Petr. had asked the Bolsheviks that they turn him over to Italy instead of ~~going~~ keeping him in exile forever in Russia. Whether that is really so is not quite certain, but it seems so. It looks as if Petr. had hoped to find a chance to escape when they would be sending him to Italy. But he did not find such a chance, and now he is in an Ital. prison. It is terrible what fate awaits him.

Nothing new, dear. I'd better mail this to you at once or else you will not get it before you leave for Plymouth. I hope things are improving with you. And how are your legs holding out? The weather in Engl. is, from what I read, nothing extra, and in Paris it is pouring almost every day. Here also enough rain.

Love to you,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter] 1935 Dec. 4, London [to] Maurice Browne, London / Emma Goldman. —
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Rare Books and Special Collections.

London Dec. 4th 35.

Mr Maurice Browne.
10, Golden Square
London, W.1.

Dear Mr Browne.

It is a long time since we met in your little
Theatre in the Fine Arts Theatre ^{Bullseye} in Chicago. Still I have
a feeling that you have not entirely forgotten me. I have cert
ainly not forgotten you. In fact, I was delighted to hear of your
marvelous success with JOURNEYS END, and also Othello in which my
very good friend Paul Robeson played.

Now I am in London, only since the 14th of last month.
I have tried to locate you, but it was only to day that I got your
address from Mr Geoffrey Withworth, and I am taking the liberty to
write you without delay.

I would very much like to see you to renew our
old acquaintance, and to consult you on several matters I plan to
do in London. I wonder if you will be good enough to call me
up tomorrow Thursday until four, and Friday all day at speedwell
71, 35. We might then agree on a date after the 13th of this month
when we might meet. I go to Plymouth for four lectures Saturday
and I will be back the 13th.

hoping to hear from you at your convenience.

Sincerely

Emma Goldman

20, Beechcroft Court
London N.W.11.

Cen: 3607 - 96 Miss Woodward
2, Brick Court Temple. E.C. 4

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London Dec. 4th 35.

Dearest Sam. I am relieved to know that you are not worrying if I do not write you often at length. It is just impossible. I can't begin to tell you how rushed I am from one thing to another. Until the end of ~~last~~ week it was altogether madness. I had to prepare now stuff and deliver it. You know what that means. In addition I have to help Barr who is really the only one here one can depend upon. Unfortunately, he like the rest of the remnants of our movement in England are pitiful sticks in the mud. They have remained in their groups that never ventured one inch from the neighborhood they happened to forget. They have no vision and do not know how to go about reaching wider circles. Not Barr among the best, eager and willing to do his utmost. He is adventurous. But he works all day, and has to travel huge distances to his living quarters. No doubt the vastness of London and the expense of getting about in the underground or buses is terrifically high. And the people in England have never had the chance to figure in anything higher than pennies. The rest of the comrades are ill. Need I tell you that the whole brunt falls on me? At least the effort to rouse our people to try some thing never tried before. They shrink from that as from fire.

To day I have a little time. So you're the one I want to write to. First, I got your letters with the measure of Heckers tribute to you. Also I saw it in the Fr. Arb. St. I also read Nemad's article which was not grande chose. By the way, do you know who Nemad is? He is one of the Nacht brothers. I never liked either one of them. Especially the one who was present at the Amsterdam Congress. He was schmierish in more than the physical sense. A typical Stanker. Incidentally it was one of the Nachts who attacked me ferociously for my articles in the New York World. However, I am not sure ~~whether~~ which of the brothers writes under the name, Nemad.

add I think the reason for the fizzle of the effort to raise a substantial fund for you for your birthday and have a large affair was that the members of the Committee from the International Ladies Garment Union had taken out the whole job from the hands of Harry and Minna. It was really Minna who started the ball rolling. She began too late for the 18th of May and rather to see the venture fail I suggested to work for the 21st of Nov. That the Committee started to do. But with Kap always away, Harry a living corpse, and Minna evidently somewhat relegated to a back seat there was no one to really push the matter in an efficient manner. In addition came the summer during which as you know nothing can be done. And last but not least, was the ruling of the Supreme Court in re the NLR. The International Garment Workers Union became panicky, lest they would lose all the grounds they gained. And so they concentrated on ~~defending~~ about the country to keep their membership together and the support of Wash. I have this on very good authority. And there is no doubt in my mind that Kap's being away so much from N.Y. was due to this muddle.

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It was of course childish of mine to say that five thousand dollars would be raised for you. I never believed that for a moment but even Harry wrote me that five hundred had been raised almost at the first session of the committee, that Kap was sure he could easily raise another five hundred, that Alex Cohen undertook to do likewise. And what with other organisations to be approached it looked as if \$2000 would be subscribed to your birthday gift. I feel sick that nothing has come beyond the original five hundred subscribed at the first sitting which took place the latter part of April. In fact, I wrote to the committee at mineas urgent request to congratulate them on their venture. Also I suggested a large birthday affair. Not because you wanted it but because it would bring you and your work before the young generation that knows hardly anything about you. I did not at the time realize how very necessary that is. But since I read an article in the rotten Communist Jewish sheets in New York about anarchists in the past and now, I am more than ever disappointed that what was to be a grand undertaking turned out a fizzle. More and more I grow certain that the old comrades are a hopeless lot and we have damn few new ones. By the way, I am sending you that rotten sheet which Meldefsky gave me. Incidentally, he told me he knows the writer. "He and Liza had met him in Moscow and found him rotten to the core. He escaped from Russia and became anti Soviet until he reached A. Since then he has joined the order. His job is to bring every body outside of the holy church. It does not matter how much curse what a scumfink like that writes. It would matter even less if we had our own press and the present generation ~~might~~ would have a chance to learn our side. As it is we are helpless. That is the tragedy to me.

I am terribly sorry that modest is feeling so rotten. Poor boy he fights so valiantly against age and he tries so hard to display his manly strength. I do hope his ~~illness~~ illness does not incapacitate him for his work. In the last analysis it matters little whether one has never made money or is the case with us, or a large amount of money as Modska has. He is not much better off now than we. However, that is no comfort, is it? I am glad to know he has sent you another 150. But with the large expence you have that is probably at the end. As I wrote you dear, if you run short draw some money from Seligman on the check you have. I dare say Kap will send the balance he has on hand for you very soon. I hope so anyway.

I wish I could give you cheering news. But I have none. The struggle here is bitter and the obstacles seem insurmountable. In fact it is as I found it ten years ago. Again every body is "dying" to meet me. And as then absolutely nothing comes from these meetings and affairs. I admit it is too soon to lose hope. I have been so busy the first two weeks I have hardly seen anyone of my old acquaintances, and outside of Aunties party I have met few new people. But I can already see that I will achieve

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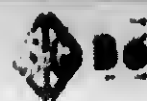
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precious little. still I do not mean to give up until I have exhausted every channel and possibility. You see my dear, I have really gone to England with the idea of taking root since this is the only country left where I have at least legal security. I thought if I succeed in establishing myself I would work here each year until the summer, go to Ben Esprit during that part of the year and come back in the late fall. That would not take me away from you very far, or for too long and would yet give me some outlet. Perhaps I would succeed, if I kept coming here the next few years. I fear I will never do so in just one visit, and then wait three years before coming again. That is why I must try more than ever this time. But how and what I have not the remotest idea

As I already wrote you Aunties party brought nothing at all, except that I met her friend, Stella Churchill who is at least alive and interested. I don't believe she can or will do anything. Yet she might after she has learned to know me better. More hopeful are the two Holmes chaps. They at least know me from America, had heard me speak. They can speak with authority about me and my work. I had tea with them yesterday. I know they will try their damndest to rouse interest of people and groups they know. Braham has also spoken to the feature editor of the News Chronicle which is one of the important papers here. The man said if I will come to his office and make some concrete suggestion for an article he might take it. Well, I cannot do it this week as

I am full up to the brim with engagements besides my Friday lecture and my departure for Plymouth Saturday. But I will give it a trial though I have not the slightest hope the man will take anything I can give him. Besides, the London papers pay starvation fees for articles. It would be a lot if I got ten pounds. I mean to suggest my article on MY ~~XXXX~~ Impressions of America. I have the MSS and I would only have to revise it a little and let Boris make me a final copy. But as I said it's got to wait until my return from Plymouth.

Of the four meetings I have had so far only the one in Leeds proved satisfactory. Yet I had expected the least there. It was the Workmen's Circle that had invited me. My Committee, (it would make you howl if you saw its personal) actually consented to a fee of one pound and railroad expenses and what they call here hospitality. The subject was German Literature. I fairly dreaded the whole thing because I felt the Jews would not know what to make of the lecture. Fortunately they announced the meeting by means of English handbills and they got out quite a few English people who seemed to follow the lecture with considerable understanding. Anyhow, the whole audience went wild with enthusiasm and the Arbeiter ~~ing~~ officials were completely carried away to the extent that they asked for other dates. And, instead o

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of one pound they handed me three with ~~the same intention~~ assuring me that the small sum was no indication of their gratitude for the lecture the like of which they had never heard before. ~~As~~ and for such this would have little meaning, but in this poverty stricken country where even so called better class people think in pennies the extra two pounds really touched me. It is of course a come down from what one had in America, but one learns to put up with much when one is so where at home. Our own meetings were also not bad in comparison of three years ago, but they were small. Well, the committee is arranging three more lectures for Jan. in London, for the rest we are sending out two circular letters, one to the WORKERS EDUCATIONAL ASS. and one to the different ~~WOMAN~~ ORGANIZATIONS. Unless I get some response from these my work here will probably close at the end of Jan.

To day I went to the British Drama League that had been most helpful ten years ago. I was received with the same friendliness and offer to help. The Sec. is sending me a list of many of the amateur dramatic societies that have sprung up here since then, and also the Plympton Societies. I have lectured for some of them and they may invite me again. Anyhow you can see I am not ready to give up, not by a long shot, and if everything fails I will at least not have myself to blame.

About Frank, his endless delays in writing has completely worn me out, so that I would rather he stops writing altogether. Of course I know his handicap and his struggle to get some work to do. Still, if one cares as intensely as Frank never fails to assure me, one ~~xxx~~ feels the imperative urge to write to one we love. Especially as Frank can roll off reams once he is at the machine. I found a letter from him here. That after nearly two years he had fallen into silence. I suspect that Frank is torn between Mary and me. And I don't want that. After months of untold agony I have come to ~~the conclusion~~ see that the whole episode was foolish and should never have gone so far. It only raked me up to my roots, gave me a torturous summer and made me unfit for any ~~other~~ other human relation. One can permit oneself such luxuries when one is young, but not at my age. If Frank were not handicapped I would have broken my correspondence with him long ago, but it would be too cruel to do it in his tragic state. But I am no longer torn to bits when I do not hear from him for weeks, and I myself no longer feel the madness of writing him too often. Gradually I will help him to see that it was "nice" while it lasted, and must not continue any more. However, I think you should write him even if you do not hear from him. He adores you and your letters mean an awful lot to him. Yes of course, I have begged Mary to put some work in Frank's way. I hope he does. I inclose Frank's letter.

You will be glad to know that Ben has written to his publisher CONSUMERS, and is in touch with me. ~~the same intention~~

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They did. It was to ask if I had read Dr Reitmans "new" book. I thought they meant the one on female tramps. But no, it is the Oldest Profession, revised and with a preface calling the book a literary and scientific work. I remember that you liked that book. I considered it a horrible jumble, disconnected and without any particular raison d'être except its sensational title. Well, the title evidently did rouse interest else such an ultra conservative house as CONSTABLES would not get out an English edition. Ridiculous for you and me to write, when such writing as mine sells. The publishers sent me a copy and I read it again. Believe me it is not prejudice. I tried damned hard to find some merit in it, but outside of the few statistics and quotations, it really has nothing. And the remedies, they made me sick. "If only people believed in the power of Jesus Christ they would never take to crime, or prostitution or pimping." I ask you? And what do you say to Ben R. railing against men who have mistresses behind the backs of their wives. Or men who do not see the faithfulness of their wives (sexual of course) ~~as the greatest gift they can bestow on their husbands.~~ Most was right. "Junge Muren sind immer alte Hutschwaster. I suppose CONSTABLES want me to review the book, and Ben, I suppose wants me to have it on sale at my meetings. I know he will fume when he finds that I will do nothing of the kind. Well, I wish I had a little of his consuming ambition and vanity as a writer and a speaker.

Yesterday I sent you the time, and some clippings of the interviews here, poor stuff, also the review of the work of the two rabbis on Russia. And also PATHS OF GLORY. Stella sent me here and I got one through Buchach. So you can keep the one mailed you yesterday.

Auntie is in the country trying to finish her book. She is in Dr Stella's ~~at the home of the~~ Churchills cottage, a very modernly equipped place. She is expected back next week.

I have not yet had time to do anything about my machine. If the covers of the ribbon are off it works alright as you must have seen. The trouble is I do not grow a better typist. But that is an old story.

I cannot say I am very comfortable at the Cold ofskys, not because they do not try their very best to make me so. Liza is thoughtfulness almost driven to an extreme. But the room is suffocatingly small. And while I am obliged to burn an electric stove all day the halls, bathroom and toilet being ice cold I get me my old cough and feel generally schy. I do have an offer of a beautiful place, but I just cannot leave the A. They were the only people who took me in when I could find no one else. I must stick it out though the cold freezes my blood.

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You can imagine the ~~displeasure~~ when I tell you that though the stove is ~~burning~~ I am sitting fully dressed and in my warm bath robe. And yet it is not cold out of doors. That too has to be borne.

A letter from Angelica with one inclosed by Max Brackway a member of the I.L.P. tell me that George Seldes has used Angelica material on Mussolini she gave him in his book on that gangster without giving her credit or a penny from the advance he must have gotten. I cannot imagine George to be so unscrupulous, but then as a news paper man everything is possible. This comes as a frightful blow to Angelica because Brackway had arranged with Seldes publisher to bring out her book. The man now refuses to publish two books of almost the identical material. Have you ever heard anything like it? Poor Angelica begs me to write George and ask him he should at least pay her for her part. She plans to leave for the states the 11th on the Manhattan. Write her a farewell greeting to her Paris address 78, rue Blomet (XV) I will write ~~u.~~ tomorrow and find out what it is all about it.

Well dearest you cannot say this is not a long and newsy letter. I think I have answered all your questions and have told you all there is about myself. I will write you again from Plymouth. I go there this Saturday and will leave from there the 13th.

The Holmes and Suttie send greetings to you and Emmy. Love from me to her and a whole lot for you dear heart.

Are you really keeping well and is A.? Give my love to Nellie I am so glad she is getting away from Nice where she had known so much grief and misery.

6
The awful ~~case~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~due~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~Mayan~~ ~~fountain~~ ~~pen~~ ~~you~~ ~~"fixed"~~ ~~for~~ ~~me~~.

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I think the reason for the fizzle of the effort to raise a substantial fund for you for your birthday and have a large affair was that the members of the Committee from the International Ladies Garment Union had taken out the whole job from the hands of Harry and Minna. It was really Minna who started the ball rolling. She began too late for the 18th of May and rather to see the venture fail I suggested to work for the 21st of Nov. That the Committee started to do. But with Kap always away, Harry a living corpse and Minna evidently somewhat relegated to a back seat there was no one to really push the matter in an efficient manner. In addition came the summer during which as you know nothing can be done. And last but not least was the ruling of the Supreme Court in re the NRA. The International Garment Workers Union became panic, lest they would lose all the grounds they gained. And so they concentrated on dashing about the country to keep their membership together and the support of Wash. I have this on very good authority. And there is no doubt in my mind that Kap's being away so much from N.Y. was due to this muddle.

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It was of course childish of mine to say that five thousand dollars would be raised for you. I never believed that for a moment but even Harry wrote me that five hundred had been raised almost at the first session of the committee, that Kap was sure he could easily raise another five hundred, that Alex Cohen undertook to do likewise, and what with other organizations to be approached it looked as if \$2000 would be subscribed to your birthday gift. I feel sick that nothing has come beyond the original five hundred subscribed at the first sitting which took place the latter part of April. In fact I wrote to the committee at mine's urgent request to congratulate them on their venture. Also I suggested a large birthday affair. Not because you wanted it but because it would bring you and your work before the young generation that knows hardly anything about you. I did not at the time realize how very necessary that is. But since I read an article in the rotten Communist Jewish sheets in New York about anarchists in the past and now I am more than ever disappointed that what was to be a grande undertaking turned out a fizzle. More and more I grow certain that the old comrades are a hopeless lot and we have damned few new ones. By the way, I am sending you that rotten sheet which Keldafsky gave me. Incidentally he told me he knows the writer. He and Liza had met him in Moscow and found him rotten to the core. He escaped from Russia and became anti Soviet until he reached A. Since then he has joined the order. His job is to bombard every body outside of the holy church. It does not matter of course what a scierfink like that writes. It would matter even less if we had our own press and the present generation ~~must~~ would have a chance to learn our side. As it is we are helpless. That is the tragedy to me.

I am terribly sorry that modest is feeling so rotten. Poor boy he fights so valiantly against age and he tries so hard to display his manly strength. I do hope his ~~illness~~ illness does not incapacitate him for his work. In the last analysis it matters little whether one has never made money as I the case with us, or a large amount of money as Modaka has. He is not much better off now than we. However that is no comfort. Is it? I am glad to know he has sent you another 150. But with the large expense you have that is probably at the end. As I wrote you dear, if you run short draw some money from Seligman on the check you have. I dare say Kap will send the balance he has on hand for you very soon. I hope so anyway.

I wish I could give you cheering news. But I have none. The struggle here is bitter and the obstacles seem insurmountable. In fact it is as I found it ten years ago. Again every body is "dying" to meet me. And as then absolutely nothing comes from these meetings and affairs. I admit it is too soon to lose hope. I have been so busy the first two weeks I have hardly seen anyone of my old acquaintances, and outside of Auntie's party I have met few new people. But I can already see that I will achieve

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precious little. still I do not mean to give up until I have exhausted every channel and possibility. You see my dear, I have really gone to England with the idea of taking root since this is the only country left where I have at least legal security. I thought if I succeed in establishing myself I would work here each year until the summer, go to Men Kspit during that part of the year and come back in the late fall. That would not take me away from you very far, or for too long and would yet give me some outlet. Perhaps I would succeed if I kept coming here the next few years. I fear I will never do so in just one visit, and then wait three years before coming again. That's why I must try more than ever this time. But how and what I have not the remotest idea

As I already wrote you Aunties party brought nothing at all, except that I met her friend Stella Churchill who is at least alive and interested. I don't believe she can or will do anything. Yet she might after she has learned to know me better. More hopeful are the two Helmos chaps. They at least knew me from America, had heard me speak. They can speak with authority about me and my work. I had tea with them yesterday. I know they will try their damndest to rouse interest of people and groups they knew. Bisham has also spoken to the feature editor of the News Chronicle which is one of the important papers here. The man said if I will come to his office and make some concret suggestion for an article he might take it. Well, I cannot do it this week as

I am full up to the brim with engagements besides my Friday lecture and my departure for Plymouth Saturday. But I will give it a trial though I have not the slightest hope the man will take anything I can give him. Besides, the London papers pay starvation fees for articles. It would be a lot if I got ten pounds. I mean to suggest my article on my ~~xxxxxx~~ Impressions of America. I have the MSS and I would only have to revise it a little and let Maria make me a final copy. But as I said its got to wait until my return from Plymouth.

Of the four meetings I have had so far only the one in Leeds proved satisfactory. Yet I had expected the least there. It was the Wokimens Circle that had invited me. My Committee, (it would make you hawl if you saw its personal) actually consented to a fee of one pound and railroad expences and what they call here hospitality. The subject was German Literature. I fairly dreaded the whole thing because I felt the Jeds would not know what to make of the lecture. Fortunately they announced the meeting by means of English handbills and they got out quite a few English people who seemed to follow the lecture with considerable understanding. Anyhow the whole audience went wild with enthusiasm and the Arbeiter ~~ing~~ Ring officials were completely carried away to the extent that they asked for other dates. And, instead of

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of one pound they handed me three with ~~the same intention~~
assuring me that the small sum was no indication of their
gratitude for the lecture the like of which they had never heard
before. ~~an~~ and for such this would have little meaning. But in
this poverty stricken country where even so called better class
people think in pennies the extra two pounds really touched me.
It is of course a come down from what one had in America. But
one learns to put up with much when one is so alone at home.

Our own meetings were also not bad in comparison of three
years ago. But they were small. Well, the committee is arranging
three more lectures for Jan. in London. For the rest we are sending
out two circular letters, one to the WORKERS EDUCATIONAL LBS.
and one to the different ~~LABOR~~ ORGANIZATIONS. Unless I get some
response from those my work here will probably close at the end of
Jan.

To day I went to the British Drama League that had been
most helpful ten years ago. I was received with the same friend
liness and offer to help. The Sec. is sending me a list of many of
the amateur dramatic societies that have sprung up here since then
and also the Playgoers Societies. I have lectured for some of the
them and they may invite me again. Anyhow you can see I am not
ready to give up. not by a long shot. And if everything fails
I will at least not have myself to blame.

About Frank. His endless delays in writing
has completely worn me out, so that I would rather he stop writing
altogether. Of course I know his handicap and his struggle to
get some work to do. Still if one cares as intensely as Frank
never fails to assure me, one ~~may~~ feels the imperative urge to
write to one to love. Specially as Frank can roll off words once
he is at the machine. I found a letter from him here. That after
nearly two months of dead silence. I suspect that Frank is torn
between Mary and me. And I don't want that. After months of
unaided agony I have come to ~~the realization~~ see that the whole
episode was foolish and should never have gone so far. It only
raked me up to my roots, gave me a torturous summer and made me
unfit for any ~~other~~ other human relation. One can per, it oneself
such luxuries when one is young, but not at my age. If Frank were
not handicapped I would have broken up correspondence with him
months ago. But it would be too cruel to do it in his tragic
state. But I am no longer torn to bits when I do not hear from him
for weeks, and I myself no longer feel the madness of writing
him too often. Gradually I will help him to see that it was "nice"
while it lasted. And must not continue any more. However, I think
you should write him even if you do not hear from him. He adores
you and your letters mean an awful lot to him. Yes of course,
I have begged Mary to put some work in Frank's way. I hope he
does. I inclose Frank's letter.

You will be pleased to know that Ben R. has written
to his publisher CONSTABLE, to get in touch with me. ~~Constitution~~

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34

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They did. It was to ask if I had read Dr Reitmans "new" book. I thought they meant the one on female tramps. But now, it is the Oldest Profession, revised and with a preface calling the book a literary and scientific work. I remember that you liked that book. I considered it a horrible jumble, disconnected and without any particular raison d'etre except its sensational title. Well, the title evidently did arouse interest also such an ultra conservative house as CONSTABLES would not get out an English edition. Ridiculous for you and me to write, when such writing as mine sells. The publishers sent me a copy and I read it again. Believe me it is not prejudice. I tried damned hard to find some merit in it, but outside of the few statistics and quotations it really has nothing. And the readers, they made me sick. If only people believed in the power of Jesus Christ they would never take to crime, or prostitution or pimping? I ask you? And what do you say to men R. pulling against men who have mistresses behind the backs of their wives. Or men who do not see the faithfulness of their wives, sexual of course, ~~xxxxxxx~~ at the greatest gift they can bestow on their husbands. Most was right. "Junge Huren sind immer alte netechwesten. I suppose CONSTABLES want me to review the book, and Bob I suppose wants me to have it on sale at my meetings. I know he will turn when he finds this. I will do nothing of the kind. Well, I wish I had a little of his consuming ambition and vanity as a writer and a speaker.

Yesterday I sent you the time and some clippings of the interviews here. Poor stuff, also the reviews of the work of the two books on Russia. And also PATHS OF GLORY. Stella sent me here and I got one through Huebner. So you can keep the one mailed you yesterday.

Auntie is in the country trying to finish her book. She is in Dr Stella's ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Church's cottage, a very modernly equipped place. She is expected back next week.

I have not yet had time to do anything about my machine. If the covers of the ribbon are off it works alright as you must have seen. The trouble is I do not grow a better typist. But that is an old story.

I cannot say I am very comfortable at the Cold Chislys, not because they do not try their very best to make me so. Liza is thoughtfulness almost driven to an extreme. But the room is suffocatingly small. And while I am obliged to burn an electric stove all day the halls, bathroom and toilet being ice cold I get to my old cough and feel generally lousy. I do have an offer of a beautiful place, but I just cannot leave the K. They are the only people who took me in when I could find no one else. I must stick it out though the cold freezes my blood.

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You can imagine the dampness when I tell you that though the stove is blazing I am sitting fully dressed and in my warm bath robe. And yet it is not cold out of doors. That too has to be borne.

A letter from Angelica with one inclosed by Max Brackway a member of the I.L.P. tell me that George Seldes has used Angelica material on Mussolini she gave him in his book on that gangster without giving her credit or a penny from the advance he must have gotten. I cannot imagine George to be so unscrupulous. But then as a news paper man everything is possible. This comes as a frightful blow to Angelica because Brackway had arranged with Collins Seldes publisher to bring out her book. She has now refused to publish two books of almost the identical material. Have you ever heard anything like it. Poor Angelica begs me to write George and ask him he should at least pay her for her part. She plans to leave for the states the 11th on the 11th. Write her a farewell greeting to her Paris address 78, rue Blomet (XV) I will write her tomorrow and find out what it is all about it.

Well, dearest you cannot say this is not a long and newsg letter. I think I have answered all your questions and have told you all there is about myself. I will write you again from Plymouth. I go here this Saturday and will leave from there the 16th.

The Holmes and Auntie send greetings to you and Amy. Love from me to her and a whole lot for you dear heart.

Are you really keeping well and is E.? Give my love to Nellie I am so glad she is getting away from Nice where she has known so much grief and misery.

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Understand my dear Frank I am not reproaching you. I know the struggle you are making for economic independence and the odds against you in addition to the difficulties all other people who must work for their living must face. It is only, that one can not reason when ones heart goes through purgatory itself, longing and hoping for what ones mind so clearly sees to be absolutely futile and downright childish. I do not know whether it is a virtue or a vice to prefer almost any suffering except futility at least in the matter of the heart. I can only tell you that if I had foreseen the effect on my whole being of your visit, I should never have consented for it to happen.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~. It is too steep a price to pay with months of sickening yearning and a hopeless future for just a few weeks of bliss. Perhaps if I were twenty five

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881010451

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 5, London [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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... is that I no longer want to ...
... and our common efforts of ...
... for the rest, if you feel the urge to write, ...
... I will understand and no longer ...
... as I have since I returned to France.

A very dear friend of mine, Henry G. Alsberg is
an important factor relief given to the professions. I have ...
him about you. And I have asked him to enable you to write, either
the Bakunin biography, or the work you had in mind on psychology.
I don't quite remember the exact theme you had in mind. You ...
hear from him. In any event, I want you to write him. Say ...
so at my suggestion. His address is Mr Henry G. Alsberg

18 23 Lament Street N.W. Washington
D.C.

I am sure that Henry will try his best to secure you financially
for whatever writing you want to do.

As regards of your suggestion about Sasha
to write the Bakunin life. Yes, he has the ability as few in our
ranks have, but life has knocked him about too much to leave him
much strength for such a work or any other. Besides he has no access
to any material on the subject living as he does away from the
center of France. Anyhow S. could and would not undertake the
work, he tires too easily from the least exertion. Better not
... my dear if you are put materially in the position ...

... I have ... that this may happen ...

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I cannot give you much cheer about my efforts here. English do not attend lectures as much as the Americans, and they are arranged by their political parties, clubs, or the patronage of title ladies and lords. So what chance have I who have no backing at all. If only the few remnants of our movement were not such sticks in the mud. They lack both vision and organizing ability. There is one comrade who acts as secretary. He is the most dependable and the most eager to help. But he has been unemployed for some years and very much disheartened. Anyhow, it's bitter uphill climb. Yet I mean to persevere until spring. There is nothing else I can do. Anything is preferable to being gagged in this frightful time. Not that I am fool enough to think my voice will find an echo in the hearts and minds of my hearers, or that anything I do will in the least effect the inevitable — the approaching horrors of fascism and war. Yet I can not keep silent. And so I plod along.

Dear Frank this will be my last letter this year. I know wishes are rarely realized. Yet I wish with all my heart that the new year may bring you relief from economic stress and that it may bring you ecstatic joy and happiness.

Please give Mary and Harriet my best wishes for a Merry Christmas and happy new year. Devoted love to you.

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870916102

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 5, London [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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10341

London Dec. 5th 35.

Frank, my Dear. Your letter, the first in about two months reached me here. It found me completely spent for the long and painful wait to hear from you. I understand perfectly that regular ~~corr~~ correspondence is never an indication of how much we care for another person. But when ones emotional outlet is only on paper one somehow shrivels up when that ~~text~~ is checked by weeks and weeks of waiting. The last two months while in St. Tropez made me think that it would perhaps be better for both of us to discontinue writing altogether. Except that we have other things in common except our futile love. And it is this which has decided ~~me~~ not to break the only link, life and all the intricate condition which stands between us and what we had hoped so fervently.

Understand my dear Frank I am not reproaching you. I know the struggle you are making for economic independence and the odds against you in addition to the difficulties all other people who must work for their living must face. It is only that one can not reason when ones heart goes through purgatory itself longing and hoping for what ones mind so clearly sees to be absolutely futile and downright childish. I do not know whether it is a virtue or a vice to prefer almost any suffering except futility. At least in the matter of the heart. I can only tell you that if I had foreseen the effect on my whole being of your visit. I should never have consented for it to happen. ~~But I did not know that I should~~ ~~have been so completely~~ ~~understand that I should~~. It is too steep a price to pay with months of sickening yearning and a hopeless future for just two weeks of bliss. Perhaps if I were twenty five

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I should not mind the price so much. At my age one cannot afford to rise to the summit only to be hurled down into abyss. But that is not the point at all. What I am trying to convey to you is not any complaint, or blame. It is that I no longer expect anything except our comradeship and our common efforts of what we hold so precious. For the rest, if you feel the urge to write, alright. If no ~~longer~~ I will understand and no longer cut out my heart as I have since I returned to France.

A very dear friend of mine, Henry C. Alsberg is an important factor relief given to the professions. I have written him about you. And I have asked him to enable you to write, either the Bakunin biography, or the work you had in mind on psychology. I don't quite remember the exact theme you had in mind. You may hear from him. In any event, I want you to write him. Say you do so at my suggestion. His address is Mr Henry C. Alsberg

18 23 Mement Street N.E. Washington
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I am sure that Henry will try his best to secure you financially for whatever writing you want to do.

Apropos of your suggestion about Sasha to write the Bakunin life. Yes, he has the ability as few in our ranks have. But life has knocked him about too much to leave him much strength for such a work or any other. Besides he has no access to any material on the subject living as he does away from the center of France. Anyhow S. could and would not undertake the work. He tires too easily from the least exertion. Better you do it my dear if you are put materially in the position to write in peace. I hope fervently that this may happen. It is so little I can

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3

can do to ease your life. It would make me very happy if through my connections with Alsberg you were secured to do some important writing.

I cannot give you much cheer about my efforts here. The English do not attend lectures as much as the Americans, except if they are arranged by their political parties, clubs, or the patronage of title ladies and lords. So what chance have I who has no backing at all? If only the few remnants of our movement were not such sticks in the mud. They lack both vision and organizing ability. There is one comrade who acts as secretary. He is the most dependable and the most eager to help. But he has been unemployed for some years and very much disheartened. Anyhow, its bitter uphill climb. Yet I mean to persevere until spring. There is nothing else I can do. Anything is preferable to being gagged in this frightful time. Not that I am fool enough to think my voice will find an echo in the hearts and minds of my hearers, or that anything I do will in the least effect the inevitable the approaching horrors of fascism and war. Yet I can not keep silent. And so I plod along.

Dear Frank this will be my last letter this year. I know wishes are rarely realized. Yet I wish with all my heart that the new year may bring you relief from economic stress and that it may bring you ecstatic joy and happiness.

Devoted love to you my
Please give Mary and Harriet my best wishes for
dearest Frank,
a merry Christmas and happy new year

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870919140

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 5, London [to] Angelica [Balabanoff, Paris] / [Emma Goldman]. —
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11636

London Dec 5th 35.

Dearest Angelica,

I am very sorry indeed to see that you have the same misfortune with editors and publishers as I have. Of course, this about ~~sentimentalizing the Foreign~~ Office having interfered with a Press Agency to prevent the publication of your articles sound very fantastic to me. I could believe such a thing if England were at war and your article were an attack on British institutions. I might also have considered feasible before the stand of England in re sanctions, but now when this country itself can not say enough against Mussolini it seems rather far fetched for the Foreign Office to interfere. Besides how did the Foreign Office come to know about the Press agency? Surely the owners did not go to consult the R.O. I must say I am not at all clear this has actually happened.

However the unfortunate thing is that you my dear are made to suffer, in this matter and also in regard to Ullah having refused to publish your book at the present time. Here again I feel very dubious that George Seldes should have used your material without giving you credit or sharing with you ~~an~~ his advance royalties. I admit everything is possible with newspaper reporters. I know from personal experience how unscrupulous they are. One of them played a similar trick on me with material on the splendid educational experiment in a number of German cities which I investigated in 1922. He merely copied my stuff and gave it out as his. I never saw a cent nor did I ever get my material back. Still I hate to believe such a thing from G.S;edes.

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2

11617

Of course Seldes book could be held up by writing Gollancz that part of the material it contains is yours given U.S. some time ago. But you will hardly want to do that. The next thing is to write him. I would do so to day but I would like to be absolutely sure that the contents of his book and the stuff you gave him are identical. I suppose Fenner has your material. If you would write him to let me see it and also to prevail on Gollancz to let me compare it with Seldes book I would be in a better position to act for you. This way you do not even permit me to tell U.S. that Fenner Brockway had written you about the matter.

U.S. will naturally ask how I came to know about the matter and whether I had compared both particular articles. I must have something more definite and accurate to go by dear before writing the man.

Another thing is that I will have to give him an address where he can reach you. Not being sure that you want him to know that you will arrive in A. soon I was again loathe to write to day. The best thing will be that you write me to Plymouth as you could not reach me here any more, I leave at 9 o'clock Saturday morning. Tell me what address to give U.S. And have Fenner get in touch with me on my return, the end of next week in re the material he claims G.S. had used in his work. E.B. can do so by phone speedwell, 71 35. Once I have a clear understanding about the matter I will write George, and you bet it will be a pretty stiff letter. Its like tearing a piece of bread out of

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3

M 1630

out of the hand of a child to do such a mean trick with you.
I still hope that there is none misunderstanding. That's why
I want to make quite sure before I write Seldes.

Dearest I hope I have not given you the impression
that great things are awaiting you in the states. I never meant
to do that. I know that coming fairly unknown to A. you must
expect a bitter struggle and many disappointments. But nothing
could be so heart breaking as your condition in Europe with every
country closed to you as it is to me. That's why I came here though
I am even less known in England than you are in America. ~~matixido~~
If we could still chose our fields, but Europe is closed to us
and so we must try other lands, in your case it is the states. In
mine it is here. I know what is awaiting you. But also I know
that America is still the only country in the world where free
lancing has a chance. Then too you have all kinds of friends. I
am completely anathema with the communists, the Labor Party and
the fascists. So be brave my dear and hold your head high. With
all my heart I wish you a comfortable passag accross and success
in my erstwhile country.

my address in Plymouth is c/o Mr T. Edmonds
146 Alexandria Rd. Plymouth.

I take you in my arms in devoted affection.

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881022047

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 5, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].—
2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Nice, Dec. 5, 35

Dearest Em,

As you will go the 7th to Plymouth, and today is the 5th, I think I had better send you this as a greeting to that city. I wonder how Seeds was.

I have had a postal from you of Nov. 50, which arrived only yesterday, the delay probably being due to the fact that there was not enough stamps on it: there was only a one-penny stamp, which is evidently not enough. That is only for England, I suppose. You need not worry about lack of time to write me long letters. I know how busy you must be these days, running about from city to city and seeing so many people. So a postal, when you find time for it, is enough.

I decide yesterday not to mail you the copies of Molise letter and a couple of clippings till a few days later, about the time when you will return to London. Otherwise the fold might forward the printed matter on to you, which is not necessary and would be just unnecessary bother for you.

A new package of printed matter received from you last evening. Contains the Times Liter. Supplement and some clippings. The Manch. paper I forward to Aron Baron, as requested by Mollie.

About the binding -- I know only two large printing and binderies here -- the Eclairer and Petit Nicole. Now, I don't want to go to them about this matter. So I will look up some other houses and find out about the prices of binding. Been raining again, almost every day, so will do it as soon as the weather is a bit better.

Mollie is leaving this morning. Raining again, so I did not care to go to see her off at the Villefranche port. Enay went down a while ago. I hope M. will find something in the U.S. She is making a brave fight. She thinks that after a while she will go to Hollywood. Some well-to-do woman by the name of Coleman seems to be interested in M. The husband of that woman is a film regisseur or something.

By the way, dear, when you get time tell me the ingredients of the Vermouth you made in St. Tr. I had brought a bottle here, but now it is all gone. It was very good. I think it was 4 parts wine (preferably white) to one part of WHAT? Alcohol? And a few bitter oranges. Any sugar? To keep about a week or two. When you see Auntie, ~~ask~~ ask for that other missing ingredient.

Nothing new here, dear. I wonder whether you had time to send me Stella's address. You told me she had given up her former apartment. Where is she now, I wonder. I mean, what is her new address in N.Y.

All quiet here, as on the proverbial Western Front. Not a line from the U.S. That is to me, by this time, quite a joke. But in reality my birthday is, to our friends, on May 16th, and I don't see why they should bother about M. That is not important, but the funny thing is that the N.Y. Comm. has probably failed to collect more money than they had sent in Aug., for I have received nothing. But, dear, I do not wish you to make any inquiries in N.Y. Let things proceed in their "natural" way. For it is possible that Kapp is travelling and later on I may hear from him.

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46

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022047

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 5, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].—
2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

When you come back to London, thank Auntie and Betty for me for their nice
birthday greeting. I have not their address. Emma Doris also wrote,
which no doubt was a great effort since she hates correspondence. I'll
drop her a line myself.

How was your meeting with Rebecca West?

I hope your cold is better now, dear. Take care of your-
self.

I embrace you.

As ever,

dear just rec'd
your long
letter. write
write by
my
Love's

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47

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 6, London [to] Alfred A. Knopf, New York / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4380

London Dec 6th 35.

Mr Alfred A. Knopf
730 Fifth Avenue
New York City
U.S.A.

Dear Mr Knopf.

I wrote you in Oct before leaving St Tropez for England. I wonder has my letter reached you. Among other matters I asked you about the possibility of exporting L.M.L to this country. To be sure 12/ are still a high price for England. Still when I lecture on this subject some copies maybe sold. Since I have had no reply to my letter I am writing again to let me know as soon as possible what you think of the suggestion.

Some friends of mine connected with the press in this city tell me there might be a chance to sell the serial rights to one of the papers. I am not at all sure that they know what they are talking about. Still it would do no harm to let them try. To do that I need a copy of L.M.L. I left my personal copies in St Tropez, besides I do not like to let them go. Perhaps you will send me a copy of the one volume edition. I ought to have it seen if you want to send it at all. If the miracle should happen I would of course live up to our agreement regarding serial rights.

By the way, you told me to get in touch with your representative in London, Mr Postgate. You may have given me his address in the last letter I had from you. Unfortunately I left my letter files in St Tropez. Please be good enough to give it to me when you write me.

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48

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029261

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 6, London [to] Alfred A. Knopf, New York / [Emma Goldman]. —
2 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.
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2.

I expect to remain in England until the early spring. So if
you do come to London I will be very glad to see you, or Mrs
Knopf should see come over instead of you. My address is
20, Bloomsbury Court, London N.W.11. Telephone Speedwell 71,35.
with best holiday wishes.

Cordially.

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49


The Emma Goldman Papers

861029175

[Invoice] 1935 Dec 6, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / C.W. Daniel Co. —
1 p. ; 17 × 20 cm.
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(C. W. DANIEL, D. M. WALTHAM)
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6th December 1960

INVOICE No. D 4363

Miss Emma Goldman

20, Beechcroft Court,

Golders Green, H.W.

Phone Order

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928188

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 7, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Jeanne [Levey].—
2 p. ; 22 × 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

IRIS GIFT STUDIO

~~36 S. State Street~~

CHICAGO

36 S. State Street

December 7, 1935.

My very dear Emma:

I delayed writing you because I wanted to see the Halperins and get some information from them regarding you. Well they arrived yesterday and were so happy to have had the opportunity of visiting with you. They certainly all love you. It makes me very happy that they feel that way towards you.

By this time you are no doubt in the throes of your lecture tour. I hope you have found it more successful than you had anticipated. Perhaps since you have arrived the comrades will do what they can to promote as many successful meetings as possible.

I have been busy in the last two weeks with Rocker's lectures. Now the Free Society is giving a bazaar and I am giving them a little help on that score. I hope they will be successful in raising some money for their needs. They certainly need it. Needless to say we all enjoyed Rocker's visit here. He is a great individual and I am very fond of him.

I have just written to Vladeck of the Jewish Forwards, asking him to do what he can in Washington in Rocker's behalf. You know his stay will expire the latter part of February. Again they are weighted down with the worry of not knowing where to turn, as they have no country at all. His lectures were quite successful and I believe he received about \$250.00 to \$300.00. When he returns we are arranging an interesting group meeting at my brother's pent house for one hundred people. We will charge \$1.00, per person so that will be \$100.00 for the evening.

In my last letter I have written about Sasha's underwear. I also mailed two suits of warm pajamas to him. Hope these will not have any difficulty in reaching him. We marked the package sample inasmuch as they are two different kinds. We took a chance on this and mailed both suits together. We sent one suit of underwear, but had to send it to St. Trepez because we did not know his address in Nice. Hope by this time he has received the package containing the underwear. As soon as I find some suitable shirts, I will send them on as you suggested.

Emma, I am going to see the Halperins again tonight. They will be able to tell me all about you. At the depot yesterday, I just saw them for a few minutes, but we will have a long talk tonight. Lucille certainly loves you and to quote her own words, says "you are a great woman." Of course she knows how I feel about you. So there is very little to argue about on that score.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928188

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2 p. ; 22 × 17 cm.

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14639

Telephone HARRISON 8471

IRIS GIFT STUDIO

31 East Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO

-2-

Dec. 7, 1935.

Yes, dear, all three Halperins were very much impressed with Sasha. They said he was a fine individual. I hope sometime I have the pleasure of meeting him as well. I am certainly looking forward to that visit, and hope it will be real soon.

I am afraid Aaron is quite sold on Russia, although I do not believe Julia shares his viewpoint to a very great extent. Certainly Lucille does not.

I am very sorry I was unable to do anything worth while towards Sasha's birthday celebration because as you know our business has been very bad in the past year. Somehow there doesn't seem to be much improvement. Until things start to pick up, I will have to be as careful as I can about money matters. It is very difficult when you are accustomed to spending freely.

About your manuscript I am now getting busy and have submitted the article to a number of printers. Of course it has to have a Union label and that is an added expense. Have you any idea as to just how much ten thousand copies of these should cost. You know how long the paper is. Let me know as soon as possible because I have no idea what the cost will be. I want to sell them for ten cents a copy. If it costs more, I will have more printed. If you have any suggestions please let me know. Also I would like to get a list of people in the different states who could take one hundred to five hundred copies and sell them. Also the people in Canada who might be interested in this item. Jay is going to Canada and perhaps he can take the copies with him to the friends up there. Write me any suggestions you might have regarding this matter.

Jay joins me in sending our sincerest love to you, and Sasha when you write to him.

Always,

Your Jeanne

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022048

[Letter, 1935] Dec. 8, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, Plymouth, England] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 3 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Dear Em —

just a short greeting
today, so you should know
everything is O.K. & not
doing.

I received your good long
letter of Dec. 4th. I
am astounded at your
ability to write long letters
at a time when you are
so much engaged with
many other things.

Will answer the letter
when I am in the mood for
writing. There has been
a spell here of very
cold weather — as ever —
where — and our place is

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2

pretty chilly these days.
They don't heat enough,
and you know that in
such weather I am
never warm enough. So,
I have not been in a
mood to get at my Typewriter
nor to write
my last note.
Yes, the N.Y. business
seems a great fizzle. That
may be the reason why neither
Minna nor anyone else
wrote me. I have your
check & will have to
draw a little on it.
I got the rotten Jewish
Comm. paper you sent. What
a fraud! I say, I got the
F.A.S. for Nov. 15 and Nov. 30,
but not the one of Nov. 23rd.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

dear Emma
I hope you are
keeping well & that
your cold is over. Take
care of yourself, do.
We are both well
here, even if half-
frozen.

Love

S.

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55

The Emma Goldman Papers

870920006

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 8, Leeds, England [to] Emma Goldman, London / S. Tamarind. —
1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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Register No. 1495 London.

Leeds Division No. 5.

Approved Society National Insurance No. 290.

All communications to be addressed to the Secretary:

S. TAMARIND, 7, St. George's Terrace, LEEDS.

Dec. 8/35 193.

Madam Emma Goldman,
20, Beechcroft Court,
London, N.W.II.

Dear Friend,

Your letter of Dec. 4th to hand. You did not inconvenience us in the least, on the contrary, it gave us much pleasure to accommodate such a distinguished guest in our house. We are only sorry that your stay was not a long one, as one does not often get such an opportunity in Leeds.

With reference to sending a report about your lecture. I may say on behalf of the members I represent and also by what I have learned from the audience present, that your lecture was a huge moral success. The deliverance, in a clear and logical manner, of the causes that brought about the present position in Germany and also how this catastrophe could have been avoided, was appreciated by all. I might also add that we are looking forward to ~~the~~ have pleasure of listening to your next lecture in Leeds, which my Committee is endeavouring to arrange in the near future.

With kind regards to you from us all,

Yours sincerely,

S. Tamarind

P.S. I am sending, under separate cover, a report of your lecture to Mr. Barr.

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029054

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 9, Plymouth [England to Frances] Briggs, London / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Plymouth Dec. 9th '35.

British Drama League
9, Fitzroy Square
London W.1

Dear Miss Briggs.

Please find inclosed my check for one guinea to cover my membership for a year. I was so rushed in London before my departure for this city I could not attend to the matter sooner.

I shall be back in London Friday, I wonder could I have the list you so kindly offered to prepare by that time?

I am planning a folder that will go with the letter to the various drama and playgoers societies. It occurred to me that Mr Withworth may not be adverse in letting me have a word about his impression of my drama work as far as he had heard it and knows about. Would you ask him for me?

I am also going to ask Sir Barry for the same favor. I have written him about seeing him again and am expecting a reply when I will bowach my request to him. It is most embarrassing to have to peddle ones own canoe. But in a strange land and as a free lance one is unfortunately forced to pocket ones pride.

Thank you loads for your kindly reception and offer of the list. I was delighted to find you with the Drama League still active and looking so well.

Cordailly

20, Beechcroft Court London N.W.11

The Emma Goldman Papers

870927105

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 9, Plymouth [England to Robert and] Ruth [Low, New York] /
[Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.
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Plymouth Dec. 9th 35.

Dear Bob darling Ruth. Forgive my silence. I have been so busy preparing for my departure to England and since I am here. It was just physically impossible to find time to write you. Fortunately I was kept informed by Max and Stella of you my dearest Ruth. Or I should have despaired utterly to know how you are. Yes, dearest Bob you did write me in the last letter. I suppose you felt hurt or something that I failed to answer your last letter. But as I said I was working like a horse to prepare some lecture material and to get away from Plymouth. In any rate I want you to know that I understood everything and my heart was full with affection for your struggle and anxiety about our beloved Ruth. You have not made an error. And I feel sure of the reward that must come to such brave souls.

As you see I am in the midst of a town Plymouth. I have not yet seen anything of it. I lectured twice and will have two more meetings then I return to London. I could not fail to continue gagged in France. But it is a bitter and uphill climb in England to get a hearing. I have failed before and I may this time. But at least I will have left nothing to do to break the ice that fairly oozes from new people in this country. I mean to hold out until the summer and see what way I can make. If I meet with even part response I will go to St. Tropez for the summer and return to England in the early autumn of next year. If I fail again I may go to Canada again.

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[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 9, Plymouth [England to Robert and] Ruth [Low, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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18941

2

Apropos of travel. Do you remember the wonderful plan you had about taking me on a long trip to the Orient? Well, a very dear Montreal friend of mine expects to come abroad in Feb and she invited me to join her on a trip. Not so alluring as the Orient, it is to be Switzerland, Italy, possibly Spain. But I dare not say this will materialize. Everything is so uncertain these days, it is ridiculous to make plans way in advance. For the present I am determined to spend the winter in England. It is a hell of a cold and climate to go to in the winter. But it can not be helped. Next spring if I have not disposed of Bon Esprit I may go to Canada. Yes, my dear I shall probably have to sell Bon Esprit. I will get anything near enough to what it cost. "either I have an income. So whats to be done? Perhaps it is best. I think of all people should own no property. If at least I could stay here all winter. But it is too much of a strain to be subjected to continued mistral and rain. And I am not rich enough to be a gigolo, if I cared for such idiotic relationships. Well, I am about myself.

More important are you. If only I knew how you are getting on the way of recovery, and if so whether you are getting over, or are strong enough for it. Please my dear do write me. Take a letter from you, if only a short note to tell me how you are. I am really very anxious about you.

Give my greetings to Ed. With love

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870927105

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 9, Plymouth [England to Robert and] Ruth [Low, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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I hope fervently that you dearest Ruth have returned home for good back to you old new lover and with your blessed baby of whom I get great reports. As soon as you can take a picture of her you must send it to me. I am hungry to see my new niece. And you must write me all about yourself.

Wishes rarely come true still one can not help to wish for those we love that the new year may help you to health renewed health, supreme joy in life and the happiness that comes for the complete union of two harmonious spirits and for only those who have known the depths of life can appreciate its heights and fit themselves for the parenthood so few can understand.

My address in London is c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky 20, Beechcroft Court London, N.W.11 England. Write me soon please. I wish you pleasant holiday and a very happy New Year

Devoted love to both of you and Helene whom I want so much to hold close to my heart.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022049

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 9, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, Plymouth, England] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 4 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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B 6

Nice, Dec. 9th, 35

Dearest Em, have cleaned out my machine and put in new ribbon, so I hope it will write a bit better. I hear from Shap. that the Underwood now offers the new model (I suppose the same kind of machine you have) for just one thousand francs, but only during December and only to its regular customers.

Well, Shap. says that the house he works for is a regular customer of Underwood, so he could get a new machine for me for thousand francs, while here they demand 1,500 for the same machine. Certainly a bargain, but this is not the time for us to buy machines, and I think mine is still good for a while.

The reason Sh. wrote me about it is that I asked him what duty there is on imported typewriters. Seems the duty is heavy and duty is about 30 or 35 fr. per kilo. A corona would therefore have to pay about 300 fr. duty, and an Underwood, which is heavier, would pay even more taxes.

Modaka had written that he MIGHT get me a machine and he asked about the duty. That's why I wrote about it to Sh. But the information I got from Sh. shows that it does not pay to import a machine from the U.S. It costs there about \$60. minimum, and the importation, with freight, duty, etc. would cost at least \$70. more.

However, as I say, my own machine is still good enough. And it does not look as if Mode is going to send anything at all at present. I had another letter from him in which he hints that he is hard up, with extra expenses now, etc. Moreover, he thinks I have got or am getting some surprise money from the U.S. I don't know where he got that about the surprise money, but in any case I have not heard or seen the least sign of it.

Well, all this is only an introduction to say that I fixed up my machine in order to write you a decent letter, which I have not done for a considerable time now.

All your letters received, dear. I know what a hard struggle you are having, and I wish I could be of some help to you. But that is out of the question, of course. But I do hope your meetings are improving. You are now in Plymouth, and I wonder how the lectures have been going there. England has certainly been the most thankless place for radical ideas, even throughout the centuries. Yet at the same time it has been the home of liberalism; that is, of a comparatively liberal attitude in general. Tradition is very strong in England, and they are given to holding on to the existing, and changes there have always been very slow in coming through. But once imbued with a new idea they have usually stood by it, these strange Anglo-saxons. Besides, they are a headstrong and "practical" people; they want to see where they are going to land before they jump. They want things "proved" to them first, and that is also the reason why their philosophy has always been of the "practical" kind rather than of the speculative, like the German philosophy, for instance. Of course that has some great advantages: they have avoided the pitfalls of philosophic speculation and have never developed such metaphysics as the Germans did. But on the other hand this attitude makes them less apt to embrace a philosophy like Anarchism, for new views of life cannot be "proved" like mathematical problems. They must feel their truth intuitively and have the courage to try them out in life.

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-- 2 --

8c

Well, I guess you are too busy now to worry over these matters. But I say this only with the hope that you will not eat your heart out over the coldness of your audiences and of the public in general towards our ideas. May be I say this because Nettlau has urged me to write a book (irrespective of whether it will ever be published, he said) on the necessity of making our appeal for An. to the more intelligent classes rather than to the masses. Well, I am not thinking of writing any such book, of course, but I entirely disagree with his idea. We may interest here and there a handful of the "intelligent", but that will be a passing and superficial interest without any results of value. I think that the only chance of An. is in winning the masses for our ideas; or at least the intelligent and active part of those masses, no matter if they are a minority. Nor can we ever do even that unless we in some way combine our An. preaching with the actual facts of life and make our ideas applicable, even to some extent, to the actual problems and realities of existence.

Literature, art and philosophy have from time immemorial reflected the spirit of liberty and even expressed An. ideas, even beginning with the Greeks. But it had no effect and can have no effect unless those aspirations actually mirror the needs and demands of the people at large. That is why revolutions have always fallen short of their original aims: the people were satisfied with much less than the ideal purposes of the revolution, and politicians and demagogues are always at hand to exploit the situation for their own objects.

But to some other things. I wonder how the lectures in Plymouth are going. I think my next letter I'll address to the Koldofskys again, as you are to leave Pl. on the 13 or 14th, you wrote. By the way, dear, I sent a little line to Angelica, but you wrote that she leaves on the Manhattan on the 11th, but I see by the papers that Manh. does not leave until the 15th. Well, the few lines ~~xx~~ I sent her will have to do. Not being sure that my note will reach her on time, I sent just a short greeting, and one to the boat also.

I should not be surprised that George S. used some of Ang's facts re Fascism in ~~xxxx~~ some of his writings. I know that she had once given him an article on Muss. to have it published for her, and I think that instead he wrote an article himself on the subject using some of her material. I thought at the time that he should have shared with Angelica whatever he was paid for the article. I do not believe that he did. Anyhow, material on SUCH subjects is a peculiar thing and it seldom can be considered as private property.

I could not so far find out anything about the binding here. It seems that the only large binderies here belong to the two daily papers and I don't want to have any dealings with them. The L'Eclairer is especially Fascist and it just raves about Muss. and against the Abyssinians. So I have written to Mollie to find out about binding; that is, to get an estimate. In any case I think that it would be well to keep 50 sets of the sheets of the Memoirs. Binding is not a very expensive affair (unless expensive leather is used) and so the copies could be bound when necessity arises. But be sure that you could import from England the sheets without special duty on it. Have you already found out about it? If not, I shall try to find out through Sh. Let me know. If you already have found out, it is not necessary to bother Sh. who seems busy and who hates correspondence.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022049

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-- 5 --

Be

You asked about Nemo. I did not see his article in the P...S., for just that number failed to reach me. As you know, he is one of the two Kacht brothers. He wrote Rebels and Renegades, also some magazine articles about various revol. figures like Ketchayev, etc. He was in Nice about 2 years ago and he came to see me. I kept him rather distant, because like yourself, I did not feel much confidence, though I don't know which of the brothers he is. He is rather tall and of dark complexion, and well informed about the various movements.

About N.Y. The funny thing is that I have not received a single letter -- neither Dr. Gohn, nor even Minna or anybody else has written. May be the birthday affair was such a fiasco that they do not feel like writing about it. Nor have I heard from Kapp. He is probably traveling. Yes, de r, I shall have to use your blank check pretty soon, say in about a week or so. Then I shall draw you finance on it.

I am very glad your lecture in Leeds was such a success. It must have aroused very great enthusiasm indeed for those people to ask you for more lectures and pay more than agreed upon. Well, even that is something. I am sure that the longer you stay in London and near by places, the more chance there will be for you to start something going in an organized way. I can well understand that our people are of little use to you in the matter of organizing things. I know they are used to the small way. I wish you had there half a dozen really active young people whom you could train in these matters.

I had to smile at Henry Alsb's letter to you. He says he can't write now because he is so rushed. As if he did ever in his life write a decent letter! I understand he is general manager of that literary fund for the entire U.S. That is a big job, of course, and no doubt he is busy. He will surely try to remain human, as he says, but I doubt that he can accomplish anything much. He will no doubt give a few people a job, but trouble is bound to develop in that literary fund before long, for there are too many politicians anxious to provide for their favorites. He says that the present administration is decent. Sure enough, but it has been evident long enough that Roosevelt is merely trying to save the situation and help capitalism on its feet again. That he merely delays the natural rotting process is also evident. If the other party could find a strong presidential candidate, I should not be surprised if Roosevelt will not be re-elected again. He is trying to sit on two stools and harmonize the unharmonizable, and the result is that he has made enemies in both camps. Neither side is satisfied with his work, naturally. For some he is too conservative, for others too radical. And meanwhile, even if he did not intend it, he has achieved considerable dictatorial powers, and the next man in the White House will have it much easier in strengthening Mussolini powers in his own hands.

However, I hope that in the meantime Alsb. may succeed in placing some to work. I hope should think that it would not be so hard for him to put to work able men like Frank, for instance. Though it may be that Henry could not very well mix in the local activities of the various sub-managers he has in every State. I don't know who is his chief assistant in the State of Illinois. In N.Y. it is Jacob Baker, I think, formerly of the Civil Liberties League.

Incidentally, in your last you said that you inclose Frank's letter. You probably meant Henry Alsb's letter. There was no other. Henry's letter I return in this one.

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63

The Emma Goldman Papers

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-- 4 --

Bo

About Frank, I think you are right. That he writes so seldom to you may probably mean that he is in a depressed state and that he has plenty of trouble at home. No doubt economic, and may be also some other troubles. It may well be, as you say, that Fr. is torn between Mary and you. That is not a very happy state of mind. And Mary would have to be a veritable angel to have peace and quiet under such conditions. So, all in all, the situation is certainly a very painful one all around. I don't think you have anything to regret, and the experience was surely valuable to both of you. But on the other hand it is a hopeless situation and I think you are right in terminating the correspondence, for it can hold nothing but pain.

About Ben R. There must be a market for such books, or else the publisher Constable would hardly bring out a new edition. I think the book contains some data and information that the average reader knows nothing about and it may find some circulation. I never thought the book was literary in any sense, of course, but that, as I wrote Ben at the time, it contained information not generally known. Nor have I ever considered it scientific. The idea of consulting Ben with anything literary or scientific is in itself a joke. You will remember that I doubted that he had ever been to college and that I made inquiries about it, because he impressed me as too little informed on any subject ever to have studied in any university. But I suppose that requirements of the place where he got his medical diploma were in his days not very great. I even think to this day that he had received no preliminary education except that of the public school and that he was able to enter a medical college which did not require much of preliminary general education.

Ben must have revised the new edition, for I do not remember having read in the first edition such "remedies" as you refer to. For instance about people believing in the power of Jesus and all that truck. I know Ben believes in that stuff, but I surely did not see it in his first edition.

Of course with such things in the book you cannot recommend it or have it for sale at your meetings.

Papers and Paths of Glory received. All OK. Reading the Paths now.

You say you have the offer of a beautiful room. I do not see why you cannot leave the hotel. Surely they will understand that you cannot freeze there just for their pleasure when you have a better offer. I don't think they would misunderstand. After all, one must be at least warm to prepare lectures.

I hope you will not be so cold there again. Though it is reported that a cold spell is passing over the entire of Europe. Even here it has been unusually ~~much~~ cold and still is. I hope the spell will soon pass.

Well, dear heart, I guess this is enough for today. I don't write often because there is nothing to write about, really. We are both well, and that is about all I can say. Machine beginning to bother again, letters are all worn-out. Still, I think you will have no trouble reading this.

Love to you. My next letter will be to London.

S

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860417039

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 10, Plymouth [England to] Mill[ie Desser, Toronto] / Emma [Goldman].— 2 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.

Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

Plymouth Dec 10th 35.

Dearest Milly. Forgive the delay in acknowledging your letter with the MSS inclosed. You know how it is when I get to a new city, the amount of work I have to do and the people to see. I have not had one day off since I reached London. And in between Leeds, and now Plymouth. The comrades in England, and precious few there are, like most of our comrades, do not realize that the writers and speakers are also human and not mere machines. The dates in London were one damned thing after another. The last lecture the sixth of this month, then travel to Plymouth Saturday then speaking the same night and the following. Of course I feel flattered to be considered so young. But you and I know that while the spirit is willing my years are not. Anyhow, the London climate and the rush brought back my old cough in addition to a severe cold on my chest. Yet I must go on. It would not be so difficult if I had you near to relieve me of the many hours at the machine in addition to my lectures. But there is no one.

Well, now that I have told you my troubles, I also want to tell you about my lectures so far. They were small, except the one in the East end on Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin. The Communists came out in full force and all but mobbed me. But it left a deep impression I think. The other two meetings went off without a hitch. I had a good meeting in Leeds. In fact the audience went wild over my lecture on German literature. Funny, that was the poorest attended lecture in Toronto. In this city I spoke before a drama circle. I inclose the report. You know yourself that reporters never get anything straight. I did not say that I managed a company in Russia. I said very distinctly the U.S. But maybe the reporter does not know that such a thing exists as America. Nor did I say that I want the theatre to get back to fancy. But outside of that the report is nice. Please dearie let all the other comrades read the clipping. I just can't afford to send each one a copy separately.

~~xxxxxx~~ Our own first meeting was the largest I ever had in England, about six hundred people, also on Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin. The English Communists are less violent than the Jewish. They listened at least. But at the meeting Monday there were some who said I was brought to Plymouth by the Daily Mail, the most reactionary paper in England, and so some woman with a shrill voice called out "liar". Well, that's nothing new. The rest of the meeting went off in grand style. Tomorrow and Thursday I speak again. Then I return to London to circularize the Workers' Educational Societies and the drama leagues for dates after the new year. I have not much hope about my success in England. But I mean to try everything possible to stake root here. You see, I don't see much enthusiasm in Canada for my return. Besides, it means only Toronto and Montreal. And you know yourself how little the two cities have given. So I must try England very hard. If I see even a small

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responce in England I will go on until the late spring, return t
to St Trepez for the summer, and come back to England in the aut
umn to continue building up our movement. After all England is
nearer to France and costs less. There are elements who could I
believe be drawn into our ranks. But it will take time and an
awful lot of energy. I don't know as I will be able to pull
through. But I am determined to try it out this time. The main
inducement is that I feel free in England to say what I damned
please about the internaternal evils in the country. I don't ha
ve that anywhere else. I would surely be expelled in Canada
if I touched too strongly on the economic and political situati
ion in your country. Here they could not even, if they would sen
me out. You have no idea how free I feel here. So if I can awak
awaken some responce I mean to return to England again and again.

I am so glad you have a job at last. It is a commen
tary on our system that one must rejoice over a boss. I do hope
that your uncle will not do as so many relatives, exploit you t
too much. Alright my dear about the Cook letter, send it when
you can. And thanks a thousand times for the MSS.

Inclosed find \$ 2. A little Christmas gift for Becky
and yourself. I wish it could be more. But I am more broke than
ever. I hope you will have a merry Christmas and a very happy a
and interesting New Year. The same to your dad and mother. I
wonder is he back in Toronto. I have not forgotten our Christ
mas together last year and all the nice things Zahler sent us.
He is funny. He is nice as he can be when one is near. The mom
ent one leaves he forgets. Not a line did I get from either
him or M s Zahler, neither did I get anything from Whitehead.
Strange people some are.

Please give my greetings to the comrade
and my best New Years wishes. Love to the family. And loads of
it to you my dearest. Write me to my London address.

Emma

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870919193

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 10, Plymouth [England to] Lucille [Halperin, Oak Park, Ill.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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11756

Plymouth Dec. 10th 35.

Dear Lucille. Your letter of the 23rd reached me in London. I wanted so much to reply at once and send it to the ILE De Franco. But it was impossible. From the moment I landed in England the 14th of last month until I left for Plymouth it was one damned thing after another. Not so much lectures as people I had to contact. The English are great on having you to luncheon, teas and dinner, and often large parties, but then as far as their interest goes. And yet I had to see people and will have to do even more if I am to establish myself in England. I never thought I would dare to try for that, but with Europe and America closed to me and Canada anything but promising I came to the conclusion I'd have to try hard to win England. Or end my days gagged and inactive in Franco. Anything is preferable to the latter, so, I have decided to plod on and strain all my energy to the task of gaining a footing in "my" new country. I am not deceived. I knew it will be a bitter struggle and an exhausting climb, but I have no choice since I will not spend my last years on the laurels of the past.

I am glad to say there seems to be a little more interest in what I have to give than in my past ventures to win the British. True, my meetings in London were small. But the audience consisted of young people and seemed to be sincerely interested. I had one fairly large attendance in the West End, on the lecture of Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin. The Communists came out in full force. They charged me with every crime on the calendar except snatching babies from their cradles. They went so far as to ask whether or it is not true that the British government had permitted me to enter England in return for propaganda against the Soviet government. The poor fool did not know that I had gotten me a Scotch "husband" and that I had a right to be in England even more than he. Of course, I never mind the silly charges. Only it proves what the Communists outside of Russia would do if they had power. Certainly no less than the Russian.

in the 2d The English Communists seem to be a better behaved group, the lecture on Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin, attended by six hundred people was listened to with some interest. Of course the questions by the Communists were also more personal than to the point of order of the lecture. But at least they did not try to break up the meeting. That was a comfort.

2 I had a very intelligent audience at the drama league here when I spoke on the Soviet Theatre. You will agree the inclosed report is not bad. Also, there is no reporter who gets anything straight. Of course I did not say that I managed a theatre company in Russia. I distinctly said the U.S. But perhaps the news-paper man did not know there is such a country as America. Everything is possible with that breed. "either

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did I say I want the theatre to go back to "fancy". I never would make such a stupid statement. What I said was that I hoped Russia would outgrow the purely mechanical and propaganda idea of art. I added that art might contain the severest analysis and criticism of any given social wrongs, but it is not the function of art, if it is to be art, to also map out a programme how to eliminate that wrong. Every one of the great Russians, Gogol, Tolstoy, Tchekhov and the rest were in a measure lay preachers. More than that they were the conscience of pre-revolutionary Russia. And by their supreme art they paved the way for the Revolution. Naturally, they did not plead any ism. That is not and never can be the function of art. That's why they are not being scorned by the Communists. Yet it is certain that their works are immortal while our present day pseudo artists are merely for the hour. With such an attitude to art I could not wish for only fancy to get back to the stage. Well, all small favors gratefully accepted from the press.

My dearest I am sorry I impressed you as being discouraged. I am never that, but neither have I remained blind to my possibilities in the world. With Europe in such a confused state and on the edge of a precipice, and America and Russia entirely closed to me I see no way of making my last years count to any extent. It was sweet of you and your dear mother to write me that I have done such great work in the past. I fear though that it is not enough to appease the yearning of a turbulent spirit for ever wider and fuller expression. However, I am never hopeless for long. My friends in America always used to say, "Emma is like a cat. Throw her from the heights and she will surely fall on her paws". True one can not fall so easily at sixty five than at twenty, or even forty without being battered spiritually. But I do pick myself up and try again. If only I see the slightest sign of new possibilities.

It is certain that there is more ~~xxxxxxxx~~ awareness of the futility of the old political parties in England than when I was here three years ago. And also people know more about Russia. Not the Intourist side of it, but the actual political side which even your blessed parents overlooked. I came across a marvelous passage quoted from a book by a Russian writer who came out of Russia. He wrote "of what avail is it to me whether Stalin is honest, does not drink and does not have a mistress. All I know is that he has guillotined the Revolution, and no amount of happiness handed down by Stalin to the Russian masses would make it easier for me to sleep with my head on the block of the guillotine." I have quoted this because the pseudo contentment your people found in Russia can not undo in my estimation the fact that the bolsheviks have "guillotined the Revolution, and that the very cream of Russia's men and women are being exterminated in the horrible concentration camps and prisons of Russia. I

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11758

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I therefore welcome the awareness little as it is in England of this side of Soviet rule. True, the myth goes on. Thus the Webbs, famous social investigators in England in their new work on Russia brazenly write that there is "no dictatorship" under Stalin. And that ~~nothing is~~ ever thing ~~is~~ is going along lovely in Russia. But as I already stated there is an awakening in England of the real face of Soviet Russia. My work along that line is therefore not quite so trying as it used to be in the past. Nevertheless it will not be easy sailing to establish myself in this country. But I mean to go on for some months and see what I can accomplish. If I should fail I will return to Canada next autumn. Though its been steep climbing there as well.

I am delighted to know that Sashas and my works have helped you see the truth and beauty of the ~~radix~~ ideal we have fought for all our lives. Yes, of course, personal experience is most important to help one visualize the ~~truth~~ facts we read. They help to strengthen our experience of what is wrong in the world and ~~the various~~ in the various political issues. I hope therefore you may go on reading other exponents of our ideas, Kropotkin, for instance. Especially his Appeal to the Young, and his Anarchist Morality which Joe can easily get for you.

My dearest child how can you say you are a "rotten" fighter, "cowardly" and what not? You are so young and have probably not yet been put to a test to know what and how you would act if called upon to make a stand. And what is more I hope you will not be called upon for another few years to come. You need to have your youth first and to make sure what you want most before facing the world. I agree that "Oak Park exclusive education" is the worst possible places to help one see life as it is. But bear in mind my dearest that some of the most heroic fighters in nearly all countries, and especially in Russia, and the most brilliant minds have come out of similar backgrounds as Oak Park school. And yet they saw the social injustice much clearer than those who suffered most under it. The Marxists and Communists will have it that environment alone make us what we are. They will not admit that it is man who creates his environment almost as much as the what it does to him. What I mean to say is, that whether we can be made "deaf, blind or dumb" by our particular mode of education or the environment of our home depends in the last analysis on how we react to them. Sophie Perovskina, Russia's most marvelous heroic figure emerged from her environment which was the home of a general close to the tear unmarred and unscathed. And with a burning love for humanity. This holds true of many great rebels. What I mean to put before you is that you yourself once sure of what your schooling has denied you will find your

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your way to the very things kept from you. Ideas are in the air. They can not be bottled up. And the search for freedom and beauty are eternal. Both may be checked for a time as is the case now. But no power on earth, in heaven or hell can stop them for ever. I have faith in you my dearest and in your splendid mind. So keep bravely going until you have found yourself and the way to achieve what in due time will be your most dominant urge.

Yes, I understood that the shock your precious mother had could not be overcome so easily. As to floods in England or excessive rains there was none of either. Fact is I found less rain in London than in Paris. Dampness, yes. Penetrating to the very marrow of your bones. Oh, and as I felt not seeing the three of you again I am rather relieved to know you are back home and that mother will have a chance to quickly get on deck again.

I hope your crossing was not too rough. I hope too that the few flowers sent to your cabin helped to cheer your voyage if only a little bit. Perhaps I will hear from you or mother, or both about your safe landing. I am delighted to know you did get a coat at last. Funny I forgot all about the Trois Quatorier. But I have bought so little in Paris stores. It is not surprising that I failed to call your attention to what I consider the best.

I have already addressed one large meeting here outside of the drum group and I have two more. I have evidently made a "hit" so I am to come again to this city after the holidays. I return to London Friday. I am glad to say not to lecture for a few weeks but to help organize my further activities in London and the provinces. As I said, I am not too expectant of great results but it may mean a beginning worth while to continue more systematically than I had before.

This may reach you for Christmas. If so I hope it will find all of you well and the best of spirits to enjoy a merry Christmas and a very happy and eventful new year. Give my love to both you mother and your dad. You may hug them for me. Remember me kindly to the members of your family I have met and have not met. Please let Janke and Jay as well as Joe G. read the clipping inclosed. Oh, yes tell mother I will write her a letter all her own soon.

I embrace you dearest Lucille with loads of love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115091

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 11, Plymouth [England to] Gab[riel Javscas, Paris] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Plymouth Dec. 11th 35.

Dear baby. I hope you did not flatter yourself to have made me angry with you over your silly letter. My dear, I could no more feel provoked with you than with an impudent child. I have noticed long ago that whatever you have not retained of your glowing youth. You have of your youthful impudence and arrogance. Now I admit that in a cut throat competitive world like hours financial experts need gall. But what made you think you need it with me? Surely you don't think all this importance impresses me.

I am delighted to learn that you have finally discovered the mystery why I do not succeed in England. I do not owe too to wealth and do not feel dully grateful for their readiness to "take" me up. Well, have you only now discovered that E.G. can not be patronised. I admit it was silly on my part to ask you for a letter to Mrs Franklin. My mistake was due to the fact that I had known people of wealth before who nevertheless had the grace of doing things without ~~making~~ making one sick to one's stomach. Evidently your lady is an upstart and a snob, hence could not bear to think that I did not feel honored by her suggestions and her invitation to lunch. From what I hear of this lady she never does anything unless she can get honor and homage from it. She probably realized that she would get neither by "spencoring" me. Well, that's her right. But why you should have felt called upon to "teach" poor me manners when you have such bad ones yourself is beyond me. But it's alright. Indeed I felt relieved that the ~~more~~ your introduction did not go further than it did. A vulgarina is bad enough to deal with. And if

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the vulgarian is also a fool, it is altogether impossible. Your lady having proved both I am thanking my stars to have set her right from the beginning that A.G. can not be patronised. So you see the loss is all hers. Not mine.

By the way, it was not the old Mrs Frankli who has helped ~~manne~~ but her American daughter in law.

I hope your affairs or lack of them h look more promising now than when I last saw you. Why not come to England to try your luck. With such patronage as Mrs Franklin you are sur to succeed.

Have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. May the Jewish Lord take away a little of your cocksureness and know it all, ~~and the world is his~~.

Affectionately

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920008

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 11, New York [to] Emma G[oldman], London / Clara Fredrics. --
1 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.
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4536

VANGUARD

A Libertarian Communist Journal

45 WEST 17TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Dec. 11, 1935

E. G. Colton
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky
20, Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Ave.,
London, N.W., 11.
England

Dear Comrade Emma!

Many thanks for your very encouraging letter^{and} news concerning your manuscript. We are very happy indeed to undertake the publishing of ~~as~~ the pamphlet you had sent to us. It is of course quite an undertaking for an organization without funds. However, we are determined to publish it our-selves because we believe it to be of utmost importance to the American public, that is, the topic itself and the way it is presented. Well done!

We are trying to have an introduction written or rather a preface, by some prominent social thinker. Perhaps you could help us on that score? We shall expect some suggestions from you for this in your reply to this letter. Please answer us as soon as you possibly can.

We should appreciate greatly, your sending us some short article on the tide of events in Great Britain or England itself, for the magazine.

With best wishes and the warmest comradely greetings from the whole Vanguard Group, I am,

Very comradely,

Clara Fredrics,
Clara Fredrics
Secretary of Vanguard Group.

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029055

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 11, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Frances Briggs.—
1 p. ; 24 × 20 cm.

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THE BRITISH DRAMA LEAGUE INCORPORATING THE VILLAGE DRAMA SOCIETY

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Central Office: 9 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Telephone: Museum 5022

11th December, 1935.

Dear Miss Goldman,

Thank you very much for your letter and
cheque for one guinea. It is very good of you to join the
League, and I have pleasure in enclosing herewith all literature
due to you.

I am also enclosing herewith the list
of dramatic societies. Mr. Whitworth has been very much
occupied with meetings during the last few days but I will
lay your letter before him in regard to his letting you have
his impression of your dramatic work, and he will let you have
an answer at his earliest opportunity.

With renewed thanks,

Yours sincerely,

Frances Briggs

Miss Emma Goldman,
20, Beecheroff Court,
N.W.11.

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029259

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 12, Plymouth [England to] T[heodore] Schuller, London / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Plymouth Dec.12/35.

Mr. T. Schuller
Rutnam & Company Ltd
24 Bedford Street
London W.C. 2.

Dear Mr Schuller.

Some time ago you wrote me to ~~Sixtynine~~
Canada that you would like me to call at your publishing place
should I get to England. well, I have been in this country since
Nov.14th. But have been lecturing in and out of London without
much time left for anything else. To night is my last lecture
before the new Year. And you are among the first I am writing
to.

I am returning to London tomorrow to remain until
my new dates begin. I am living at 20, Beecroft Court London
N.W.11. My telephone is Speedwell, 71 35. I should very much like
to hear from you what day and time I might find you in and free
to ~~xxxxxx~~ see me next week.

Hoping to hear from you soon.

Sincerely.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

810519030

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 12, London [to] Fannie Barrett, [Toronto] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.
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c/o Mrs. M. S. S. S. S.,
20, Beecheroff Court,
London, N.W.11.

Mrs. Fannie Barrett,
37, Midson Drive,
Toronto, Canada.

Dec. 12th., 1935.

My dear Fanny,

It is indeed a long time between drinks! Your letter of Oct. 15th reached me a few days after my arrival in Paris, but it was impossible to take time to write you, not only the three weeks in Paris, but since I arrived here it has been one rush after another. You see, I am no longer so lucky to have my secretaries at my disposal. I have a dear friend here who always is helpful, but she works hard during the day and she can give me only an occasional evening. The result is that I am dreadfully behind in my correspondence with all my American and Canadian friends.

I do not see why you should be so disappointed over the elections in Canada. Myself was rather surprised to find that the reactionary bunch had been kicked out. Not that I have more faith in the Liberal Party or in Labour. I consider the political machine one of the most misleading institutions and political action merely a declaration of one's inability to do something telling oneself. That is just the trouble about the workers: they keep on putting their trust in politicians only to be cheated and betrayed each time. Take the Socialists: there is not one single instance in any country where they had power and where they showed themselves more ready and daring to carry out what they had promised the masses before an election. The Social Democrats in Germany were to a large extent responsible for the advent of Hitler by their cowardly and conservative (not to speak of poor judgment) methods, in holding the masses in leash when the workers sincerely wanted to check the further advance of the Nazis.

Germany is only one of the many historic examples where Socialists have failed the masses completely. In point of fact, I consider the Liberals and Socialists more dangerous to the awakening of the masses, because it raises false hopes and betrays their minds. At least, with a Conservative government you know where you are, just as the people in Russia knew where they were under the Tsar; now they are duped by the drug that the present regime is really aiming to help the workers. Naturally, I do not mean to suggest that we should not work to undermine the Conservatives, but at least we should not be deceived by the foolish notion that the Liberals or the Socialists would do better. No, dear Fanny, there is only one way of getting rid of the evils in society and that is by clear thinking and the realization that only the direct revolutionary economic action of the workers themselves in co-operation with the socially conscious intellectuals will ultimately bring about fundamental changes.

Nothing amuses me so much as the oft-repeated question, whether I am still an Anarchist, since Anarchism is so impracticable? My reply has been and must be that since the complete failure of all governments in every country — whatever its particular political creed — I have become more of an Anarchist than before. Yes, even the Soviet Government has merely repeatedly confirmed the historic truth that power is more corrupting than

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Mr. F. Barrett.

- 2 -

Money. People of great wealth have done something with their money. They have contributed to scientific research, to great inventions, and to a great many other constructive achievements. I know of no instance in the history of political power of which the same can be said. So, while the anarchist movement has been retarded by the advent of dictatorship and fascism, and while my struggle to gain a hearing is more bitter than ever before, I still insist that anarchism is the only social ideal worth living for.

I dare say that it is difficult to get people interested in the proposition of my return to Canada so far in advance. I knew that when I talked with Helen Keefe about the project. But what I had in mind was the possibility of the few real friends I have left behind in Toronto to holding together for the purpose of creating a fund that would guarantee the initial expenses of lectures plus my coming to Canada. The last letter I had from Dorothy was anything but encouraging — perhaps she was in personal distress. No matter how dedicated one is to an ideal, one cannot escape the trials and tribulations of one's personal life, and they do affect our thoughts and our work for humanity.

I wish you would write me quite frankly, what has been achieved so far in this direction? No one seems to have done anything all these months. I have stopped writing the Nesbitts, because it is impossible to keep on writing in the void: they never answer, so I do not see why I should continue, especially with so much work I have to do. So I am depending on you, my dear, to give me a subjective account as you can about the real feeling of the friends and as to what has resulted materially from you and their efforts.

I have already delivered four lectures here. The audiences were about the same in numbers as in Toronto, with the difference that we had "admission free" here. Though people can attend lectures free here, yet we have not succeeded in attracting larger numbers. If anything, the uphill climb in this country is more strenuous than in Canada: I am less known here, except to the Press and Scotland Yard! Besides, the English are not as keen on lectures as they are in America and Canada. Naturally the big political parties or the social organizations can draw crowds. But as I belong to neither, I must depend on the few. However, I do not intend to give up so soon, nor am I losing heart. I am going to Plymouth for four lectures and on my return I will send out circular letters to the workers' educational societies and the Dramatic groups; something may come of it. But even if I fail, I shall not regret my visit here. I have a few dear friends, and London after all offers cultural opportunities: good music and some good plays. Also it has already shown me how much more truly courtly the English are than the French. Heaven only knows why the latter got the reputation for politeness — the longer I lived in France the more shocked was I by the rudeness and often right-down brutality on the part of every one in official position: conductors, railway porters, police, — in fact, the average man in the street. I never saw this more ferociously than the other night. Before I left Paris, I tried to get on a bus which was standing on its stopping place. Unfortunately, the conductor has already given the signal for the bus to go. I finally got on,

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810519030

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 12, London [to] Fannie Barrett, [Toronto] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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F. Barrett.

- 3 -

only to be upbraided by the conductor for having dared to hold up the bus when he had already given the order for it to go! The other night, after the theatre, a friend of mine held up the bus for three minutes until I reached it. Far from upbraiding me, the bus man smiled all over his face and said he was glad to oblige a lady rather than see her run for a block or two. This is only one of the numerous examples of the courtesy one meets here I found.

Now, don't think I have suddenly become a British patriot, but I do believe in giving the devil his due!

Well, my dear, this is the last letter this year, as I shall not have time to write you again. I know wishes are rarely realized and yet we cannot help wishing for these we love a happy and fruitful New Year. Please extend the same to Mr. Barrett, your children and to all our mutual friends. I am not mentioning Christmas, because you are a good Jewess, nevertheless I wish you a merry Christmas as well as a good Chanukah!

Cordially,

[EMMA GOLDMAN]

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029056

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 12, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Frances Briggs.—
1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.
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12th December, 1935.

Dear Miss Goldman,

Further to my letter of yesterday, I am
now able to send you a statement from Mr. Whitworth, which I
hope will be of some use to you. Please let me know what
response you get from circularising the societies whose names
I sent you yesterday. If necessary I will send you more.

Yours sincerely,

Frances Briggs

Miss Emma Goldman,
20, Beechcroft Court,
N.W.11.

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022050

[Letter, 1935] Dec. 13 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].—
1 p. ; 19 × 12 cm.

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Dec. 13th

Dearest Em, I hope you found my letter on your arrival in London. Today I received your postal from Plymouth. I am very glad you had such a good meeting in Plymouth. I hope the others were also good.

Nothing to report from here. The weather is rather chilly and rainy, and I am afraid it must be even worse in London.

The other day I received the Nov. 25. copy of the P.A.S. I don't know why it was delayed so long, for the succeeding number arrived long ago. Anyhow, nothing striking in it. The article by R. is the same as in the Holland and Spanish papers.

Otherwise I have not heard from any one in the U.S.

Have just finished reading Paths of Glory. Am powerfully moved by it. I think it is the strongest work written about war. Remarque's ~~Our Men in the Great War~~ All quiet on the Western Front is weak compared with this work. It seems to me that if people who have read this book still believe in war, then humanity is hopeless.

My note to Angello seems to have reached her in time, in Paris, for I had a little greeting from her. Evidently she was not leaving in any too hopeful mood.

How are you, dear? You must be worn out by the strenuous days in Plymouth. Don't worry about writing me long letters till you have rested up and have time. A postal is enough.

All "quiet" on this front. By the way, dear, is Stella at her old address or has she a new place in N.Y? Love,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115049

[Letter, 1935] Dec. 13, Scarboro Bluffs, Canada [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Dorothy [Rogers].— 2 p.; 28 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Chine Drive
Scarboro Bluffs
Ontario, Canada.

5738

Dec. 13th.

Emma Dearest;

Your letter was like a comforting hand stretched out to me. It is wonderful to have such a friend. If this letter is disjointed and shallow I know that you will understand. I am under quite a strain at home just now. It has lightened just a little during the last few days because it was very apparent that ^{the end of} my endurance had been reached. I have been as near to a nervous breakdown as I care to be. The atmosphere here is one of constant irritability and petty rages over things that do not even require comment. It is nothing new, dear. But after so many years of it my sense of humour has worn thin and my selfcontrol is slipping. At the expense of my nerves I have forced myself ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ to keep my temper for I felt that if I let go I should go out of my mind and commit some desperate act. However I don't want to bother you with my stupid troubles for you have greater ones yourself. My correspondence has suffered woefully, but I am beginning to pick up now. Even Ben has had to suffer for I have not yet answered his last letter. He too is not having a very comfortable time this winter.

I have no intention of letting my new found ideals slip from me. To escape the discomfort at home I threw myself into activity among the unemployed, but I have had to relinquish some of that. It was too much for me.

Millie sent you a money order last week for \$25.00 That is our payment for the 50 copies of "Brisson Memoirs" I am glad that we were able to send it.

Last week-end the Canadian League against War and Fascism held its national conference here in Toronto. We sent a delegate (myself) and put in a resolution (enclosed), which was referred from the resolutions committee to the policy committee and by them of course turned down. ~~THE~~ Three other resolutions against support of the League of nations suffered a like fate. But in the discussion period speakers were allowed 5 minutes to speak on the manifesto which the policy committee drew up and presented to the conference. In that way the resolutions were aired to the general assembly, for the presenter of each despised view spoke and the only one who did not make the most of the opportunity was myself. The attendance of course was overwhelmingly Stalinist and I have yet become used to the feeling of antagonism which is manifest towards anyone expressing views not in accordance with those which emanate from Moscow. However I did manage to put across a point or two before my nervousness overcame me. I shall do better next time I hope. The conference on the whole was not very interesting. A number of speakers from the States and Canada were gathered who could be trusted to put forward the correct policy. Roger Baldwin came up for Sunday morning. I was very disappointed in what he said, but he said it very nicely. I said "how do you do" to him for you. But there was no opportunity for conversation. Thornberg and Dein and Tom attended part of the conference with me. It was enjoyable having comrades with whom to compare notes. We are not meant to work alone. The manifesto adopted was one of support for the League of Nations and its policy of Sanctions. The vote carried 300 to 400 for it and 7 against. These 7 were described as "ultra-revolutionaries" much to their own amusement.

The other Committee against Capitalist War is meeting next Sunday. Some of us are attending. We have no illusions about the outfit

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We know that, as the E. G. W & F. is a vehicle for Stalinist propaganda, so this one will ultimately be a vehicle for the Trotskyites. But there are some young people tentatively in it who have not yet identified themselves with any particular body and who are very worth while.

They are thoroughly analysing each viewpoint before committing themselves. We also know that if and when we prove strong enough to menace the policies of the Workers' Party we shall no longer be welcome amongst them. But until that time we can at least express our stand. The Stalinites must be feeling rather sick at the development in the European situation since Sunday.

There were many things that I meant to write to you about but I can't think now what they were.

We had a nice little bridge party last Wednesday for the E.G. publication Fund, and I expect the committee will meet next Thursday. Joe is attending to the purchase of the plates in New York. We have met a little obstacle in this endeavour. The Chicago comrades now tell us that the price of \$200.00 for 1,000 copies did not include binding. That will require at least another \$150.00. The question now is, where to store the plates until we can raise the money for printing. However I hope that Joe will have that settled this week.

I hope that your lectures are proving satisfactory. But apart from that you will have the enjoyment of reunion with old comrades. Are you going to Holland soon?

Another year is nearly ended. It has been a memorable one for me in diverse ways. I have lost friends and ^{gained} others whom I think I shall never lose. Love has come to us as a steady comforting warmth and as a white hot flame. My goal has become fixed and my ideals have at long last taken definite shape. Altogether 1935 will be a landmark in my life. I wonder what 1936 will bring. Anyway, life is very much more interesting now than it has been during the last fifteen years.

Christmas greetings, dear and I promise to write again soon.

lovingly,

Dorothy.

Please excuse red typing. The black part of my ribbon is shot. I will buy a new one tomorrow.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920002

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 14, London [to] Robert Whitcomb, New York / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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c/o Mrs. M. Goldofsky,
20, Beechcroft Court,
LONDON, N.W.11.

Dec. 14th., 1935.

Mr. Robert Whitcomb,
210, West 16th Street,
New York City.

Dear Robert Whitcomb,

I am afraid that my seeming neglect to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of Sept. 14 will be added to the other sine that you once credited me with. Yet you will prove as hasty in your conclusion as you have before you read "LIVING MY LIFE". I mean, of course, in case you have lost faith in me.

The truth is that I was very moved by your confession of past errors and very grateful for your frankness in writing. But your letter found me crowded with visitors - comrades who needed a holiday and who usually come to me for that purpose when I am in St. Tropez. Immediately after that I had to launch out on preparing twenty new lectures. I have not actually had a free hour since I heard from you. It is only now, and only because of the kindness of a friend who is taking this letter, that I am at last able to reply.

I was not in the least surprised at your impression of Emma Goldman - how could you know anything better about her, when as you say yourself, you had never taken the trouble to read up her writing, or anything of anarchism. Certainly your Communist period did also not contribute to a correct appraisal of the present Emma Goldman and her work. You are by no means the only one who forms opinions through hearsay and who visualises public people as quite different from what they really are.

That you would have known of me while you were in the Communist ranks and were fed on the yarns that I had betrayed the Revolution, had sold my past to the capitalist class and had maligned the Soviet - was natural. To this day the Communists - not only in America but in all other countries - repeat the same ridiculous refrain. Only the other night, I was asked whether the British Government had permitted me to enter England because I had pledged myself to attack Stalin's dominion (!) The poor boob did not know that I had a British passport and that the British Government, much to its chagrin, is compelled to let me in and to endure me.

Anyway, I understand perfectly how it happened that you should have taken the gossip about me for granted while you were adhering to the Communist Manifesto. More for your own sake than for mine, I am delighted to learn that you have finally developed out of your faith in the Bolshevik myth - "better late than never", as they say.

I am rather surprised that even a cursory reading of "Living My Life"

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Mr. Robt. Whitcomb.

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should at first have impressed you as my being a "sort of exhibitionist" or one who clung to the coat-tails of celebrities. However, I am glad that you have read to the end of the book and that you have come to the conclusion that the picture you have held before you for so long has finally shown you a different face.

I think you are making a mistake in saying that you are married to a fourth cousin of mine. As far as I can figure out the family-tree (I admit I am not much good at that!), your wife is a third cousin, inasmuch as you say that she is a daughter of one of the Brooks', it means that her grandmother was my mother's sister. You will be amused when I tell you that this is the first time that I have been called upon to trace my relatives. With the exception of my immediate family, I know little or very little about the other members; they have kept aloof from me all my life and I have been too intensely interested or bent on helping the masses - I had little time left to worry about the distant members of my family. However, I am glad to know that your wife is a rebellious spirit; I accept her on this ground much more than on the ground of our common blood which is very often thinner than water.

We have quite a number of young people in our movement in New York - the Vanguard Group. They publish a monthly magazine, a copy of which I am sending you. It contains the address, but better write them to:

"The Vanguard"
P.O. Box 92, Station D.
New York City.

I am sure that you will find some of them interesting, and though their work is limited - thanks largely to the disruptive effect on all movements on the part of the communists - they are intensely sincere.

The man who told you that he saw something in the Hurst papers of mine was only partly correct. Hurst, in his usual unscrupulous way, tore out some sentences from my article on "The Two Communisms - Anarchist and Bolshevik" which appeared in the "American Mercury" in April of this year. The article itself appeared emasculated with the last chapter on Anarchism abridged. I have sent a statement to the "NATION" and other papers to the effect that I had absolutely nothing to do with Hurst's villainy. I never have nor would contribute to that vile press. But the villainy of Hurst was grist to the mill of the "NEW MASS" & "DAILY WORKER" more they could tell the world that Emma Goldman has sold herself to Hurst, as she had in the past, sold herself to Mrs. Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, etc.!

Fortunately, I have never lost my sense of humour, so I was able to laugh at the ignorance of the editors of the "NEW MASS" and the "DAILY WORKER".

I intend to stay on in England for some time, and I will be glad to hear from you again. I should be delighted indeed to read anything of yours published - will you send it to me?

Remember me kindly to my third cousin.

Sincerely,

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[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 14, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Em[ma Goldman].—
5 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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London Dec 14th 35.

Dearest Sam.

I got your last letter to Plymouth yesterday before I left for London. I had rather a trying time in Plymouth, my cold having gotten worse, especially my cough. The hall where our own three lectures took place is an awful barn with no acoustic whatever. So, after the first lecture I lost my voice. Fortunately I had two days ~~rest~~ between the following meeting so could doctor my throat with eucalyptus inhalations and compresses. On Weds. my voice was still like that of a drunken sailor. It was better Thursday. And to day after a good nights rest and no talk it is almost my old self again. So you see dear heart, kraut vergeht nicht.

Before anything else I must set you right about the Keldeskys. They are not having me for ~~their pleasure~~ "their pleasure". Of course they would not mind if I went to mere comfortable quarters. In fact Liza already spoke to me I should go to Kathleen Woodward, if I feel I will be warmer and more comfortable. But, I am going to remain with the K's. True, I suffer from the cold, not exactly in my room. It is so small that it does not require much heating to make it warm though electric heating all day does dry my throat and make me cough a good deal. Still, it is not the room, it is the cold in the hall going from one room to another, the kitchen and the bath room which is so penetrating. But this is the same in all English houses and apart, unless modern and steam heated. True, Kathleen's room is more compact, ~~fix~~ they have fire places and there is a maid that looks after them. So that would be preferable. But you know yourself that a room is not everything. Not that Kathleen would not make me comfortable and look after my wants. But there are few people in the world like Liza Keldesky. No longer I am with her the more I love her. She is truly a genius in the art of giving. She makes you feel as if she was the giver and not the recipient of her thoughtful attention. You will agree that is an art few possess. Natty Week was such a rare creature. And a very few others of my women friends. Liza is truly wonderful. I feel so at home with her and with him as well, though he is not quite as large as she is. Or perhaps he has no way of showing it. Not that Liza is gushy or demonstrative. That's precisely what she is not, indeed, she is most reserved. But she has a ~~rare~~ a rare way of almost reading your needs and wishes from your face. Anyway, I cannot hope to find another human being in London quite so attached and devoted to Liza. She fully makes up for the lack of warmth in her place.

Plymouth proved what I had always said on my previous visits that not the English people are at fault and do not care to attend lectures. It is our poverty in this country in men and women who know how to organize lectures. Tom Edmonds is one of the finest types of English proletarians I have met. I may say the finest in either America or Canada. He is clean cut, intelligent and most efficient. He has been in the union all his life and he has kept touch with labor of every shade of opinion. In fact he has established an extraordinary reputation in Plymouth. Every

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body in Plymouth of any radical opinion respects Tompkins of sterling qualities. By the way, he did two years during the war as a conscientious objector and he fought the authorities during the entire time for which as you can imagine he was subjected to considerable brutality. He is one of the exceptional comrades who demonstrates his idea in action and not merely in words. The result is that everyone, even the communists have a high regard for Tom Edmonds. In addition, he is a tireless worker. Anyhow, he and the few he had gathered around him canvassed unions and branches of the I.L.P. Besides these the boys had a huge poster displayed in the market place and at every outdoor meeting. Of course, the lectures were attended by larger crowds I had in England since the war. The comrades made one mistake, they insisted on having the Mussolini Stalin Hitler lecture the first night. I advised against it because I knew it would antagonise many adherents to Moscow. And it turned out exactly that way. We had six hundred the first evening and the two others averaged about four hundred.

Of course, the admission was free except some rows of seats reserved. Out of that and the collections made all expenses including my fare were paid. In addition Edmonds had received eight pounds in contributions from some unions and I.L.P. branches. Out of that the boys gave me ~~six~~ six pounds, and two they kept ~~xxxxxxx~~ for their next campaign which is to be in Feb. The dramatic society was a separate matter, they paid ten pounds 12 shillings. In other words Plymouth gave me 8 pounds 12/ and for pounds fifteen for the sale of books I had with me. In American terms all that would have seemed a trifle. In England it is a fortune especially from meetings attended almost exclusively by workers. But the more important result is the impression left behind and the encouragement to Edmonds and the other comrades. They are up in the sky because I came unknown, also because I was the first Anarchist in years who had spoken in Plymouth. Naturally, they are more determined to have me again and to continue building up some kind of a movement. As you see Plymouth has demonstrated that the claims of Rebecca and others that British people do not attend lectures is sheer nonsense. Perhaps this is true of the middle class and the intelligentsia, but it is certainly not the case of the workers. Why, the very fact that the Independent Labour Party has grown into a large body proves that the workers must always have flocked to their meetings. I heard Snowden over the radio in a talk about dear Hardy, and the masses that would go to hear him. No, it is not that. It is that our movement is dead, the old comrades living corpses, and that very few young comrades have found their way into our ranks.

You are not entirely correct my dearest when you say that England had never created a radical movement, only liberalism. What about the British pioneers of Anarchism, Winstanley, Godwin and others? What about the trade unions whose early pioneers were rebels and underwent much persecution and imprisonment. And do you

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that the general strike originated in England and not in France as we had thought? I was never so surprised as when I got the work on the history of the general strike by a Prof. of the South Carolinian university. The first attempt of a general strike though by a different name appeared in 1817 and was repeated almost every year the name of the worker, a frame maker was Bonbow. A few years later another man more intelligent than Bonbow was back of several general strikes that spread to nearly every industry in England. He was imprisoned for it. Later the Chartists used the general strike as a weapon. Pottellier came much later. Anyhow more than liberal ideas had their birth in this country. Our own movement before the war, at least when I was in England in 1900 was a labor movement, men like Leggett, typical proletarian, no Queen, Cantrell old mainwaring and scores of others were workingmen and reached the masses. Not to speak of the work of Peter and many of the British intelligentsia. Why it collapsed I don't know. It may still have its roots, but it has nothing else. Yet I feel it could be revived if only one had a few in every city to help as ably as you Edwards, or even Barr. And if one could start some fighting publication. Its amazing to find nothing left of the dozens first rate ~~anarchist~~ anarchist papers that had appeared in London and the provinces. Freedom, Liberty, The Torch and ever so many others. Surely there must have been fertile soil for that or they could not have gone on for years?

However you are right, the British are head strong, they want results, they want to be shown how anarchism will work. But as you say that is not so easy. And yet it is less difficult than before the collapse of socialism in every country. True the British cling to their parliamentary achievements. True also that they are more tradition ridden than any other western people. You should have read the account of a trial by Peers of a Peers who killed a man by reckless driving of his car. Well, one could hardly believe such antiquity still exists. And it is so in all other modes of life, the British are tied hand and foot by traditions. Still, there are enough awakened people who if only they could be reached would respond. I am sure that the left ~~some~~ communist heretics in the I.L.P. could be drawn into our movement. But how can one being create a movement? Well, I'll do what I can to establish contacts that might be a nucleus for further works when I return to this land as I am quite determined to do. Provided I see the least sign of success until next spring.

I tell you dash, the longer I live the more I begin to believe in the conspiracy of things and events. For months I did not hear from Frank. The struggle to make up my mind to cut loose from my silly infatuation was awful. Now that I no longer eat my heart out letters from Frank follow one another. I ask you? Well its not going to make me weaken though I do not intend to ignore him altogether. After all we do have our ideas in common and he depends a great deal and mine and your comradeship and intellectual help. So I need to dwell on that part of his letters and ignore the other. Well, in his last letter he writes about one of Ben R's rotten stunt. It seems he organized an 11th of Nov meeting for

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students at which that unfortunate Nina van Landt spoke. And Ben came out raving to the effect that anarchism does mean dynamite. Of course Ben saw to it that a reporter was present. Frank writes the man tried to be fair, but he had to report Ben's idiotic talk. The comrades insisted that Frank should reply which he did. He had evidently written something more energetic than the inclosed. But the comrades in Chicago insisted on having something about American traditions tacked on to the letter. That publicity drunk Ben will insist on posing as an anarchist and dragging my name in on all occasions. His dedication to me of his Second Oldest Profession is only means to to ~~take in the name~~ and I am sure this business of constable sending me the British edition is only to make me say something that might be used for publicity. Well, old sins do come to haunt one.

Yes, dear I remember you writing the college about Ben. I have always considered unworthy of you. After all any number of men acquired great knowledge who never had more than a public schooling. In Ben's case some professors among them or Evans whom I met prepared Ben for the medical course. And as you say, the requirements were not high thirty years ago. All that did not speak against Ben. It was his pathological desire for publicity for sensationalism, and his equally pathological obsession of women that finally cured me of him. Not to speak of his lack of stamina in any danger. Well, it is wonderful how he succeeds in fooling people. The man who wrote the preface to the London edition of Ben's book actually calls it "scientific and literary". I have never seen any thing in it than a few facts someone got for Ben incoherently and disconnectedly presented. I don't remember whether he gave dear Oscar as the remedy in the A. edition. It is as big as life in the new issue. Well, I will have nothing to do with it or with anything Ben writes. I cannot stand the bombast, the conceit and above everything the lack of integrity. Ben did give me much. I will never forget that. But he is out of my life long ago. And nothing can bring him back or have any name connected with his. Not with my consent.

Charlie, it was I who told Modest about the gift for your birthday. As I wrote you I never believed five thousand dollars will be raised. But with five hundred started it did not seem unlikely that two thousand might be contributed. And they would had any body worked for it. No one did that's the trouble. Poor Minna relied on Kapp and the others. And so it goes. But you are right about the 18th of May. That is the birthday the comrades knew about and remember. Well, dear dush we'll manage somehow. I am sure Kapp will send the \$200 still in hand. Meanwhile you did right in drawing five hundred franks. You must draw more if urgent. Also I have a little money for you from the sales of your book, 2 pounds for the present and also a small Christmas gift. I will send that Tuesday

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022051

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 14, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Em[ma Goldman]. — 5 p.; 23 × 19 cm.

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8

I will also send you the Times, the Fr. Arb. St. of Nov 22nd with Remond's article and some clippings. We will also get the Nation. Stolla has subscribed to it and will send it.

I received the notes on sanctions. I remember now that I did not find them as good as some of the other notes you sent. I had hoped you'd make it more actual so it might be used for an article. I have no idea that I could sell one. But I am to see the feature editor of the Chronicle in this city. It was the suggestion of William Holmes that I should see him. He had spoken the man. The editor said if I would make a specific suggestion of an article he would tell me if he would buy it. I am to call him Monday for an appointment. He may want something on sanctions from our point of view though the Chronicle has come out for sanctions. If so your notes would hardly be of help though they might for a lecture. If I have a definite order from the man I might wire you to elaborate on the notes. I think I better return them since you say that is the only copy. I cannot register this letter though perhaps I will better send it Monday. Then wire you after I have had the interview. If you do not get a wire you will know that there is nothing doing in re sanctions. Then have I make some copies of your notes and send me one. I shan't need the sanction material until after the New Year.

Stolla is still in Bearville Ulster County. So you may still reach her until the New Year. You might send the letter to Saxe, 1361 Madison Ave. New York City. By the way has modest sent you his new address, or do you write him to 112 West 17th Street. Or is it best. Be sure to let me know I want to send him a New Year's greeting.

Dearest funny man, you wonder where I get time to write you such long letters. I don't get it. I take it. If not to write you, who is there more important.

The next hour or two I have shall be devoted to Amy. I have neglected her shamefully. But I have her on my mind. She knows that I hope.

Love to both of you.

Em

Dearest Mollie should not be asked to do anything, least of all running about. There is time about the binding when the weather is better. Thousand francs for an Underwood new model is still dearer than what I paid. It was ~~xxx~~ \$75, on instalments and my old machine was taken in \$25. In any event we are too poor now to pay cash. If it were on payments we might manage. Find out. You remember my friends the Starks. Fanny Stark was to come here and then travel with me. Well, she is not coming but he is the 3rd of Jan. It is too late to reach him or I would have asked ~~xxx~~ to bring a machine like mine for you. But Ben is coming in June and we could arrange that with her.

z

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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London Dec 14th 35.

Dearest Sam.

I got your last letter to Plymouth yesterday before I left for London. I had rather a trying time in Plymouth my cold having gotten worse, especially my cough. The Hall where our own three lectures took place is an awful barn with no acoustic whatever. So, after the first lecture I lost my voice. Fortunately I had two days ~~between~~ between the following meetings so could doctor my throat with Eucalyptus inhalations and compresses. On Weds. my voice was still like that of a drunken sailor. It was better Thursday, and to day after a good nights rest and no talk it is almost my old self again. As you see dear heart U_kraut vergeht nicht.

Before anything else I must set you right about the Koldesksys. They are not having me for "~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ their pleasure". Of course they would not mind if I went to more comfortable quarters. In fact Liza already spoke to me I should go to Kathleen Woodward, if I feel I will be warmer and more comfortable. But, I am going to remain with the K's. True, I suffer from the cold, not exactly in my room. It is so small that it does not require much heating to make it warm the oh electric heating all day does dry my throat and make me cough a good deal. Still, it is not the room, it is the cold in the hall going from one room to another, the kitchen and the bathroom which is non-heating. But this is the same in all English houses and flats, unless modern and steam heated. True, Kathleen's room is more compact, ~~xxxxxx~~ they have fire places and there is a maid that looks after them. So that would be preferable. But you know yourself that a room is not everything. Not that Kathleen would not make me comfortable and look after my wants, but there are few people in the world like Liza Koldesky. The longer I am with her the more I love her. She is truly a genius in the art of giving. She makes you feel as if she was the gainer and not the recipient of her thoughtful attention. You will agree that is a rare possession. Kitty Weck was such a rare creature. And a very few others of my women friends. Liza is truly wonderful. I feel so at home with her and with him as well, though he is not quite as large as she is. Or perhaps he has no way of showing it. Not that Liza is pushy or demonstrative. That's precisely what she is not, indeed she is most reserved. But she has a ~~xxxx~~ a rare way of almost reading your needs and wishes from your face. Anyway, I cannot hope to find another human being in London quite so attached and devoted as Liza. She fully makes up for the lack of warmth in her place.

Plymouth proved what I had always said on my previous visits that not the English people are at fault and do not care to attend lectures. It is our poverty in this country in men and women who know how to organize lectures. Tom Edmonds is one of the finest types of English proletarians I have met. I may say the finest in either America or Canada. He is clean cut, intelligent and most efficient. He has been in the union all his life and he has kept touch with labor of every shade of opinion. In fact he has established an extraordinary reputation in Plymouth. Every

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2

body in Plymouth of any radical opinion respects Tom as of sterling qualities. By the way, he did two years during the war as a conscientious objector and he fought the authorities during the entire time for which as you can imagine he was subjected to considerable brutality. He is one of the exceptional comrades who demonstrates his ideas in action and not merely in words. The result is that everyone even the Communists have a high regard for Tom Edmonds. In addition, he is a tireless worker. Anyhow, he and the few he had gathered around him canvassed unions and branches of the I.L.P. Besides these the boys had a huge poster displayed in the market place and at every outdoor meeting. Of course, the lectures were attended by larger crowds I had in England since the war. The comrades made one mistake, they insisted on having the Mussolini Stalin Hitler lecture the first night. I advised against it because I knew it would antagonise many adherents to Moscow. And it turned out exactly that way. We had six hundred the first evening and the two others averaged about four hundred.

Of course, the admission was free except some rows of seats reserved. Out of that and the collections made all expenses including my fare were paid. In addition Edmonds had received eight pounds in contributions from some unions and I.L.P. branches. Out of that the boys gave me ~~nineteen~~ six pounds and two they kept ~~in addition~~ for their next campaign which is to be in Feb. The dramatic society was a separate matter, they paid ten pounds 12 shillings. In other words Plymouth gave me 8 pounds 12/ and for pounds fifteen for the sale of books I had with me. In American terms all that would have been a trifle. In England it is a fortune, especially from meetings attended almost exclusively by workers. But the more important result is the impression left behind and the encouragement to Edmonds and the other comrades. They are up in the sky because I came unknown, also because I was the first Anarchist in years who had spoken in Plymouth. Naturally, they are more determined to have me again and to continue building up some kind of a movement. As you see Plymouth has demonstrated that the claims of Rebecca and others that British people do not attend lectures is sheer nonsense. Perhaps this is true of the middle class and the intelligentsia. But it is certainly not the case of the workers. Why, the very fact that the Independent Labour Party has grown into a large body proves that the workers must always have flocked to their meetings. I heard Snowden over the radio in a talk about Air Hardy, and the masses that would go to hear him. No, it is not that. It is that our movement is dead, the old comrades living corpses, and that very few young comrades have found their way into our ranks.

You are not entirely correct my dearest when you say that England had never created a radical movement, only liberalism. What about the British pioneers of Anarchism, Winstanley, Godwin and others? What about the trade unions whose early pioneers were rebels and underwent much persecution and imprisonment. And do you

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3

that the general strike originated in England and not in France as we had thought? I was never so surprised as when I got the work on the history of the general strike by a Prof. of the South Carol in university. The first attempt of a general strike though by a different name appeared in 1817 and was repeated almost every year the name of the worker, a frame maker was Bawbow. A few years later another man more intelligent than Bawbow was back of several general strikes that spread to nearly every industry in England. He was imprisoned for it. Later the Chartists used the general strike as a weapon. Tertellier came much later. Anyhow more than liberal ideas had their birth in this country. Our own movement before the war, at least when I was in England in 1900 was a labor movement, men like Leggett, typical proletarian, Mc Queen, Cantrell old hairwearing and scores of others were workingmen and reached the masses. Not to speak of the work of Peter and many of the British intelligentsia. why it collapsed I don't know. It may still have its roots, but it has nothing else. Yet I feel it could be revived if only one had a few in every city to help as ably as Tom Edmonds, or even Barr. And if one could start some fighting publication. Its amazing to find nothing left of the dozens first rate ~~papers~~ anarchist papers that had appeared in London and the provinces. Freedom, Liberty, The Torch and over so many others. surely there must have been fertile soil for that or they could not have gone on for years?

However you are right, the British are head strong, they want results, they want to be shown how anarchism will work. but as you say that is not so easy. And yet it is less difficult than before the collapse of social in every country. True the British cling to their parliamentary achievements. True also that they are more tradition ridden than any other western people. You should have read the account of a trial by Peers of a Peer, who killed a man by reckless driving of his car. well, one could hardly believe such antiquity still exists. And it is so in all other modes of life, the British are tied hand and foot by traditions. Still, there are enough awakened people who if only they could be reached would respond. I am sure that the left none Communist heretics in the I.L.P. could be drawn into our movement. But how can one being create a movement? Well, I'll do what I can to establish contacts that might be a nucleus for further works when I return to this land as I am quite determined to do. Provided I see the least sign of success until next spring.

I tell you dush, the longer I live the more I begin to believe in the conspiracy of things and events. For months I did not hear from Frank. The struggle to make up my mind to cut loose from my silly infatuation was awful. Now that I no longer eat my heart out letters from Frank follow one another. I ask you? Well, its not going to make me weaker though I do not intend to ignore him altogether. After all we do have our ideas in common and he depends a great deal and mine and your comradeship and intellectual help. So I mean to dwell on that part of his letters and ignore the other. well, in his last letter he writes about one of Ben R's rotten stunt. It seems he organized an 11th of Nov meeting for

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4

students at which that unfortunate Mina Van Zandt spoke. And Ben came out raving to the effect that anarchism does mean dynamite. Of course Ben saw to it that a reporter was present. Frank writes the man tried to be fair. But he had to report Ben's idiotic talk. The comrades insisted that Frank should reply which he did. He had evidently written something more energetic than the enclosed. But the comrades in Chicago insisted on having something about American traditions tacked on to the letter. That publicity drunk Ben will insist on seeing as an anarchist and dragging my name in on all occasions. His dedication to me of his Second Oldest Profession is only means to to be in the name. And I am sure this business of Constable sending me the British edition is only to make me say something that might be used for publicity. Well, old sins do come to haunt one.

Yes, dear I remember you writing the college about Ben. I have always considered unworthy of you. After all any number of men acquired great knowledge who never had more than a public schooling. In Ben's case some professors among them Dr Evans whom I met prepared Ben for the moral course. And as you say, the requirements were not high thirty years ago. All that did not speak against Ben. It was his pathological desire for publicity for sensationism, and his equally pathological obsession of women that finally cured me of him. Not to speak of his lack of stamina in any danger. Well, it is wonderful how he succeeds in feeling people. The man who writes the preface to the London edition of Ben's book actually calls it "scientific and literary". I have never seen any thing in it than a few facts someone got for Ben incoherently and disconnectedly presented. I don't remember whether he gave dear Louis as the remedy in the A. edition. It is as big as life in the new issue. Well, I will have nothing to do with it or with anything Ben writes. I cannot stand the bombast, the conceit and above everything the lack of integrity. Ben did give me much. I will never forget that. But he is out of my life long ago. And nothing can bring him back or have my name connected with his. Not with my consent.

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I will also send you the Times, the Fr. Arb. St. of Nov 22nd with Nemada article and some clippings. we will also get the Nation. Stella has subscribed to it and will send it.

I received the notes on sanitation. I remember now that I did not find them so good as some of the other notes you sent. I had hoped you'd make it more actual so it might be used for an article. I have no idea that I could sell one. But I am to see the feature editor of the Chronicle in this city. It was the suggestion of William Holmes that I should see him. He had spoken the man. The editor said if I would make a specific suggestion of an article he would tell me if he would buy it. I am to call him Monday for an appointment. He may want something on sanitation from our point of view though the Chronicle has come out for sanitation. If so your notes would hardly be of help though they might for a lecture. If I have a definite order from the man I might wire you to elaborate on the notes. I think I better return them since you say that is the only copy. I cannot register this letter though perhaps I will better send it Monday. Then wire you after I have had the interview. If you did not get a wire you will know that there is nothing doing in re sanitation. Then have I make some copies of your notes and send me one. I shan't need the sanitation material until after the new year.

Stella is still in Bearsville Ulster County. So you may still reach her until the new year. You might send the letter c/o Saxe, 1361 Madison Ave. New York city. By the way has Medant sent you his new address, or do you write him to 112 west 17th street. Or is it east. Be sure to let me know I want to send him a New Year greeting.

Dearest funny man, you wonder where I get time to write you such long letters. I don't get it. I take it. If not to write you, who is there more important.

The next hour or two I have shall be devoted to Nanny. I have neglected her shamefully. But I have her on my mind. She knows that I hope.

Love to both of you.

Dearest Mollie should not be asked to do anything, least of all running about. There is time about the binding when the weather is better. Thousand francs for an underwood new model is still dearer than what I paid. It was ~~xxx~~ \$75, on instalments and my old machine was taken in \$25. In any event we are too poor now to pay cash. If it were on payments we might manage. Find out. You remember my friends the Starks. Fanny Stark was to come here and then travel with me. Well, she is not coming but he is the 3rd of Jan. It is too late to reach him or I would have asked ~~xxx~~ to bring a machine like mine for you. But Fanny is coming in June and we could arrange that with her.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860521180

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 14, London [to] Dien Meelis, Toronto / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 21 x 17 cm.

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[enclosure]

Mrs. L. Heldefsky,
50, Beechcroft Court,
London, N. W. 11.

Dec. 14, 1935.

Mrs. Dien Meelis,
4051 Dundas Street West,
TORONTO.

Dearest Dien,

I admit it did take an awful long time to get your letter. The fact is I was disappointed that you did not write me before you sailed. You remember you were to see the comrades about the possible lectures for me in Holland, and I was also to see about some papers for A.B.

Naturally, I had looked for a letter before your going away from this part of the world. Not only did I not get word, but it took a long time to get your letter of the 24th Oct. I know you are a bum correspondent, but I love you just the same.

I had a letter from Dorothy - very depressed and hopeless about the activities of the group and the interest in the plan regarding my return to Canada. Dorothy did not sound as reassuring as Fanny Barrett, from whom I also had a letter. Of course, it is true that people are not keen on binding themselves by any promise for a venture so far ahead as my coming to Canada this autumn. I should think that would apply mainly to such organizations as Dr. Himmelfarb's or the Birth Control League. It was not even necessary to approach them until the Committee would have achieved something tangible in the way of a fund such as we talked about. However, I do not see why our own people and a few outsiders interested in my possible return should object to monthly contributions for the purpose. Surely, they must realize that if their interest is so lukewarm that they would not raise some guarantee towards the expense, I cannot be expected to look forward with much enthusiasm to my return trip.

I suggest therefore that at the next gathering you will have at Fanny Barrett's house you bring the matter up quite frankly. I have no desire to impose myself on Canada, nor can I come under the conditions of my last visit; you and the others know how drudged I was in Toronto and while will tell you that it was not much better in Montreal, and what was the result? Well, you and the others know best. After all, one does not grow younger. At my age it is extremely difficult to keep on one wild-goose-chase after another, in addition to constantly preparing new lectures and delivering them and worrying about the expenses - one cannot do justice to the work if one's whole energies are sapped out before one steps on the platform.

I feel very disappointed about the status of the group. I do hope that this winter will enable you and the comrades of the group to get some

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[2]

Mr. Dien Meelis.

quarters and attract people from outside. Naturally, those who have to
week after week on a small scale grow weary and drop out. It is therefore
absolutely important - I mean, if the group is to continue - to infuse
infuse it with new blood.

I realize that you were late in returning to Toronto and, Joe Decker
being away, only few remained to bear the brunt. I can see how the decline
of the group has affected Dorothy. I am specially sorry for that, because
she is a new convert to our ranks; she has not your and Tom's experience
of the ebb and tide of our movement - I am so afraid that she will lose
heart. That would be a thousand pities! I have written her last week
to buoy her up: I hope it will help.

I enclose copy of a letter I have just written to one of our Spanish
comrades; it will save me repeating the account of what I have so far
achieved here and plan to do further.

I forget to say that I wrote Dorothy about the 25 dollars towards Com.
Berkman's *Indolence*, the group was to borrow and send me. So far I have
had no reply from her. Since my coming to London I have found out that
only 50 bound copies are on hand, which I have put on sale at my meetings
here; the other 250 are in sheets and I will only have to pay 1/- for each
volume - about 25 cents, outside the cost of shipment. Inasmuch as the
group will have to pay for the binding (I am sure Tom will be able to get
it done very cheaply, perhaps no more than 12 cents per copy), it will be all
right if the group sends me the amount I need for the 50 copies of sheets it
has ordered. Let me know about it very soon, and I will send on the sheets.

Love to Tom and yourself and greetings to all the comrades.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029255

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 14, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / T[heodore] Schuller. — 1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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REFERENCE Hp


24, BEDFORD STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

14th December, 1935

Dear Miss Goldman,

Thank you for your letter of December 12th. I shall be delighted to see you in my office and wonder if you would care to come in on Tuesday morning, between 11 and 12. I am going away on Wednesday so I do hope that you will be able to manage this before I go.

Yours sincerely,


T. Schuller

Miss Emma Goldman,
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky,
20 Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Avenue,
N.W. 11

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023053

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 15, London [to] Mi[dred Mesirow, Philadelphia, Pa.] / [Emma Goldman].— 4 p. ; 23 × 18 cm.

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London Dec. 15th 35.

Dearest Midge. As you see I am in "my own" country. I should really not write you because you are such a busy man. You never even replied to my last letter from Ben Kaptin written in acknowledgement of yours and a check you sent me. Really dear, if I did not love you for your short comings I could not love you at all. As a correspondent you will never be given the first prize. Shame on you for neglecting me so long.

I arrived here the 14th of last month. I already lectured some times, four in London, one in Leeds and four in Plymouth. The audiences were small, except in Plymouth where the attendance was unusual for English meetings. As the admission to lectures in England are free, except for a few rows at six pence you can imagine that no fortunes are awaiting me in this country. Yet I am determined to go on no matter how bitter the effort. I don't see what else I can do. Outside of England, and possibly Canada though not to the same degree, all Europe is closed to me. So is America. And Canada would also not tolerate me were I to deal with internal matters. In addition it is far and costs a fortune to get there while the results were also nil. England is near to France and I can speak straight from the shoulders here. I need not be haunted by the prospect of expulsion.

After all England has some culture, one can hear some good music, see an occasional good play and some worth while art exhibition. I am fairly starved for all that. However, it is the hope of gaining a footing in this country more than all else that has determined me to try once more to reach some of the thinking

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and socially aware people. I am not deceiving myself. I know it will be frightfully hard to accomplish anything. No other people are so tradition ridden, so bound by customs and habits. You would split your sides reading a report of a trial of a "car" by his peers for killing a man through ~~rather~~ careless driving of his car. Such mockery at this late day. Really it is to hawl with laughter. And all the life of the British is fettered with traditions and antedeluvian habits. How can I hope to break through, yet I must admit that I see a little more interest in what I have to give than ten or even three years ago. If only I were somewhat younger in years, or at least did not have ~~worry~~ about the material and I should not feel despondent of my success not that I am losing heart. It is only that one grows tired with the struggle quicker at my age than at thirty or forty. I should have come and stayed here directly I got out of Russia. I would be known by this time. As it is I am known only to the press and Scotland Yard. Seriously, very few people know anything about A.G. And the task of human establishing a reputation for good or bad is infinitely more difficult than in the States where free lance work does have a chance. But there is no help I must go on. I cannot bear the thought of ending my days in silence. So I am determined to plod on until spring at least.

My plan is as follows; I will see what I have gained in response until the spring and if I can get some lecture dates for next autumn. Then I will return to St Tropez for the summer. Try to write that book if possible. And return to England in Oct to resume the task here. And I will repeat that the next few

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Be

years. I can but fail. At least I will have no regrets of not having tried. If I succeed to put new life into the Anarchist rank and ~~perhaps~~ show that Anarchism alone will save the world for freedom and Dictatorship my struggle will certainly prove worth having tried. More than ever do I feel the black forces that are at work to bring the world to the very brink of either the one or of the other that will chain the individual to the block of the state, or swallow him up in the mass mechanization. Do not imagine I am fool enough to believe I can stop the process. Of course not. But neither can I keep silent in the face of this impending calamity. Silence is indeed a sign of consent. For my own peace of mind I must try to be heard. In addition some thing of my efforts may bear fruit. If not while I am alive perhaps when I am gone. And when the eternal human search for innovation will have hurled the reactionary force off their throne. And so I must go on.

The Communists here are like in the States as unscrupulous and characterless. Thus they are spreading the rumor that the British government had let me in because I promised to attack soviet Russia. The press feels do not know that I had gotten me a Scotch husband, hence have as much right to be in England as those shouting Britishers. Also they insist that it was the Daily Mail, the most reactionary paper in London, that is paying for my work. What can one do with such fools? Ignore them of course. And that's what I have always done and mean to continue. I must say for the English Communists they are a bit

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4
better behaved at meetings than the Jews in England or the American brand. In the East and some weeks ago I came away feeling as if I had been pummed on the chest for hours. The Communists present did everything except mob me. Well, the audience had a taste what these gangsters would do if they had power. That is something.

I had dinner with Charlotte and Henry last night. After they took me to see the INFORMER, O'Flaherty's book on the subject made into a picture. No doubt it was given in New York. It is not bad. I had hoped to have a talk with Charlotte and even more so with Henry about reaching people. But there was no chance. Perhaps another time. Though I rather think that they lead a social life and are not particularly interested in ideas. I maybe mistaken.

Well, my dear this is a Christmas letter which goes with my wishes for a merry holiday and I very happy New Year. May the three of you enjoy the best of health, improved material results and may it bring you many vital and interesting experiences.

Love to Mie, Jim and loads of it for yourself.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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London Dec. 16th 35.

Dearest Essie. Thank you so much for your sweet letter forwarded to me from Paris. I cannot know whether this will still reach you before you sail back here, but I want to take a chance. I am making an extra copy which I will send to Buckingham Street early the New Year. So if my letter fails to bring you and Paul my deep felt wishes for a happy and eventful New Year you will know that I did wish the best in the world for you both.

I am so glad to know that you will be in England soon. Just to have you and Paul in snatches will be preferable than not at all. Besides, I am hungry to hear Paul in recital. I understand there will be one in London. Please my dear let me know when you arrive there it is to be. You bet if I had to sell my last shirt I would go to the concert.

What a marvelous aptitude for languages Paul has. He spoke Russian three years ago with more distinction than many Russians. I can readily believe therefore that he must speak it exquisitely now. And how he must sing Russian songs. I hope he may have some in his repertoire when he sings in London. Somehow it does not strike me as so marvellous that Paul learned three or four African languages. They are the tongue his father spoke. But it has always seemed extraordinary to me ~~xxxxxxx~~ that he has mastered Russian so quickly. I never have tired telling all my friends who very marvelous that is.

I don't say Paul will be as good in show boat as he was in the play. In fact he made the play. For there is hardly anything ~~xxxx~~ else in it outside of Paul's part. I wish though he could carry out his plan of a Negro Theatre and Negro plays. I think he still intends to achieve that.

Yes, I have been told that your brothers are in Russia and "love" it. I find it very natural since Russia has done ~~xxxxxx~~ with the barbarity of racial differentiation. For that it deserves the highest praise. Alas, that is only one part the Revolution has achieved. There are so many other conditions that thrive less under Soviet rule. I wonder how much your brothers ~~xxx~~ see or know about that. But after all, you and Paul and I have other common interests to argue the real state of affairs in Russia. Do you not think so? I love and admire Paul's genius so much that even if the claims of the Communists that Paul has become a full fledged Communist could have no effect on me, nor on my affection for you. Politics and politicians come and go, they rarely leave a mark on the surface of the human struggle. But creative genius goes on for ever. Besides, I never believe what the Communist press writes about anybody.

I am remaining in England until spring. I hope to have some dates in the provinces. But mostly I will be in London. And I hope you will let me come to see you and Paul before ~~xxxx~~ he starts on his concert tour. Devoted love to both of you.

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[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 16, London [to] Modest [Stein, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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London, Dec. 16th 35.

Modest, my dear, I learn through Sasha that you are not at all well. I am deeply sorry. Of course I knew from what you told me how very much you suffer under severe cold. But your present trouble seems not to be your heart but the effect of the operation on your groin you have been subjected to. I can only hope that you are taking care of yourself though I knew this is not the case. I used to marvel at the amount of energy you expended while with us. You were on your feet all day not to speak the amount of walking you did. Surely that can not have been conducive to the recovery after your operation. I realize how difficult it is for all of us to take stock of our years. At best any illness in our age requires a long period of convalescence. But you gave yourself no time whatever to heal. You sailed from a sickbed and while in St. Tropez you would take no rest. Well, my dear I hate to censure. But I do want to impress on your mind the need of taking it easy for a bit. It may enable you to be more energetic later on. Please, please rest all you can.

The "handsome" gift for Sasha's birthday that was to be raised ended in a Wasserkepf. Imagine, a special committee was formed for that with some members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Unions belonging to it. They were sure to raise at least \$1000. Another labor man undertook to raise five hundred and our own immediate comrades five hundred. That were absolutely certain of two thousand and "maybe more". Well, just five hundred were subscribed of which Sasha had received three hundred before the 21st and nothing since. It makes me sick to think how utterly inefficient some of the Jewish radicals are and how irresponsible. Though Sasha will probably not admit it it must have been a bitter disappointment not to receive even a greeting to his birthday, let alone a "handsome gift".

The question is what now? I dare say the \$200 still in the hands of the committee will be forthcoming. After that Sasha will remain as dry as ever and without hope of getting any kind of work that would bring him at least part of his and a's

The Emma Goldman Papers

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2

living expenses. If only I had some hopes of success in England there would be no need to worry about Sasha. But it looks as if it would take years to take root here. And then the returns are likely to be a mere pittance. The English people are frightfully tradition bound. It is worse than pulling teeth to rouse them, especially if one does not come with titles, wealth of artistic fame. As I have known of that and am very little known in my own rights I can hardly expect to make good in this country. However, I am not worried about myself. I can always ~~xx~~ earn enough to make ends meet. It is so much cheaper to live here than in France. I doubt however whether my lectures will bring enough to sustain Sasha. It is for him that I feel great anxiety. Of course, as long as there is anything left of my "famous fund", Sasha need not go hungry. But that has almost reached ~~bottom~~rock bottom. It is a hell of a situation to be confronted with in one's old age.

My very good friend Jeanne Levey writes me she has met you and that you had talked to her about the annuity proposition. I have heard nothing more from Cook in Los Angeles. So I do not know what he intends to do. ~~xxxxxx~~ Besides, an annuity that would guarantee hundred dollars a month would hardly do for Sasha and myself. And even for that a fortune must be raised. I believe from \$15, to 2000. It seems a fantastic sum, absolutely unattainable. Then how can one hope to raise enough to make the annuity large enough for three people? However, all these if undertaken is a matter of considerable time. I wish I knew what to do to secure Sasha until then. I hate awfully to bother you with my anxieties. But next to myself you are after all the only close old friend of Sasha. So you will forgive me for adding to your own troubles, won't you?

I do hope the new Year may at least give you improved health. And that it may bring you back to Bon Esprit for a longer stay. You certainly must let me know in advance if and when you will be coming. I will have no one else during your stay. For I do want you to be with me and Sasha all by ourselves in lovely Bon Esprit.

Well, my dear wishes never come to pass. Still life means wishing and hoping. Now else could we go on. ~~xxx~~ So, here goes my deep felt wishes that the new Year may help you back to health and bring you many rich and vivid experiences.

With much love.

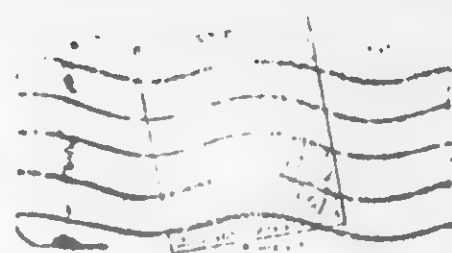
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J. M. Jester
Sacred Heart
Dec 14/35



Mr Morris Fromkin
431-432 Casswell Block
152 W. Wisconsin
Milwaukee, Wis ade
U. S. C.

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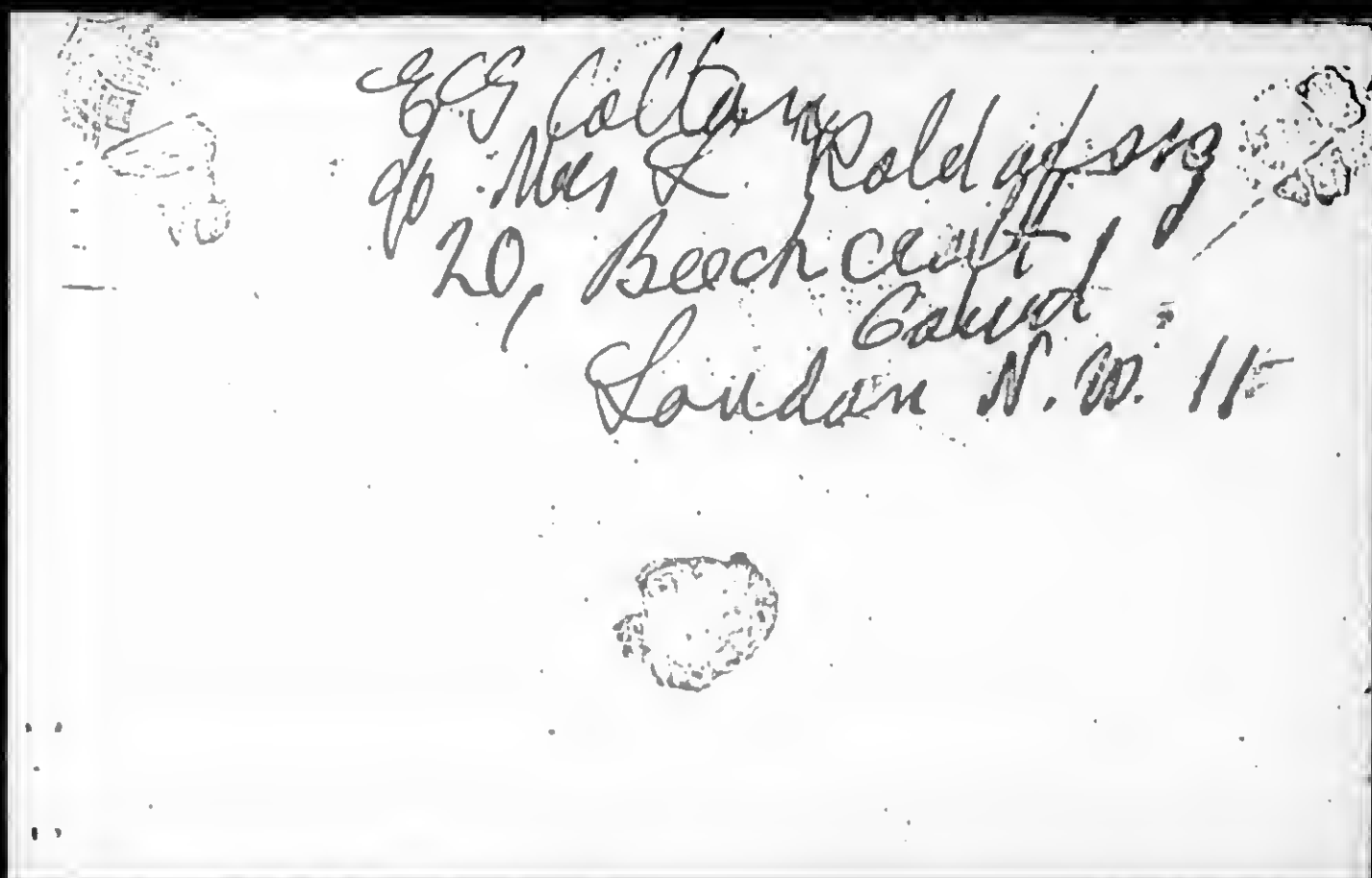
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Mr Emma Goldman

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to Mrs. H. Goldofsky,
20, Beechcroft Court,
London, N.W. 11.

Dec. 18th., 1935.

Miss Rose Pesotta,
International Ladies' Garment Workers Union,
West 16th Street,
New York.

Dearest Rose,

I feel very much relieved that you have not interpreted my silence as
lack of interest on my part. I should again feel guilty having neglected
to answer your letter of Sept. 2nd. I definitely decided today that if my
good friend and comrade, Doris Zuck, will come this evening, a letter to you
will be among those I will dictate.

It is simply that my mail mounts ever higher and with all the other work
I have to do in preparing lectures, then struggling to get a hearing, I find
it physically impossible to keep in touch with all the friends in America and
Canada. You must bear that in mind always, my dear.

To say the least, your life is not monotonous, though it may sometimes be
fatiguing to rush from state to state and do organising work which is often
disheartening. Still, it must be preferable to the humdrum existence of most
people, not the least of our own comrades. With most of them their ideal has
had not a particle of effect on their lives, and their relation with their own
family or their capacity to appraise the world and people around them. So, as
long as your health continues, my dear, I hope you will never "settle down".
"Settle" is merely another name for stagnation. I cannot imagine you ever
getting to that stage.

Oh, yes, our comrades — they are a deeper tragedy to me than all the
other failures in the world. It has always been a puzzle to me, why people
who have not the slightest ^{understanding} of the beautiful ideal Anarchism repres-
ents come into our ranks. What can possibly have induced them to do so?
It certainly never was a question of money, since our movement was always
woefully poor. Nor can it have been a question of power or aggrandisement.
I must say I was always puzzled and am still more so now. Yet I must tell
you that poor as the quality of our movement in America is, it is infinitely
richer than the human material in Anarchist ranks I find found in London. The
old comrades are worn out and have not the vitality to do very much, and the
others simply do not know what they are about. Then, too, the economic life
in England seems to be more hopeless: most people can think only in terms of
pennies. Especially is this the attitude towards those who give their all to
the movement, or perhaps they do not think at all. To be sure they are no
exception, because the whole life of the masses, from the cradle to the grave,
is just how to make pennies meet their needs. It is my conviction, Rose dear,
and has been that the lack of vision in the masses is the greatest drawback

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Miss Rose Pesotto.

for any fundamental change in our conceptions. For, if people do not even long for ~~hearty~~ beauty and the things of the spirit, how can they be expected to fight for it? Well, it is all so sad, and yet one must go on to the very end..

I do not know whether Bluestone told you that I have received the 50 dollars you and he sent for Sasha's "Memoirs" and that I wrote him to the effect that I had been mistaken when I notified Minna Lowison that the books were bound. I discovered that only 50 were in bound form and the rest are sheets. I have not yet had a chance to close the negotiations with the London publisher, but I will do so when I come back to London from Plymouth (where I am to deliver four lectures). I will then send 100 sets of sheets to the address of Minna Lowison. Of course, they will have to be bound. I am sure one should be able to get the binding done at 12 cents per copy. That would mean that in addition to the 50 cents per copy which you and Bluestone sent me, the Dress-makers Union would have to spend another 12 cents per copy or whatever the binding will cost. I am sorry to cause that extra expense, but, on the other hand, only 63 cents will go to Sasha from the sales instead of 75. Also the sheets will save the cost of duty, as there is no duty on sheets. However, if you and Bluestone feel that I am holding you up, have him find out the cost of binding and I will return the amount from the 50 dollars sent me. I am sorry about this muddle, but I really did not know myself that I will have to send you sheets instead of bound volumes.

I hope you will have a merry Christmas, and I wish you health, happiness and great achievements in the coming year. Please give my greetings to all the comrades, to Bluestone and the rest of your Executive.

Devotedly,

Emma

P.S. Dear Rose, I enclosed copy of my P.S. to Minna Lowison's letter asking for itself. Sasha's Memoirs will be in bound form just as soon as they are off the bindery. It will save you and the others trouble and it will enable Bluestone's Union or whoever will handle the sales to go ahead at once. The only thing is that the charges for shipment and duty will have to be paid at the New York end. It will be easier any to say at the customs that the book is not for sale but for membership use at its cost, that is fifty cents a copy. I will write all that to ~~xxxx~~ Bluestone when I ship the books. I am somewhat mixed up about the address of your organization. I have it as 3 West 16th St. Minna sent me the address as 232, West 40th St. Which is it. Please let me know by return mail.

With my sincerest wishes for a merry Christmas and a jolly and eventful New Year.

With love.

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(1935)

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MAURICE BROWNE LTD.

5, Golden Square, W.1.

10th December, '35

My dear Miss Goldman,

It was a very great pleasure indeed to me to see you again today after all these years.

I do most sincerely hope that you will be able to carry out your plan of lecturing in England on the Drama and Theatres of Europe and America. There is not I believe any woman alive better qualified than you to do this (and you may certainly quote me as saying — and believing — so if you want to!) and I have known very few people in my life who have — added to such a volume of information as yours — your breadth of outlook, power (in the true sense of the word) and individuality.

In our world of cheap-coiled and damaged robots, it is good to have the real and tangible evidence of your presence to remind us that there still are human beings who think profoundly, feel generously and act bravely.

My very best wishes to you.

Your old friend,

(Signed) MAURICE BROWNE.

Maurice Browne

Miss Emma Goldman
20, Bechewoff Court
N.W. 1.

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(C O P Y)



MAURICE BROWNE LTD.

10, Golden Square, W.1.

18th December, 1935

My dear Miss Goldman,

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I do most sincerely hope that you will be able to carry out your plans of lecturing in England on the Drama and Theatre of Europe and America. There is not I believe any woman alive better qualified than you to do this (and you may certainly quote me as saying — and believing — so if you want to!); and I have known very few people in my life who have — added to such a volume of information as yours — your breadth of outlook, power (in the true sense of the word) and individuality.

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My very best wishes to you.

Your old friend

(Signed) MAURICE BROWNE

Miss Emma Goldman,
20, Beekcroft Court,
E.W. 1.

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Nice, Dec. 18, 1935

Dearest Em, your postal of the 12 and then your long letter from London, of Dec. 14, with little photos and clippings received. All OK.

I hope you are not wondering why several days pass without my writing. What is there to write from here, dear? From your end it is a different matter, for you see all kinds of people, have lectures, meetings etc. But from here, well, you know yourself it is always the same song, All is Quiet on the Western Front.

Well, dear, I am very glad your lectures were, on the whole, satisfactory in Plymouth. Of course you are right that if we had a few active people in every large city, some good work could be accomplished. The trouble is, we haven't got them. When you are there, you are able to dig up one or two energetic workers, but when you are gone, all quiet down again. That is inevitable, since men like Edmonds are rare, and besides, I take it that though a good worker he is probably no speaker and therefore he cannot work alone. If you could stay in such places a longer time, things might develop differently. You might even train a few fellows to develop themselves as speakers, or at least to start a small debating society, etc.

As to your remarks about Winstanley, Godwin, etc. Neither of them had created any movement in the right sense of the word. They had exerted an influence, especially Godwin, on the small circles they reached, and maybe also, to a temporary and slight extent, on English thought in general. But unfortunately that influence soon passed away. It was Godwin's An Inquiry into Political Justice that had the greatest influence on the thought of his time, but where is that influence today? Of course there grew up in England also the trade union movement and the cooperative movement, but they were by no means radical or revolutionary movements. You are right when you say that the first advocates of trade unionism in England were rebels. That is just the word. If I remember aright, the very first man to advocate unionism was hanged. I forgot his name. But they were rebels, not social revolutionists in our sense. It is of a revolutionary movement that I spoke in my recent letter. Of course there were also revol. movements in England, in the past, but they either of a religious character or simply peasant uprisings. Well, this is too large a subject for a letter, anyhow.

You mention the General Strike in England. But you will agree that the Engl. Gen. Strike was NOT a revol. movement. It was purely trade union both in character and purpose.

But that does not by any means mean that a really social revol. movement could not grow up in England. I believe, for instance, that the Commun. will gradually develop such a movement, but of course of a POLITICAL character. THIS is my point. All the movements in England that can be regarded, as to some extent at least, revolutionary, were always of a political nature. Modern conditions, however, may also develop there a social revol. movement in the real anti-political sense.

Yes, sure, I did read the account of that peer's trial by the House of Peers. I suppose damned few Englishmen ever thought that the whole thing was the apotheosis of the ridiculous. It probably never entered their minds to see how silly and stupid the thing was. Such is the curse of habit, tradition and custom.

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Dear, before I forget it: I drew your check for ONE THOUSAND francs instead of for 500 as I had intended. The reason is: the rent for the last 3 months was due long ago. The owner came over 1 times. Finally I had to pay him. It amounted to over 550 fr. and it pays the rent till Dec. 31.

So, since I needed that sum for rent and some money also for living, I made your check out for one thousand francs. I put through your check through the Amexco here, sever 1 days ago. I did not collect the money yet, because the check has to go to Paris first etc. So I gave to the landlord my own check, on the Amexco, but I told him that he cannot collect till after Xmas. He took it anyhow.

I can't understand why that Kapp or his Comm. have not sent any money. Even if they have only 500 on hand for me, they might have sent it on. Kapp may be on a trip, but on former occasions he had instructed his secretary to send it. I think his organisation is preparing for a strike, and that may be the reason. Of course I cannot write him about it.

Stranger yet is the fact that for months and months I did not receive a single letter from the U.S. Rucker's article in the Holland paper brought me about 30 letters. The same article in the P.A.S. did not bring a single one. Is this not strange? Not that I mind whether I get "congratulations" or not. But it seems strange, anyhow.

I got at last the missing copy of the P.A.S. Got it from the P.A.S., as usual, but for some reason it came a week after the succeeding number had already arrived. Nomad's article is in his usual vein. In the P.A.S. of Dec. 5 or 6 there is also an article by Dr. M.A. Cohn. Nothing special.

About Ben, and the clipping of Frank. I think Frank could have written even much more sharply, but may be the Comm. wanted a "decent" reply. Well, it is the same old Ben, with his head in a fearful muddle and his Christ getting worse. A regular disease. It started, you remember, with his Sunday school where he talked of Christ, or even long before that, but then it began to look serious. And now it seems to be worse. Of course you cannot enforce or recommend any books by him. That's obvious.

Yes, I know that he always considered it unworthy of me that I wrote to the college about Ben. But I never agreed with you on that. Why should it be unworthy to find out whether a man is a faker or not. And to me Ben was a faker so far as his pretended college education was concerned. He was to me a most ignorant man, too ignorant ever to have been to college. The only reasonable -- and I think also decent -- way was to write to the college to find out whether ~~xxxxxx~~ Ben had ever studied there. Well, still think today that he is ignorant of the very essentials of knowledge and that he never studied except to take a medical course at a time when one did not need any mental preparation for entrance or for graduation, either, except on the subject of medicine.

I did not receive back from the Notes on Sanctions. Not so far. If I get a wire from you, I'll try to elaborate on them. But now it seems too late to speak of sanctions. Laval and Hoare (he should spell his name WHORE) have sold out to Mussolini/Laval for reasons of his own secret Fascism, H. because of the proverbial British perfidious and double-dealing policies. Now it looks as if Mussol. will accept at least negotiations on the basis of

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the French-Engl. offer of about HALF of Abyssinia and the chance to getle
up later on the other half. The Negro is of course suspicious and in the end
he will be forced to accept. The League of course does not go against the
two great powers, France and England. The worst of the thing is that
this new offer prepares a new war by encouraging Hitler to do as Mussol. did.
And I am sure that it will not be long before Hitler will be heard from in
the same manner as Mussolini. And the thing is also an encouragement to
Japan which is doing to China the same as Mussolini is doing in Abyssinia.

Not that such political business as colonies and boundaries matter much. But
the MANNER in which these's methods tactics in Abyss. are being REWARDED by
France and Italy is most important. For it sets a premium on such methods,
both at home and abroad. Suppression at home, armed invasion abroad.

I think that maybe on SUCH lines some London paper might take an article
from you. What do you think?

About a typewriter-- no, dear, I think my machine is good enough yet for
whatever little typing I have to do. So no use wasting money on a new one.

Stein's new address is 61 West 9th Street, New York, N.Y.

Hope you are entirely over your cold, dear. Wish you a merry Xmas, though
such wishes, under our conditions, are silly. But anyhow, I still have the
cognack I brought from St. Fr., so I'll have a good drink on you next Wed-
nesday evenings just a week from today. So long in the meantime, dear girl.

Affect.



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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029177

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 19, London [to C. W.] Daniel, [London] / [Emma Goldman]. —
1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

London Dec. 19th 35.

Dear Mrs Daniel.

First let me tell you how very much I have enjoyed seeing you again and the short visit at luncheon on Tuesday. It brought back so many pleasant memories of the past when you were among the very few who helped to make my stay in London less depressing than it might have been. I hope we may come together again soon when we will be less pressed for time.

In looking over the statements you gave me I find that the exchange charges for my check of five pounds are rather steep. £/6 on so small a sum seems very high to me. I am therefore writing to the Seligman bank to send you 28 pounds. The 7/10 I will pay at this end. I am sure you will hear from the Seligman's immediately they receive my letter which goes to day.

Will you please have the 250 copies bound as soon as possible. I hope to see you before they are done because I will want to ~~xxxx~~ talk over the invoice and also the method of shipment. I will have to pay for the Calif batch at this end. but all the others could go collect because I am not very hopeful of being reimbursed if I should pay the postage from here.

I hope you can arrange for a better discount from MY DISILLUSIONMENT. I'd like to sell as many as possible at my lectures after the New Year. And I would like to earn a few sous from the sales. For as you will probably guess I am still as poor as a Churchmouse even if financed by the Daily Mail. Will you instruct the office to send me another dozen copies ~~next~~ after Christmas.

With best wishes for a pleasant Christmas and

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter] 1935 Dec. 19, London [to] B.B. Wishart, London / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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London Dec. 19th 35.

Mr B.B. Wishart Publisher
9, Moyn Street
London W.C.1

Dear Mr Wishart.

Please find inclosed check for two pounds for one dozen copies of MUSSOLINI RED AND BLACK which have been sold at my lectures. Seven of these were sold at my Plymouth lectures. And I have with me five of the dozen you were good enough to send to Mr Edmonds. Of the dozen sent me and Mr Barr only five have been disposed of. In other words I still have a dozen on hand that will be put on sale Jan. 5th when I begin a new course of lectures. I will write should I need more.

Yours sincerely.

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881022055

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 20, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 6 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Dec 20.
London Dec. 20th 35.

Dearest Sam.

This is my first evening at home. I have been out every other evening including the afternoons, meeting people. There is no getting away from the tradition here if one wants to establish oneself; meeting people on all kinds of occasions is the only method. That does not mean that I will succeed in gaining ground in England, but it does keep a little more of our going than in former years. So I mean to keep at it. Maybe I'll get something. As I said this is my first free evening. So I decided to write you. I am not sure I will finish the letter to night because it will have to be a long letter. But it will be finished in time tomorrow to send it off.

One of the people I had luncheon with this week was Daniel. I settled the negotiations about your memoirs. I wrote Seligman to send him 28 pounds in cash. About five pounds of that are for MY DISILLUSIONMENT. I had almost forgotten that I owed him something on that. What with the dozen I sold since my return my debt ran up to ~~quintxx~~ about five pounds. I had already paid for the fifty bound copies. The rest as I wrote you were the 15. And as I ~~will~~ ^{have} ~~written~~ ^{written} you I had intended to have them shipped to the States without having them bound, but when Daniel told me that there would be duty on printed matter whether sheets or bound copies. And when he showed that the difference in price would be very small indeed, I decided to have them sent to the bindery. You see dear I figured that if our people have sheets it may take them an age to have them bound, meanwhile the chance for selling the book will slip away. Besides, New York and Los Angeles paid for bound copies. In fact, Los Angeles did more, they ~~sent~~ ^{also} sent for express charges. Anyway, 250 copies including binding are paid for, or will be when Seligman sends Daniel the 28 pounds. True, I received only \$81.50. I had to lay out the rest from my account with Seligman. But I am sure Jeanne Leveym the comrades in Calif and Bluestone, Minna and Rose P. are ~~reliable~~ ^{reliable} enough to send every cent realized from the sales outside of cost to you. Besides, I mean to keep fifty copies for future needs outside of the fifty I am handling here at my lectures. So far only a dozen copies have been sold. That means 3 shillings from every copy for you. My lectures have hardly begun. So I am sure to sell all I have. It will not mean terribly much, but every little counts said the lady who ~~pie~~ ^{died} in the sea. Tomorrow I will send in an insured envelope four pounds. ~~Two~~ ^{Two} for your memoirs. And two your ~~same~~ ^{same} from Moe and Mabsies Christmas present they sent me. You are not getting an even ~~part~~ ^{share} I bought Liza a Christmas gift for you and me, a lovely pull over which she needed, and about ten dollars I kept for myself. At least you will not be too broke for Christmas. Just the very thought of you being strapped makes me ill and unhappy.

My dearest, I am sure Kapp must be away. If he

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I see by your letter of the 18th (it came through remarkably quick, didn't it?) that you are very worried. There is no cause for it. To use your old admonition, "we have weathered worse storms." It is alright about the thousand francs we had to draw. My balance now is \$216. But I still have a little money in Montreal. I am sure Kap will send the money and when I will ship the memoirs I will impress upon Jeanne, in Chicago, Herman in Los Angeles and Bluestone in New York that they should rush the sales of the book. Meanwhile something may turn up here.

So far the situation is as follows: five meetings more have been arranged in London and some nearby towns for Jan.

I expect small results from them. You can imagine the three lectures arranged by the comrades brought me just 2 pounds. Whatever small surplus they had they had to keep for further meetings. Fortunately I received the guinea in Leeds and railroad expenses and eight pounds 12 shillings and railroad expenses in Plymouth. I had no living expenses there. And when I returned Liza refused point blank to take over the rent for the room, let alone for food. It makes it rather awkward because I know that Koldofsky earns very little. Liza makes curtains in addition to her housework to help with the expenses. The trouble is her work is only from time to time. But there is no arguing with her since she does everything with such a large and generous spirit. Of course, I will make up somehow. Meanwhile I had no expense for last week which means that the money received in Plymouth remained clear. I have no end of extra expenses, postage and car fares eat me up. But I can manage. This week I have expenses for a few, the most indispensable gifts. But I have enough left to keep me going until some time in Jan.

As I wrote you in my postcard the man of the News Chronicle did not want anything on sanction. He probably knew before anybody else of the collapse of the whole sanction swindle. Neither did he want my American Impressions. But he did like the suggestion of an article on **THE PLACE OF THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY**. Whether he will like our article is another matter. After a whole night's effort I succeeded in reducing the MS to 2000 words, taking from the large MS only the most essential points. But as the editor wants only 1200 words I will have to do some more cutting. I had not a minute this last week. And it being before Christmas the editor did not seem in a great hurry. So tomorrow I will work all afternoon getting the article in shape. Boris is coming in the evening to take it home to type. She will bring it back Sunday when I will once more go over it and let her

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do the final typing. All the labor may prove for nothing because the news Chronicle is just a sheet like most dailies, sensational, I understand though that the feature editor is an advanced man and keen on advanced ideas. Allevai. Though he will only give ten guineas, fifty dollars, still we can not afford to refuse even that. I will let you know in time and also send you a copy of the abridged connection. *Wm*

I think I wrote you that Plymouth may want me again. Well, I have already received a letter from the drama people that they were very interested in my suggestion of a series of six lectures on the drama. And our own people there want some more lectures on social topics. I have written the drama group that I want a guarantee of 12 guineas for six lectures with additional six if they have raised enough subscriptions for the course. They will also pay railroad expenses and they have already offered hospitality. The lectures the comrades will arrange are also likely to leave a surplus. I would have given them the month of Feb. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Feb. But there is something else on foot. The South Wales Labor Colleges, largely Marxian, but none Communist want me for a series of lectures. If they insist on Feb. Plymouth will have to take March, or vice versa. Anyhow I am sure to be booked up until March. And perhaps also earn a little money above expenses. In addition we are sending out two circular letters right after Christmas, one to the Workers Educational League and one to the drama organizations of which there are very many in this country, in fact something like 3000. I may get response I don't know. But it is certain there is more interest than in previous years.

About building up a movement, my dear it would require years and one person could never do it. Another difficulty in England is that one could not build up anything new out of nothing. I think there is splendid material in the left, none Communist wing of the I.L.P. I met a few in Plymouth. Just now they are in confusion, disillusioned and disgusted with their political leaders, dead set against the communists and not knowing where to turn. I rather think that persistent grind with them might swing them into our ranks, if only they ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ could be given an outlet in some activity. I have made a very imperceptable beginning. Edmonds writes me that several of the boys had come to him to say that they had never heard revolutionary ideas so simply and clearly expounded and would ~~L.G.~~ talk to them in detail about revolutionary methods on her return to Plymouth. You bet I will. However, I knew that unless I can see a way of taking roots here to come back for at least eight months in the year nothing will ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ remain of what I am doing now. We have not a single solitary soul intelligent or able enough to present Anarchist thought. Not Edmonds can hold his ground in private discussion, and even make himself felt in a short talk. But that is all. You see the British young ~~xxx~~ I.L.P. man or woman is informed. At least in his socialism. It is not like in America where most youngsters know nothing, or very little. In other words one has to know ones subject to reach the young element in the socialist and labor movement here. And we have no one who can do anything else but

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spent in the park? "Dearest, I will have to continue tomorrow because Liza has gone to bed and her room is next to mine.

Saturday. I had hoped to continue writing this morning, but I had to do some shopping for an advance Christmas dinner I am giving Boris, Mace and his girl and Burr. The Keldofskys are out tomorrow so I can have my friends without interference with them. Burr and Boris are lovely creatures and Burr has and is doing all the work for my lectures. So, the least I can do is to give him and the others a decent meal. Oh, I forget I am also having Auntie. After my shopping I had to prepare the article for Boris to type. I finally got it down to about 1400 words, when it will be typed. I will see how it hangs together and how I might cut out another two hundred words. Its sickening to go to such effort and then have it refused. Of course it maybe I accepted. I don't know. But it had to be tried.

Speaking of Auntie, she was the guest for two weeks of a friend of hers, Mr Stella Churchill whom I met. Then the doctor let her use her modestly occupied cottage for three weeks. Now Auntie has taken a room in my neighborhood where she lives and works. She feels that at the doctors there are too many distractions to prevent her writing. Auntie told me a strange story about Nellie. She had offered to give her her (a stove if Auntie would put in gas in her place. This she did at an expense of over two hundred francs. Nellie not only did not leave her the stove, but she did not ever send her a farewell note. Of course she acted the same with me. She never answered my last letter, nor did she write a card saying goodby. But in view of the fact that Auntie has done a great deal for Nellie, selling France memoirs without ever charging her a sou for it, and doing all sorts of things for her its pretty shabby to have left her in the lurch with the stove. Perhaps there is some misunderstanding. Do you or Emmy know anything about it? Of course, I know how Nellie has acted with Julie de Salce. I know it not only from Julie but from Stella who lived two doors away from the girls and knew what was going on. But I thought Nellie was in a desperate state and could not be blamed for running away leaving the entire burden with Julie. Incidentally, she did the same with me four years ago when she insisted on coming with me to Paris and taking an apt together. Nellie remained just forty eight hours. Then went to England and from there straight back to Nice leaving me with the burden of a large expensive flat. Well, the gods be with her. All I wish that she succeeds in establishing herself in America which by the way is not going to be so easy as she imagines.

The Rene Clairs have let me down in a miserable manner. I have already written you that I told my damades to get in touch with him. His wife is evidently his watch dog. She replied to my letters and persistent phoning. I inclose the last letter where she faithfully promised to let me see Clair after the proper opening of his picture. Well, she didn't. Its rotten

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I can't call it. What a success does to most people. Why didn't
"the" Clair bother with A.O. or anything. A.B. writes when he can kiss
the Queen's hand and have royalty at his opening night. It is
evident that he was not interested in the sketch. Also I would
have sent it to him. I am sorry my dearest.

Speaking of the sketch I wonder what has become
of Mrs. Lord. Not a sign of life since last summer. She must be
having a fearful time. I would have written her but as I am
I was not able to send her anything I did not have the heart to
write her. I will though before this year is over.

No doubt you are right in saying that naval
sold out to Mussolini. I am surprised his Cabinet still exists.
They seem to be more demanding here to have forced him to resign
and Baldwin to weep bitter tears of regret. I would have given any
thing to be in the house of commons to hear the debate. At Search
ingers the other night I met Gunther, the correspondent of the
Chicago Daily News. He used to be stationed in Vienna and write
quite intelligent stuff. Also from Germany. He had come to the sea
Searchingers from the house. He said the intense excitement could
be felt in the air. And that Baldwin made a sorry figure. It seems
the labor people put him to the wall and made him squirm under their
fire. The reports over the radio were very mild
not so in the press as you will see in the Manchester Guardian when
you see it. This paper must feel cheap having come out for so long
well, its the old story of the crooks in charge of the ship of the
State. There is one thing however, the masses are not quite so
easily hoodwinked as in the past. But on the whole the army and navy
forces everywhere go right on. But why expect clarity of the
masses when the so called intellectuals are so easily duped.
I cannot begin to tell how the effect of Russia on most people I
meet here. Searchinger who never ~~entertained~~ entertained a political
idea is just wild about the things he saw in Russia. And
Gunther and many others. In fact I have not met a single man
or woman outside of our own people who do not rave about the
marvelous experiment Stalin is carrying on. It is to weep if it
were not so funny. It must have been the same during the French
Revolution. At the opponents of the terror were declared
as counter revolutionists and ~~xxx~~ publicly flogged and almost
torn limb from limb.

I think I wrote you about a book, SEVEN WOMEN
AGAINST THE WORLD, by Margaret Goldsmith. She visited me in
Strepes. It is not profound by any means and anything but ob
jective. But she has two ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ French women, one
thereigne de Mericourt. She went with the Revolution until she
saw the results of the terror. Because she opposed it she was
stripped naked by the women of the people and publicly flogged.
She became insane from the shock and horror and spent many years
in an asylum where she died. I am sure the Communists and their
satelites would do the same to me if they had power. History
certainly repeats itself. I will send you the book after Christ
mas. And it will read it to Stella with the instructions that

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to me. Another book is Steinberg's about Spirdonova. It contains
a lot of revolutionary material. The Keldersky let me read it.
I have quotations from L.M.I. about our visit to Spirdonova.

Yes, *PATHS OF GLORY* is the most impressive work of the
war. No wonder it did not succeed as a play and no one will
make a picture of it. It will certainly never be permitted in
France. I am sure the corruption and criminal callousness of
Kesselant and the others is not only typically French. The same
must have happened in all the armies. It is an overwhelming work.

granulated dear you asked about the recipe of the Vermouth. It is four
bottles of red or white wine, one bottle of alcohol, a kilo
sugar and six or eight bitter oranges, ~~which~~ every day
for two weeks. Then strained & bottled and ~~left~~ *left* unused for
another two weeks. Auntie does not know the herb which should be
added to it, but it is just as good without.

I must close now. This may also reach you
for Christmas. If it does not my registered letter containing four
pounds with a little note will surely arrive Tuesday if not before
it was mailed this morning. Do forget you troubles on Christmas
dear, have a good dinner and a picture. I will write Amy a
New Years letter.

With love to her and you.

Emma

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Dearest Sam.

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My dearest, I am sure Kapp must be away. If he

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I see by your letter of the 18th, it came through remarkably quick, didn't it?, that you are very worried. There is no cause for it. To use your old adage, "we have weathered worse storms." It is alright about the thousand francs who had to draw. My balance now is 8216. But I still have a little money in Montreal. I am sure Max will send the money and when I will ship the memoirs I will impress upon Jeanne, in Chicago, Max in Los Angeles and Bluestone in New York that they should rush the sales of the book. Meanwhile something may turn up here.

So far the situation is as follows: five meetings more have been arranged in London and some nearby towns for Jan. I expect small results from them. You can imagine the three lectures arranged by the comrades brought me just 8 pounds. Whatever small surplus they had they had to keep for further meetings. Fortunately I received the guinea for books and railroad expenses and eight pounds 12 shillings and railroad expenses in Plymouth. I had no living expenses there, and when I returned Liza refused point blank to take even the rent for the room let alone for food. It makes it rather awkward because I know that Kaldofsky earns very little. Liza makes curtains in addition to her housework to help with the expenses. The trouble is her work is only from time to time, but there is no arguing with her since she does everything with such a large and generous spirit. Of course, I will make up somehow. Meanwhile I had no expense for last week which means that the money received in Plymouth remained clear. I have no end of extra expenses, postage and our fares cut me up. But I can manage. This week I have expenses for a few the most indispensable gifts. But I have enough left to keep me going until some time in Jan.

As I wrote you in my postcard the man of the News Chronicle did not want anything on sanction. He probably knew before anybody else of the collapse of the whole sanction swindle. Neither did he want my American impressions. But he did like the suggestion of an article on THE PEACH OF THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY. Whether he will like our article is another matter. After a whole night's effort I succeeded in reducing the MS to 2000 words taking from the large MSS only the most essential points. But as the editor wants only 1200 words I will have to do some more cutting. I had not a minute this last week. And it being before Christmas the editor did not seem in a great hurry. So tomorrow I will work all afternoon getting the article in shape. Maria is coming in the evening to take it home to type. She will bring it back Sunday when I will once more go over it and let her

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Saturday. I had hoped to continue writing this morning, but I had to do some shopping for an advance Christmas dinner I am giving Boris, Mace and his girl and Barr. The Kelderskys are out tomorrow so I can have my friends without interference with them. Barr and Boris are lonely creatures and Barr has and is doing all the work for my lectures. So, the least I can do is to give him and the others a decent meal. Oh, I forget I am also having Auntie. After my shopping I had to prepare the article for Boris to type. I finally got it down to about 1400 words. When it will be typed I will see how it hangs together and how I might cut out another two hundred words. Its sickening to go to such effort and then have it refused. Of course it maybe accepted. I don't know. But it had to be tried.

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Speaking of the sketch I wonder what has become
of Ann Lord, not a sign of life since last summer. She must be
having a fearful time. I would have written her but as I ~~am~~
I was not able to send her anything I did not have the heart to
write her. I will though before this year is over.

No doubt you are right in saying that Naval
sold out to Mussolini. I am surprised his cabinet still exists.
They seem to be more demanding here to have forced him to resign
and Baldwin to weep bitter tears of regret. I would have given any
thing to be in the house of commons to hear the debate. At Search
ingers the other night I met Gunther, the correspondent of the
Chicago Daily News. He used to be stationed in Vienna and write
quite intelligent stuff. Also from Germany. He had come to the
searchingers from the house. He said the intense excitement could
be felt in the air. And that Baldwin made a sorry figure. It seems
the labor people put him to the wall and made him appear as ~~you~~
squirm under that fire. The reports over the radio were very mild
not so in the press as you will see in the Manchester Guardian when
you see it. This paper must feel cheap having come out for sensation
well, its old story of the crooks in charge of the ship of U.
State. There is one thing however, the masses are not quite so
easily hoodwinked as in the past. But on the whole the revolutionary
forces everywhere go right on. But why expect clarity of the
masses when the so called intellectuals are so easily duped.
I cannot begin to tell how the effect of Russia and most people I
meet here. Searchinger who never ~~entertained~~ entertained a political
ideal is just wild about the things he saw in Russia. And
Gunther and many others. In fact I have not met a single man
or woman outside of our own people who do not rave about the
marvelous experiment Stalin is carrying on. It is to be seen if it
were not so funny. It must have been the same during the French
revolution. No wonder the opponents of the terror were decised
as counter revolutionists and ~~six~~ publicly flogged and almost
torn limb from limb.

I think I wrote you about a book, SEVEN WOMEN
AGAINST THE WORLD, by Margaret Goldsmith. She visited me in
Stropezh. It is not profound by any means and anything but ob-
jective. But she has two ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ French women, one
Therigne de Maricourt. She went with the revolution until she
saw the results of the terror. Because she opposed it she was
stripped naked by the women of the people and publicly flogged.
She became insane from the shock and horror and spent many years
in an asylum where she died. I am sure the Communists and their
satelites would do the same to me if they had power. History
certainly repeats itself. I will send you the book after Christ-
mas. Read it and send it to Stella with the instructions that

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[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 20 London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 6 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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to me, another book is Steinberg's about Spirdonova. It contains a lot of revolutionary material. The Koldofsky let me read it. It has quotations from L.M.L. about our visit to Spirdonova.

Yes, *Paris of Glory* is the most impressive work of the war. No wonder it did not succeed as a play and no one will make a picture of it. It will certainly never be permitted in Russia. I am sure the corruption and criminal callousness of Kossolant and the others is not only typically French. The same must have happened in all the armies. It is an overwhelming work.

Charlie you asked about the recipe of the Vornough. It is four bottles of red or white wine, one bottle of alcohol, a kilo five sugar and six or eight bitter oranges, mixed every day for two weeks. Then strained & bottled and left to stand for another two weeks. Auntie does not know the herb which should be added to it, but it is just as good without.

I must close now. This may also reach you for Christmas. If it does not my registered letter containing four pounds with a little note will surely arrive Tuesday if not before it was mailed this morning. Do forget you troubles on Christmas dear. Have a good dinner and a picture. I will write you a New Year's letter.

With love to her and you.

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JEWISH WEEKLY

46 WEST 17TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

20-е декабрь, 1935

Дорогой друг Эмма :-

Ма ота, Морана и ф
и нем Вам Ханс у нас поменял
к Внаво = Касуносуцу рз.

В наше дни нужно особое
упорство, чтобы радоваться жизни,
быть довольным, быть на высоте
нашего. Мы оба Вам желаем
этого упорства жить и - бороться.

Видна ли эта изданка, так
мы поставили нашему доктору
Ваше? К сожалению, ограниченные
средства не позволяют нам сделать
Нашу работу.

Ваша статья "Обе Кингс-уэ-
нования, их мне передали, и
английский.

Бабушка у нас Бабушка у нас

guy has, woman's grass, k̄a ba
jump with her dress.
K̄ene aṣṣuṣu ba

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Published Weekly Since 1899

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Freie Arbeiter Stimme

HEBREW WEEKLY

48 WEST 17th STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

2

Здравствуйте, всем - Г. В. В.
Нашим друзьям написали нам слова
хотят пригласить в 3-4
недели Г. - Г. товарища.
Ко Дню рождения Рави, нас
будет несколько хороших статей.
А Вашей статьи не будет?
Маме.

Наша работа труднее чем.
Сейчас она тоже закончена: в унаверсе-
нстве и в детском саду.

Рудольф раз'езжает по провин-
ции. Масса огорчений.

Маме здесь. Ей тоже не легко.

Простите за не веселое
наше письмо и будьте здоровы

Ваш Марк

Маме
Наш
Еврей
Книжечка

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 22, London [to] Evelyn [Scott, Walberswick, England] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 20 × 16 cm.

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London Dec. 22nd 35.

18499

Dearest Evelyn, Thank you loads for your sweet Christmas greetings and for the new Year. I had planned to send you a card, but then decided to make it a letter instead, as usual I had ever so many things to do. You will appreciate this when I tell you that all of last week I was out to some affair twice every day, what with the strain of riding long distances apart I was completely exhausted when I returned each night. The worst of it is nothing comes from meeting people. And yet that seems to be the only way in this strange land if one wants to gain ground.

However the encouraging signs have not come from the people I have so far met, about hundred I am sure.

Whatever headway I will make will be as a result of my first visit to a town. For instance: My Leeds visit has so impressed the organization I lectured for they want another date. In Plymouth it was even more sweeping. The dramatic society I addressed has written me for a series of lectures on the drama, and my own comrades want me there for another series of lectures on social topics. The main thing therefore will be ~~how~~ how to get to new places. I am sure it will lead to something else. I rather think I will get response to the two circular letters we are sending out right after Christmas, one to dramatic societies, one to the Workers Educational League. Even before the letter has gone out I have been invited by the Cardiff District secretary to give dates to the National Labor Colleges of South Wales. In this city I have again three lectures in Jan and two outside the city. You see my dearest it does look a little more cheering than when I wrote you last.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 22, London [to] Evelyn [Scott, Walberswick, England] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 20 × 16 cm.

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18420

My dearest wishes are so futile. Yet we could not sustain life in this rotten world of ours if we did not go on wishing and hoping for something more cheerful and worth while than we have now. So I wish for you and Jack a very pleasant Christmas, and a most eventful and happy New Year. Mainly I wish you both improved health.

My cold and cough are still trying. And as I begin to lecture again the 5th of Jan. I dare not move about too much.

I even refused a most urgent invitation from friends of mine in Bristol to spend the holiday week with them, so you see my dearest you are not the only one I must neglect until the weather changes a bit for the better.

Give my best holiday greetings to Jack,

With loads of love to you my dear,

Devotedly.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 22, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Nice, Dec. 22, 35

Dearest Em, meant to write to you for several days, but somehow there is nothing really to say. But now I received a letter from Sandstrom, addressed Oshers Amie, which I assume is meant also for you. The letter is in French and he asks me to communicate its contents to Stein in case the latter will not understand it — so after all he must want the letter for me and Mado.

The letter is about the plans and expense of building that little house Mado wanted on his place in St. Tr. I am mailing Sand's letter and the drawings to Mado. Briefly, Sand has figured out that it will cost about 40,000 (forty thousand fr.) to build it and he asks Stein to let him know at once whether building should be started.

Now, I had asked repeatedly Mado in letters about his St. Tr. place and that he should write to Sandstr. about it. Evidently Mado had not done so. The plans and drawings of Sand show that he has put in considerable time and work on the matter. I am telling Mado that he simply must write Sand. about it and also consider the work he had done.

Sand sends greeting to us all and says that he is worse off than even this summer, because the office for which he was consulting engineer has informed him that they don't need his services any longer. So now "my small income is even smaller than it was in the summer", Sandstr. writes. The tone of his letter is very sad. I wrote to him and to Madame.

Well, dear, I already wrote you about Plymouth. I am very glad you had success there, everything considered. I only wish you would have similar success in London and other big cities. But after all you're right: there is nothing like hard work and perseverance. And if you could remain in England and had at least a couple of good helpers, I am sure you would accomplish things.

I hope you are entirely recovered from your cold, dear heart. Take care of yourself particularly in London. I wonder how your room is now. There has been a cold spell here and no doubt too in England and I am afraid you must be freezing again. But now the spell is breaking here — this evening it looks like rain.

December 23rd. Good morning, dearest Em. I was not wrong yesterday, I can always feel rain coming. Today it is pouring.

Received this morning your registered with 4 pounds in it. Now, dear, I am afraid you are robbing yourself. As I wrote you the other day, I drew on your check one thousand francs (instead of five hundred). Paid with it the rent up to the end of this year and I still have several hundred francs on hand. So we are OK. And now come your 4 pounds and Emmie's sister Katie, of Chicago, sent her \$25. Usually she sends her for her birthday or for Xmas ten dollars. This time she sent more because Emmie's mother is also hard up now and can't send her any gift. The most unexpected thing is that yesterday we received a letter from the wife of Harry Ballantine with a Xmas gift of one pound for Emmy "to get a Xmas chicken". We had not heard from them since they were here in Nice about two years ago.

I wonder if you remember a comrade in Paris by the name of Landau. Used to be

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2



in England in the past. Well, about a year ago he asked me to ask the Los Angel. comrades to get him over there. He is a good tailor, but of course he has no right to work now. I wrote to Dr. Reis in Los Angeles, who knows London, but of course I am afraid the people there can't do much for him. Anyhow, now I got word from London, from Paris, that he had been run over by an auto, hurt very seriously and spent ten weeks in a hospital. He is out now, but in bad condition, of course, in every way. & I think he has a wife and even a child, too, I believe. You can imagine his condition, and theirs. Life is certainly a rotten business.

Got a letter today f om Stella. That poor girl is certainly being worked to death. Nothing special in her letter. Evidently written in a hurry and harassed at the fact that she had not written me for a long time.

Also a letter from Minna, and nothing special in it also. Says she and the other comrades sent me a wire from that social, the one signed ONAYARIM. But she does not refer in any way to any financial matters.

Enough for today, dear. We'll sure have a drink on you (or better, a chicken) on Xmas and may you spend the day in good company and get some cheer for your further work. May send love. She has had another relapse and has not been in the mood of writing, but "otherwise" she's O.K. as the Jews say.

I embrace you affectionately, dear heart.

Kindly remember me to the Koldofskys, to Doris Thook and other friends.

P.S. In the last package, received a couple of days ago, there was the N.Y. Times Literary part. But the Nations, about which you wrote, did NOT arrive yet. May be delayed.

P.S.S. Dear I have word from Mollie re binding. The CHEAPEST house she could find in Paris is J.M.MARTIN, see card enclosed. Better keep that card. 10.50 fr. per binding, for 50 books. I think it is an outrageously high price, but apparently nothing cheaper can be had. I wonder whether it would pay to send the sheets and have them bound here or in Paris. What is the price of binding in London, I wonder. We could find out what the duty is on imported bound books here, and if the binding is cheaper in London, then may be it would pay to have it done there. What do you think, dear? Let me know.

Love

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[Letter] 1935 Dec. 23, New York [to] Emma Goldman, London / Alfred A. Knopf. —
1 p. ; 20 × 13 cm.
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ALFRED A. KNOPF, Inc.
730 FIFTH AVENUE
New York

Office of the President

December 23, 1935.

Dear Miss Goldman:

We have tried in almost every way possible to get an English publisher to take up a cheaper edition of *LIVING MY LIFE*, but so far without success. I am sending you a copy under separate cover and hope it reaches you safely.

Mr. Postgate is in the London telephone book; his address is 45 Hendon Lane, N.3.

With kindest regards and every good wish to you for the New Year, I am

Yours sincerely,

Alfred A. Knopf

Miss Emma Goldman
70, Leechcroft Court
London, N.W.11

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 24, London [to Henrietta Posner, Rochester, N.Y.] / E[mma] Goldman. — 3 p. ; 29 × 22 cm.

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London, Dec. 24, 1935.

Dear Friends:

You will want to know how I am faring in England. Well, this is my third attempt to gain a footing here. While I cannot say that I am making much headway in that direction I can at least report that there seems to be more interest in other ideas than the stereotyped political labor catechism. For instance, the left wing non-Communist elements seems to have become aware of the conservatism of their party and the compromise of political action. I do not mean to say that all of them are ready to embrace the ideas I represent. But there are a goodly number, especially in the provinces, who are strongly dissatisfied and who are eager to learn something about Anarchism and the Anarchist approach to the world situation. I consider that an advance to ten, or even three years ago, when I could budge but the merest few from the old position. This does not apply to the intelligentsia in England. These are divided into blind, deaf and dumb adherents to Moscow on one side and utter indifference on the other. Not that the latter is as conservative and hidebound as when I was here three years ago. They have somewhat awakened from their comfortable sleep that all is well in our world. But they are still too comfortable to make the least gesture to change what they have come to consider wrong in our social scheme of things. In other words, the intelligentsia whether Communistically minded or not is still sterile ground for me and I have met about hundred in this city alone.

Apropos of meeting people here, the British suffer from an overdose of what the French do not have at all. And that is social graces. They will invite you to luncheons, teas, dinners, and all sorts of parties. But not one will offer to be of the least help to get one a hearing. I have spent more time since my arrival Nov. 14th meeting people than on lectures. But as far as these gatherings are concerned, I might as well pack up and leave. Of course, if I could content myself with being entertained and fed, I could easily continue in London for months and save living expenses. But not having come to England to be lionised the hospitable receptions one is so lavishly showered with are not satisfactory.

However, I have roused interest in those who attended my lectures. True, true the audiences in London were small, except the one in the East End,, the Jewish section, where I lectured in English on "Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin," The Communists came out in full force and did everything to break up the meeting except lynch me. Nevertheless, much interest was demonstrated at this meeting and the two smaller ones. So much so that three more meetings have been arranged during next month. The larger and more wide-awake attendance was in Leeds and Plymouth. Especially in the latter. There I addressed three substantial crowds. And, I gave a fourth lecture on the Soviet Theatre for a dramatic society. The result of my Plymouth visit is an invitation from the latter for a series of six lectures, and three additional meetings that my own comrades are contemplating. In Leeds, too, I have been asked for another date. More encouraging is the request for dates from South Wales of what is known in England as The National Labor College. It is almost entirely a school for the study of Marxism. Three years ago it would have been as impossible to

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- 2 -

penetrate this holy of holies than let us say Yale University, if not more difficult. The fact of E.G. being asked to speak there is proof positive that there is an awakening in labor ranks. It is this which I consider encouraging.

Lest you think that I am on the way to such material returns that will require an extra suit-case when I leave England in the spring, I want to assure you that I will consider myself fortunate, if I manage to exist until then and have enough for my return trip. The workers in England have always been forced to figure in pennies. And not only they. Except the intelligentsia that has arrived at the top ladder of success the rest are being paid so measly, they, too, must also figure in pennies. The custom is, therefore, free admission, if these people are to attend lectures at all. I leave it to your imagination to calculate the returns that are likely to come to me for my activities. The three London meetings gave me 2 pounds. The four Plymouth Lectures the enormous sum of eight and 12 shillings and railroadfare. The Leeds visit three guineas. Bad as times are in "my" former country no organization would have offered such fees. Here it is considered a lot. Naturally, if the average pay of newspaper men, accountants, and other so-called better occupations is between 2 and 4 pounds a week, it is not to be wondered at the measly returns for lectures. Fact is lecturers are not paid in England. Most of them have other occupations from which they derive their income. So that they can afford to give their lectures to their organizations (no one here does free lance work) free of charge. This is mainly done for charitable and philanthropic work, hospitals, etc. which this immensely wealthy city cannot maintain.

However, my main concern is not material returns. It is the chance of establishing myself in England for whatever years left me in this best of worlds. Of course, one has to live, though I really do not know why. But, then, one also has to have the wherewithal of life in the South of France. I admit it is a better climate, the weather here now is atrocious. The difference is in France I am gagged and forced to inactivity. In "my" new country I can raise my voice or use my pen against our social muddle and criminal confusion. I cannot begin to tell you the relief from the ever-present spectre of expulsion that hovers over one in France. Indeed, in all other countries that might still be open to me. Even Canada where I have not yet been told to go would do so were I to treat the internal wrongs staring me in the face. Besides, it is too costly to go to Canada for a short period, and even more costly to tour Canada. And so I must plod along no matter how poor the material outlook.

I plan to stay on until spring. By that time I hope to know what prospect, if any, this country offers me as a permanent field of activity for six or seven months in the year. If I can achieve that much I will be happy to spend five or six months in St. Tropex preparing new stuff for my winter's stay in England. I admit it is the worst possible time of the year to be in this beastly climate. But anything is preferable to ending a rich and active life in the daily round of mere existence. Besides, quite a few people live in England and only eight million in this little town. Surely I will survive. So wish me luck in my quest to conquer His Majesty's subjects of whom I have the "honor" of being one.

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[Letter] 1935 Dec. 24, London [to Henrietta Posner, Rochester, N.Y.] / E[mma] Goldman.— 3 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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Once again the Anarchist position in regard to the incompetency of all Government has been proven correct. Could any non-governmental group of people have made such a mess, as the Laval-Hoar combine? Mr. Baldwin is like Wilson. He, too? promised his electors to "keep them out of war" only to plunge them to the very brink of it soon to kick them over altogether. What is a new world slaughter, if British interests in Abyssinia are at stake? Human lives were never cheaper and colonial possessions more than ever valuable. Indeed, so valuable that the British government can well afford to make a scapegoat of a foreign minister or two, if need be. On the other hand, is France terrorized by the Italian bully? Why should not its Premier be ready to satisfy his megalomania for expansion and power? Politicians and statesmen never learn anything. Else the Lavals, the Hoars and Baldwins and the masters whom they serve would not have taken it for granted that they can fool the masses as easily as their prewar conferees did. Not that it will make the postwar gang in Government seats wiser now that the people in England have so unanimously forced the Baldwins and Lavals to admit their criminal blunder in re the Italic-Abyssinia "peace" offers. But it is nonetheless encouraging to find the masses up in arms against the attempted ganster deal.

For myself, I consider the whole business of sanctions a fake devised hargely by this country to safeguard its own imperialist designs. Shaw wisely said: "the English first find a principle. Then nail it to the mast of ships heavily laden with whisky and ammunition to make the savage heathens accept that principle." A fot lot England cares for the Abyssinians. It does care a great deal to safeguard fascism for Mussolini. It is, therefore, the height of stupidity to believe that Great Britain or any other strong government has any intention to enforce sanctions. Yet, the Labor Party in this country and the Communists have fallen for the bait. Instead of calling upon the workers to declare an international boycott against Mussolini. That alone would spoil that madman's campaign and inspire the Italian masses to get rid of him and his black regime. The British transport workers have proven the force of such a step, when they refused to transport arms for the interventionists in Russia. And I am certain the same could have been achieved and more had the British Labor Party and the French Syndicalists remained true to their claims. As to the Communists, they must abide by Moscow's decision. And Moscow now prefers co-operation with the great powers to any support it might get from international labor. Such is the bitter irony on the Russian Revolution guilloined by "our great, our wonderful, our precious leader and teacher Stalin."

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s/ E. Goldman

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[Letter] 1935 Dec. 24, London [to Leon Malmed, Albany, N.Y.] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 22 x 18 cm.

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London, Dec. 24, 1935.

[enclosure?]

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- 2 -

Lest you think that I am on the way to such material returns that will require an extra suit-case when I leave England in the spring, I want to assure you that I will consider myself fortunate, if I manage to exist until then and have enough for my return trip. The workers in England have always been forced to figure in pennies. And not only they. Except the intelligentsia that has arrived at the top ladder of success the rest are being paid so measly, they, too, must also figure in pennies. The custom is, therefore, free admission, if these people are to attend lectures at all. I leave it to your imagination to calculate the returns that are likely to come to me for my activities. The three London meetings gave me 2 pounds. The four Plymouth lectures the enormous sum of eight and 12 shillings and railroad fare. The Leeds visit three guineas. Bad as times are in "my" former country no organization would have offered such fees. Here it is considered a lot. Naturally, if the average pay of newspaper men, accountants, and other so-called better occupations is between 2 and 4 pounds a week, it is not to be wondered at the measly returns for lectures. Fact is lecturers are not paid in England. Most of them have other occupations from which they derive their income. So that they can afford to give their lectures to their organizations (no one here does free lance work) free of charge. This is mainly done for charitable and philanthropic work, hospitals, etc. which this immensely wealthy city cannot maintain.

However, my main concern is not material returns. It is the chance of establishing myself in England for whatever years left me in this best of worlds. Of course, one has to live, though I really do not know why. But then, one also has to have the wherewithal of life in the South of France. I admit it is a better climate, the weather here now is atrocious. The difference is in France I am gagged and forced to inactivity. In "my" new country I can raise my voice or use my pen against our social muddle and criminal confusion. I cannot begin to tell you the relief from the ever-present spectre of expulsion that hovers over one in France. Indeed, in all other countries that might still be open to me. Even Canada where I have not yet been told to go would do so were I to treat the internal wrongs staring me in the face. Besides, it is too costly to go to Canada for a short period, and even more costly to tour Canada. And so I must plod along no matter how poor the material outlook.

I plan to stay on until spring. By that time I hope to know what prospect, if any, this country offers me as a permanent field of activity for six or seven months in the year. If I can achieve that much I will be happy to spend five or six months in St. Tropez preparing new stuff for my winter's stay in England. I admit it is the worst possible time of the year to be in this beautiful climate. But anything is preferable to ending a rich and active life in the daily round of mere existence. Besides, quite a few people live in England and only eight million in this little town. Surely I will survive. So wish me luck in my quest to conquer His Majesty's subjects of whom I have the "honor" of being one.

Once again the Anarchist position in regard to the incompetency of all government has been proven correct. Could any non-governmental group of people have made such a mess, as the Laval-Roar combine? Mr. Baldwin is like Wilson. He, too, promised his electors to "keep them out of war" only to plunge them to the very brink of it soon to kick them over altogether. What is a new world slaughter, if British interests in Abyssinia are at stake? Human lives were never

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[Letter] 1935 Dec. 24, London [to Leon Malmé, Albany, N.Y.] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 22 x 18 cm.

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- 3 -

cheaper and colonial possessions more than ever valuable. Indeed, so valuable that the British government can well afford to make a scape-goat of a foreign minister or two, if need be. On the other hand, is France terrorised by the Italian bully? Why should not its Premier be ready to satisfy his megalomania for expansion and power? Politicians and statesmen never learn anything. Else the Laval, the Hoare and Baldwin and the masters whom they serve would not have taken it for granted that they can fool the masses as easily as their prewar confreres did. Not that it will make the postwar gang in government seats wiser now that the people in England have so unanimously forced the Baldwins and Laval to admit their criminal blunder in re the ~~the~~ Italo-Abyssinia "peace" offers. But it is nonetheless encouraging to find the masses up in arms against the attempted gangster deal.

For myself, I consider the whole business of sanctions a fake devised largely by this country to safeguard its own imperialist designs. Shew wisely said: "the English first find a principle. Then nail it to the mast of ships heavily laden with whisky and ammunition to make the savage heathens accept that principle." A fat lot England cares for the Abyssinians. It does care a great deal to safeguard fascism for Mussolini. It is, therefore, the height of stupidity to believe that Great Britain or any other strong government has any intention to enforce sanctions. Yet, the Labor Party in this country and the Communists have fallen for the bait. Instead of calling upon the workers to declare an international boycott against Mussolini. That alone would spoil that madman's campaign and inspire the Italian masses to get rid of him and his black regime. The British transport workers have proven the force of such a step, when they refused to transport arms for the interventionists in Russia. And I am certain the same could have been achieved and more had the British Labor Party and the French Syndicalists remained true to their claims. As to the Communists, they must abide by Moscow's decision. And Moscow now prefers co-operation with the great powers to any support it might get from international labor. Such is the bitter irony on the Russian Revolution guillotined by "our great, our wonderful, our precious leader and teacher Stalin."

The Emma Goldman Papers

860227141

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 24, London [to Esther Laddon?, Toronto] / [Emma Goldman].—
4 p.; 29 x 22 cm.
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C O R Y

LONDON, Dec. 24th, 1935.

Dear Friends:

You will want to know how I am faring in England. Well, this is my third attempt to gain a footing here. While I cannot say that I am making much headway in that direction, I can at least report that there seems to be more interest in other ideas than the stereotyped political labour catechism. For instance, the Left Wing non-Communist elements seem to have become aware of the conservatism of their Party and the compromise of political action. I do not mean to say that all of them are ready to embrace the ideas I represent. But there are a goodly number, especially in the provinces, who are strongly dissatisfied and who are eager to learn something about Anarchism and the Anarchist approach to the world situation. I consider this some advance, as compared with ten, or even three years ago, when I could budge but the merest few from the old position. This does not apply to the intelligentsia in England. They are divided into blind, deaf and dumb adherents of Moscow on one side, and utter indifference on the other. Not that the latter is as conservative and hidebound as when I was here three years ago. They have somewhat awakened from their comfortable sleep that all is well in our world. But they are still too comfortable to make the least gesture to change what they have come to consider wrong in our social scheme of things. In other words, the intelligentsia, whether Communistically minded or not, is still sterile soil for me, and I have met about a hundred in this city alone.

Apres of meeting people here, the British suffer from an overdose of what the French do not have at all, and that is social grace. They will invite you to luncheons, teas, dinners and all sorts of parties. But not one will offer to be of the least help to get one a hearing. I have spent more time since my arrival (Nov. 14th) meeting people than on lectures. But as far as these gatherings are concerned, I might as well pack up and leave. Of course, if I could content myself with being entertained and fed, I could easily continue in London for months and save living expenses. But, not having come to England to be lionised, the hospitable receptions one is so lavishly showered with are not satisfactory.

However, I have renewed interest in those who attend my lectures. True, the audiences in London were small, except the one in the East End, the Jewish section, where I lectured in English on MUSSOLINI, HITLER and STALIN. The Communists came out in force and did everything to break up the meeting, except lynch me. Nevertheless, much interest was demonstrated at this meeting and the two smaller ones. So much so that three more meetings have been arranged for next month. The larger and more wide-awake

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C O P Y (2)

attendance was in Leeds and Plymouth. Especially in the latter. There I addressed three substantial audiences, and I gave a fourth lecture on the Soviet Theatre for a Dramatic society. The result of my Plymouth visit is an invitation from the latter for a series of six lectures, and three additional meetings that my own comrades are contemplating. In Leeds, too, I have been asked the another date. More encouraging still is the request for dates from South Wales of what is known in England as THE NATIONAL LABOUR COLLEGE. It is almost entirely a school for the study of Marxism. Three years ago it would have been as impossible to penetrate this holy of holies as, let us say, Yale University; if not more difficult. The fact of E.G. being asked to speak there is proof positive that there is an awakening in Labour ranks. It is this which I consider encouraging.

Let's you think that I am on the way of such material returns that will require an extra suitcase when I leave England in the spring. I want to assure you that I will consider myself fortunate if I manage to exist until then and have enough for my return trip. The workers in England have always been forced to figure in pennies. And not only they. Except the intelligentsia that has arrived at the top rung of success, the rest are being paid so meagrely, they too must figure in pennies. The custom is therefore "free" admission if these people are to attend lectures at all. I leave it to your imagination to calculate the returns that are likely to come from my activities. The three London meetings gave me £2 (two pounds). The four Plymouth lectures, the enormous sum of eight and 12 shillings and railroad fare. The Leeds visit three guineas. Bad as times are in "my" former country, no organisation there would have offered such fees. Here it is considered a lot. Naturally, if the average pay of newspaper men, accountants and other so-called better occupations is between £3 and £4 a week, it is not to be wondered at the meagre returns for lectures. Fact is, lecturers are not paid in England; most of them have other occupations from which they derive their income. So that they can afford to give their lectures to their organisation (and no one here does free lance work) free of charge. This is mainly done for charitable and philanthropic work, hospitals, etc., which this immensely wealthy city cannot maintain!

However, my main concern is not material returns. It is the chance of establishing myself in England for whatever years are left me in this best of worlds. Of course, one has to live, though I really do not know why. But then one also has to have the wherewithal of life in the South of France. I admit it is a better climate - the weather here now is atrocious. The difference is, in France I am gagged and forced to inactivity. In "my"

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new country I can raise my voice or use my pen against our social muddle and criminal confusion. I cannot begin to tell you the relief from the ever present spectre of expulsion that hovers over me in France, indeed in all other countries that might still be open to me. Even Canada, where I have not yet been told to go, would do as were I to treat the internal wrongs staring me in the face. Besides, it is too costly to go to Canada for a short time and even more costly to tour Canada. And so I must plod along, no matter how poor the material outlook.

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Once again, the Anarchist position in regard to the incompetency of all government has been proven correct. Could any non-governmental group of people have made such a mess as the Laval-Eoare combine? Mr. Baldwin is like Wilson. He too promised his electors to "keep them out of war", only to plunge them to the very brink of it and soon to kick them over altogether. What is a new world slaughter if British interests in Abyssinia are at stake? Human lives were never cheaper and Colonial possessions more than ever valuable. Indeed, so valuable that the British Government can well afford to make a scapegoat of a Foreign Minister or two, if need be. On the other hand is France, terrorised by the Italian bully. Why should not its Premier be ready to satisfy his negationists for expansion and power? Politicians and statesmen never learn anything. Otherwise the Lavals, the Eoares, the Baldwins and the masters whom they serve would not have taken it for granted that they can fool the masses as easily as their pre-War confreres did. Not that it will make the post-War gang in Government seats wiser now that the people in England have so unanimously forced the Baldwins and Lavals to admit their criminal blunder in re Italo-Abyssinia "peace" offers. But it is none the less encouraging to find the masses up in arms against the attempted gangster deal.

For myself, I consider the whole business of sanctions a fake devised largely by this country to safeguard its own imperialistic designs. Shaw spoke wisely when he wrote that the English first find a principle; then nail it to the mast of ships heavily laden with whisky and ammunition to make the savage heathens accept that principle. A fat lot England cares for the Abyssinians! It does

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C O P Y (4)

care a great deal to safeguard Fascism for Mussolini. It is therefore the height of stupidity to believe that Gt. Britain or any other strong Government has any intention to enforce sanctions. Yet the Labour Party in this country and the Communists have fallen for the bait, instead of calling upon the workers to declare an international campaign and inspire the Italian masses to get rid of Mussolini and his black regime. The British Transport workers have proven the force of such a step when they refused to transport ammunition to the Interventionists in Russia. More could have been achieved had the British Labour Party and the French Syndicalists remained true to their claims. As to the Communists, they must abide by the Moscow decisions. And Moscow now prefers coöperation with the Great Powers to any support it might get from International Labour. Such is the bitter irony on the Russian Revolution guillotined by "our great, our wonderful, our precious leader and teacher Stalin".

Fraternally,

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[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 24, London [to] Grace [Kimmerling Wellington, Pittsburgh, Pa.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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London Dec. 24th 35.

Dearest Grace. I have thought of you a great deal since I returned to France and came here. I feared you had failed to benefit by your operation and that you were too ill to write. Your letter of Nov 11th which followed me around and reached me here last week was therefore very welcome indeed. It made me glad to learn ~~xxxxxxx~~ that you continue to be ~~xxxxxxx~~ pursued by the furies with so much illness, and now the cruel loss of your little niece. Yet I felt relief knowing that your health has improved somewhat. I have been fortunate in a ~~good~~ strong constitution. But I can visualize what it must mean to be ailing all the time in addition to the awful material struggle. I know something of the latter I can tell you.

My own prolonged silence was due to a frightful reaction I suffered when I came back from Canada. I did not realize while I was in Canada how hard I worked during my stay. For months during the summer I felt all spent. No energy or desire left to ~~an~~ attempt writing. In addition to, and I had all sorts of shocks, not the least among them the misunderstanding about the Rucker translation which made us both very unhappy. Anyhow, I just drifted until the 18th of Oct. Then stopped off in Paris for three weeks on my way to England where I arrived the 14th of Nov. The inclosed copy of a short ~~short~~ account of my doings there so far and the outlook for the coming year. You will see that I am quite determined not to continue my utterly futile life which I am forced to live if I remain in France. I don't say I will succeed in establishing myself here. But at least I must make a supreme effort to succeed. I have made the first faltering steps. The next four months will prove whether ~~it~~ I have made some head or not at all.

To come back to the Rucker translation. Are there any group of people in the world who are such adepts in misconstruing everything as our own comrades. This about the translation having been taken out of ~~xxxx~~ Sasha's hands is so preposterous, so twisted gossip of the worst set of females can equal that. The fact is ~~Sanja~~ suggested more than a year ago that another translator should be found who might do the work quicker than he. At that time Sasha was a very sick man. He could only work a few hours a day which much delayed the translation. The Rucker Committee and Rucker himself refused to consider ~~Sasha's~~ suggestion. ~~xxxx~~ After the first part was finished and Rudolf for the first time expressed satisfaction with some translated part Sasha immediately insisted that the work be turned over to another translator. He even went farther, he offered to return part of the money sent him by the R. Committee towards the expense of a new man. Of course, we had no money. But as neither Sasha or I would stand for any money misunderstandings I wrote R.R. that if need be I would sell Bon Esprit to make good any loss the Committee may have sustained. It was therefore ~~Sanja~~ who gave up the job willingly. And no such nonsical suggestion that it was "taken out of his hands". For the rest I inclose a copy of a letter I wrote to a friend in Los Angeles who is on the R. Committee of that city. You will gather from it that the unfortunate business which has cost Sasha and me much suffering has in no way changed our relation with R.R. Our friendship and love for the man will live for ever. We recognize, ~~Sasha~~ even more than

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I that R. has the right to decide whether the translation was to his liking or not. We do feel that his judgment of English is not good. That Sasha is more competent in that regard than he. But after all he is the author. But the business was damned painful and just ruined the summer for both of us.

You can readily see dearest how impossible it was for me to concentrate on the new book. I feel utterly disgusted with myself for having consented to the appeal for that purpose. Not that the few who have contributed did so in a spirit of what would bind me to a certain time when the book should be finished. Still, it was foolish to give this as the purpose when the idea itself was hazy in my mind. Then too is the feeling that no one, or very few want anything I write. The poor sale of A.S.L. is proof positive for that. Formerly the high price of the book was the excuse. Well, the \$3 edition has been out two years. Do you suppose the sales have increased? Not a bit of it. True, also, but know is largely to blame. He has done nothing to place the book before the reading public. Still it is disheartening to see one's supreme efforts go by the board, and it paralyzes me for any other literary attempt. I suppose I will write it someday if only to keep faith with the people who have contributed their small mite to the fund. There is precious little left of it by now, but all this is not important. The most compelling issue to me is to get a footing in the one country where I need not be haunted by the spectre of being kicked out. Later I will see about ~~xxxxxx~~ the new book.

Dearest, please do not approach anyone of the Pittsburgh lot for money for J. or myself. No one, not even Jake have the slightest interest whether we starve or get along. And I simply want nothing from people and I am sure not her does Sasha who have to be cajoled in to showing some friendly or comradely feeling. So you must not use up your depleted energy in any attempt to disturb these people so taken up with their daily round of nothingness. I admit Sasha's condition is even more precarious than mine because he can not budge from Franco and, as no country will admit him, and living cut off from any important center he can also not hope for some sort of work. A committee consisting of some members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and our own comrades had undertaken to raise a substantial sum as a gift to Sasha's 65th birthday. All they did raise were five hundred dollars. And outside of a few very close comrades not a line was sent to Sasha by anyone in the U.S. An article about his life and work in a Dutch paper brought him thirty letters of greetings. In America where he had worked and suffered 35 years no one remembered him. Not that birthdays have any meaning. Still it is a commentary on the fleeting aspect of human memory. And so Sasha Berkman is forced to live in isolation and material uncertainty and Frick is being hailed as the great art ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ lover and benefactor of the communal spirit. It makes me weep tears of blood.

My dear, my dear I am very happy indeed to know that your poetry is receiving some recognition, if only scantily so. I wish it could also bring some material return. For while man does

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[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 24, London [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / Emma [Goldman].— 3 p.; 26 x 21 cm.

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London Dec. 24th 35.

Frank my Dear. This letter will not sail until Monday when there is a fairly fast boat. I am writing it to day because I happen to have a free afternoon. I received your loving letter with the clipping enclosed, the answer to Ben R.'s babble. What an idea of the comrades take the man seriously. I am certain no one else in Chicago did. In point of fact no one except myself ever did. And I paid dearly for it. Now what effect did the comrades think would or could Bens babbling about violence have on people? As if he is the first one to lay such stupid charges at the feet of anarchism? One could never have done anything else had one found it necessary to reply to such silly charges. In any event your ~~letter~~ reply has only added to the pathological craving for publicity and notoriety of Ben. And since you submitted to the "wisdom" of our comrades to drag in A. traditions, your letter was not strong enough to counteract the report of Bens speech. I hope my dear that you will in the future follow your own bent to ~~write~~ meet some idiotic charges against our ideas in your own way. It will be more forceful and devastating.

Dear heart you have no reasons to envy Ben the years with me. We had no easy time I can tell you. For people whose worlds are so far apart as ours have been and will always continue to be must needs clash. Clash cruelly all the time. It was Bens luck that his sensibilities had never been sharpened. He easily overcame every conflict which lacerated my soul. But his vanity and ambition suffered keenly because Sasha and I were critical of his dreams of greatness. In point of fact, he has never forgiven us that offense. Neither has he forgiven me his portrait in A.L.L. His complaint is that I had misrepresented him, made him appear a coward, liar and what not. Now Ben did not have it easy while with me. True, neither did I. In any event you need not begrudge or envy him his life with me and his being in our ranks. In justice to Ben I must say that no man in my life, not even Sasha had ever consecrated himself to my work as Ben had. I rather think he was sincere when he worked day and night to make my tours successful and to mesmerize people into buying our literature. He has a knack for that as no one I have known. Of course in that too he was largely the born Barnum and Bailey all in one. But he did render inestimable service to the movement and he relieved me of the detail of tours that used to sap me out. Nor do I wish to forget the elemental force Ben was in my life. The price was high. But I do not regret it. If only he would be content with that. But no, he clings to his past in our ranks and he uses this to make people think that he is still an anarchist, or ever was, well let him. After all, no one harms another by such sensational stunts as he harms himself. Certainly, I would never reply to Ben publicly as he said or did. It would only add to his obsession for publicity.

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Another motive is, that I cannot bear to be so far from Sasha knowing that he is not strong. I can always fly back to France from here. I could not from C. I admit the very thought of anything happening to Sasha when I am far away freezes my blood. There is the fact that Canada also meant a bitter struggle with very poor results. It is the property of our people in Canada.

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But of the few Jewish comrades in Toronto, there is only one, Morosky Glessecke, the secretary of the organization. And there are very few outside of our circle who are interested to make me want to return. If at least I had some hope of entering America again for six months or so, I would go to Canada. For it would mean seeing you again for a longer period than merely two weeks and my own beloved members of our family, to repeat the many comrades and friends and the chance of once more being heard in the States. But I have no such expectations, not for the coming year anyway. All, in all, it is preferable to try it out here.

After all, England is Europe and it has a culture that I need almost as much as food, music, the arts, the theatre. As far as our movement is concerned it is also poor in material though we have more comrades than in Canada. And as I have explained in my reports there is a large awakened labor element to draw from and dramatic groups that might be reached. Whether I will succeed is another matter. In any event I ~~will~~ will not fare worse than in Canada and I may fare through. I mean to try hard. I need peace of mind Frank dear. I hope to find it so long as the sea is between us. I am definitely set it should continue because I can not bear the tear and wear of futile longing, or nearness which is yet so far. I know you will understand and that you will help me.

If only wishes would ever come true the new year would fulfill all your hearts desire. I can but wish fervently that you may have an eventful and rich year. I do that with all my heart.

I wish Mary better health, many rich and vital experiences and much joy. And Harriet as well of course.

Adieu revolve my dearest Frank.
Devotedly.

Emma

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[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 24, London [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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That Ben is accepted in universities merely shows the shallowness of the American "learned" profession. These people have helped very considerably to increase his self importance and his truly diseased craving to shine as a "sociologist, and writer. The

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Ben is a strange creature. He never tires assuring me that all he knows and is he owes to me. His actions do not substantiate this although he hangs on to ~~my~~ the past of dear life. I don't know whether you saw his SECOND Oldest Profession. He has dedicated the book to A.G. who had taught him that men and women would never be free until they learned not to exploit or be exploited. Whatever a book on pimps have to do with me I can not understand. But since a man takes pride in such a dedication you would assume that the book would contain at least a reference to the effect of exploitation on human conduct. Not a word. The economic factor is nowhere mentioned. But Jesus is. If only pimps, prostitutes and the rest of the unfortunates would only turn to Jesus all would be well with them. The joke of it is Ben expects me to speak about his book. He actually wrote his publisher in London to get in touch with me. And what other reason could have motivated him to do so except the hope that I would handle that work? Well, poor Ben has a bitter disappointment coming. Not for worlds do I want to be connected with any of Ben's writing. He once asked me to let him have a chapter for his new book by some silly title. He was furious when I refused. It is the same old Ben and the same lack of sense for proportion. I think you once put the nail on the head when you wrote of Ben's exhibitionism. It is really that more than deliberation or wilfulness. But enough of him.

I inclose a copy of a rough account I have written to inclose in letters to my American and Canadian correspondents about my doings here. Its rotten typing but I have no one to help with secretarial work and I have little time to do everything. You may wonder why I am so set on gaining ground in England? I will give you three reasons. First is my slow but sure realisation that Canada while bringing you to me for a fortnight or so will not make our ~~xxxxxx~~ help our love except for a few moments. And as I wrote you in my last letter the separation and the painful wait for word from you have been so enervating I really cannot continue the process. After all distance does eventually have a soothing effect. Being in Canada, so near you would only open up the wound and make it bleed again. I could not face it. I do not want you to think that my love for you has diminished, or that it will ever die. It is so rare an experience for one in my age it simply cannot happen again. But I found this summer that it is impossible to long for a human being with every fiber of one's spirit and have any interest in anything else. I might as well confess that ~~xxxxxx~~ my ever present thoughts of you simply unfitted me for the task of the book your suggestion had wished on me. It would be worse in Canada. That's why I do not want to go there.

Another motive is that I cannot bear to be so far from Sasha knowing that he is not strong. I can always fly back to France from here. I could not from C. I admit the very thought of anything happening to Sasha when I am far away freezes my blood. Then there is the fact that Canada also meant a bitter struggle with very poor results. ~~xxxxxx~~ Lastly is the poverty of our ranks in Canada. All in all I feel

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870916100

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 24, London [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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3

Outside of the few Jewish comrades in Toronto, there is only one active in Montreal, there is only Dorothy Giessecke the secretary of the group I organized. And there are very few outside of our ranks interested or interesting to make me want to return. If at least I had some hope of entering America again for six months or so. I would go to Canada. For it would mean seeing you again for a longer period ~~thx~~ than measely two weeks and my own beloved members of our family, not to sepak the many comrades and friends and the chance of once more being heard in the States. But I have no such expectations, not for ~~next~~ the coming year anyway. All, in all, it is preferable to try it out here.

After all, England is Europe and it has a culture that I need almost as much as food. Music, the arts, the theatre. As far as our movement is concerned it is also poor in material though we have more comrades than in Canada. And as I have explained in my reports there is a large awakened labor element to draw from and dramatic groups that might be reached. Whether I will succeed is another matter. In any event I ~~will~~ will not fare worse than in Canada and I may bore through. I mean to try hard. I need peace of mind Frank dear. I hope to find it so long as the sea is between us. I am difinitely set it should continue because I can not bear the tear and wear of futile longing, or nearness which is yet so far. I know you will understand and that you will help me.

If only wishes would ever come ~~thxx~~ true the new Year would fulfill all your hearts desire. I can but wish fervently that you may have an eventful and rich year. I do that with all my heart.

I wish Mary better health, many rich and vital experiences and much joy. And Harriet as well of course.

ou revoire my dearest Frank.
Devotedly.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

890317088

[Letter, 1935 Dec. 24, London [to Max Nettlau, Vienna] / E[mma] G[oldman].—
1 p.; 23 × 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Max Nettlau Archive.

N.

My dear Max,
I am writing you a Christmas greeting and
a few lines to let you know that this will reach you for
Christmas which I always like better than Christmas. May your
health continue during the coming year. I know your spirit will be as
good as it has always been.

You may have wondered why I have failed to
write for so long, no other reason except that I had nothing interesting
to report. At least not since my return from Canada last May. Now
that I am here trying once more to gain ground in England I am inclos-
ing a copy of a short account I have written for my American comrades
and friends. I am also inclosing a copy of a letter written to a
friend in Los Angeles. Do not get the impression that our
friendship with A.R. Berkman and mine have undergone the least change
because of the misunderstanding of the translation. We think too
much of him and love him too dearly to object to his right to
a translation according to his own heart. I am not being parcel in
saying that few translators are as able as A.R. either would they
understand the spirit of R.R. so completely as he. But after all the
author and not the translator has the right to decide how he wants his
work rendered into another language.

Don't reward evil for evil. Write me soon and tell
me how you are and what you have been doing.

With best wishes for the New Year.

Affectionately,
Emma Goldman

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The Emma Goldman Papers

890317089

[Letter, 1935 Dec. 24, London to Max Nettlau, Vienna (enclosure)] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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*Mr. Leaper gave a bottle field and d
will note to do.* London Dec. 24th 35. JG N

Dear friends. You will want to know how I am faring in England. Well, this is my third attempt to gain a footing here. While I can not say that I am making much headway in that direction I can at least report that there seems to be more interest in other ideas than the stereotyped political labor catholicism. For instance, the left wing more communist elements seem to have become aware of the conservatism of their party and the compromise of political action. I do not mean to say that all of them are ready to embrace ~~my~~ the ideas I represent. But there are a goodly number, especially in the provinces who are strongly dissatisfied and who are ~~making~~ eager to learn something about anarchism and the anarchist approach to the world situation. I consider that an advance to ten, or even three years ago when I could budge but the nearest few from the old position. This does not apply to the intelligentsia in England. These are divided into blind, deaf and dumb adherents to Moscow on one side, and utter indifference on the other. Not that the latter is as conservative and hidebound as when I was here three years ago. They somewhat awakened from their comfortable sleep that all is well in our world. But they are still too comfortable to make the least gesture to change what they have come to consider wrong in our social scheme of things. In other words, the intelligentsia whether communistically minded or not is still sterile ground for me, and I have met about hundred in this city alone.

14/11 --propos of meeting people here, the British suffer from an overdose of what the French do not have at all. And that is social graces. They will invite you to luncheons, teas, dinners and all sorts of parties. But not one will offer to be of the least help to get one a hearing. I have spent more time since my arrival Nov. 14th meeting people than on lectures. But as far as these gathering are concerned I might as well pack up and leave. ~~However~~ Of course, if I could content myself with being entertained and fed I could easily continue in London for months and save living expenses. But not having come to England to be lionised ~~that~~ the hospitable reception one is so lavishly showered with are not satisfactory.

However, I have roused interest in those who attended my lectures. True, ~~they were~~ the audiences in London were small. Except the one in the East End, the Jewish section where I lectured in English on MUSSOLINI, HITLER AND STALIN. The Communists came out in full force and did everything to break up the meeting except lynch me. Nevertheless much interest was demonstrated at this meeting and the two smaller ones. So much so that three more meetings have been arranged during next month. The larger and more wide awake attendance was in Lee, Leeds and Plymouth. Especially in the latter. There I addressed three substantial crowds. And, I gave a fourth lecture on the Soviet theatre for a dramatic society. The result of my Plymouth visit is an invitation from the latter for a series of six lectures, and three additional meetings that my own comrades are contemplating. In Leeds too, I have been asked for another date. More encouraging is the request for dates from South Wales of what is known in England as

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2

Sig N.

The NATIONAL LABOR COLLEGE. It is almost entirely a school for the study of Marxism. Three years ago it would have been as impossible to penetrate this holy of holies than let us say ~~xxxxxxxx~~ *University* if not more difficult. The fact of E.G. being asked to speak there is proof positive that there is an awakening in labor ranks. It is this which I consider encouraging.

Lest you think that I am on the way of such material returns that will require an extra suite case when I leave England in the spring, I want to assure you that I will consider myself fortunate if I manage to exist until then, and have enough for my return trip. The workers in England have always been forced to figure in pennies, and not only they. ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Except the intelligentsia that has arrived at the top ladder of success, the rest are being paid so measly they too must figure in pennies. The custom is therefore, free admission if these people are to attend lectures at all. I leave it to your imagination to calculate the returns that are likely to come to me for my activities. The three London meetings gave me 2 pounds, the four Plymouth lectures the enormous sum of eight and 12 shillings and railroad fare. The Leeds visit three guineas. Bad as times are in "my" former country no organization would have offered such fees. Here it is considered a lot. Naturally, if the average pay of news paper men, accountants and other so called better occupations is between 2 and 4 pounds a week, it is not to be wondered at the measly returns for lectures. ~~fact is~~ lecturers are not paid in England. Most of them have other occupations from which they derive their income. So that they can afford to give their lectures to their organizations (and no one here does free lance work) free of charge ~~xxx~~ This is mainly done for charitable and philanthropic work, hospitals etc which this immensely wealthy city can not ~~support~~ maintain.

da however, my main concern is not material returns ~~the~~ the chance of establishing myself in England for whatever years left in this best of worlds. Of course, one has to live though I really do not know why. But then, one also has to have the wherewithal of life in the south of France. I admit it is a better climate, the weather here now is atrocious. The difference is, in France I am gagged and forced to inactivity. in "my" new country I can raise my voice or use my pen against our social muddle and criminal confusion. I can not begin to tell you the relief from the ever present spectre of expulsion that hovers over one in France, indeed in all other countries that might still be open to me. Even Canada where I have not yet been told to go would do so were I to treat the internal wrongs starring me in the face. ~~besides~~ besides, it is too costly to go to Canada for a short ~~xxxxxxxx~~ period, and even more costly to tour Canada. ~~xxxxxx~~ and so I must plod along no matter how poor the material outlook.

I plan to stay on until spring. By that time I hope to know what prospect, if any this country offers me as a permanent field of activity for six or seven months in the year. If I can achieve that much I will be happy to spend five or six months in St Tropez preparing new stuff for my winters stay in England. I admit it is

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3

the worst possible time of the year to be in this beastly climate, but anything is preferable to ending a rich and active life in the daily round of mere existence. Besides, quite a few people live in England ~~and other countries~~ and only eight million in this little town. Surely I will survive, so wish me luck in my quest to conquer his majestys subjects of whom I have the ~~honor~~ of being one. ~~At present~~

Once again the Anarchist position in regard to the incompetency of all government has been proven correct. Could any none governmental group of people have made such a mess as the Laval Hoar combine? Mr Baldwin is like Wilson. He too promised his electors to "keep them out of war" only to plunge them to the very brink of it soon to kick them over altogether. What is a new world slaughter, if British interests in Abyssinia are at stake. Human lives were never cheaper and colonial possessions more than ever valuable. Indeed, so valuable that the British government can well afford to ~~make~~ make a scapegoat of a foreign minister or two, if need be. On the other hand is France terrorised by the Italian bully. Why should not its Premier be ready to satisfy his megalomaniac for expansion and power. Politicians and statesmen never learn anything. Else they ~~would~~ ~~would~~ Laval, the Hoars and Baldwins and the masters whom the they serve would not have taken it for granted that they can fool the masses as easily ~~as~~ as their prewar confreres did. Not that it will make the postwar gang in government seats wiser now that the ~~people~~ people in England have so unanimously forced the Baldwins and Laval to admit their criminal blunder in re the Italian Abyssinia "peace" offers. But it is nonetheless encouraging to find the masses up in arms against the attempted gangster deal.

For myself, I consider the whole business of sanction devised largely by this country to safeguard its own Imperialist designs. ~~Mr Shaw had never said another thing than that the English~~ first find a principle. Then nail it to the mast of ships heavily laden with whisky and ammunition to ~~make~~ make the savage heathens accept that principle. A fat lot England cares for the Abyssinians. It ~~does~~ care a great deal to safeguard fascism for Mussolini. It is therefore, the height of stupidity to believe that Great Britain or any other strong government has any intention to enforce sanctions. Let, the Labor Party in this country and the communists have fallen for the bait. Instead of calling upon the workers to declare an international boycott against Mussolini. That alone would spoil that madmans campaign and inspire the Italian masses to get rid of him and his black regime. ~~The~~ British transport workers have proven the force of such a step ~~as~~ the refusal to transport ~~ammunition~~ arms for the interventionists in Russia. And I am certain the same could have been achieved and more had the British Labor Party and the French Syndicalists remained true to their claims. As to the Communists they must abide by Moscows decision. And Moscow now prefers ~~the~~ cooperation with the great powers to any support it might get from international labor. Such is the bitter irony on the Russian "revolution" guillotined by "our great, our wonderful, our precious leader and teacher Stalin".
Fraternally.

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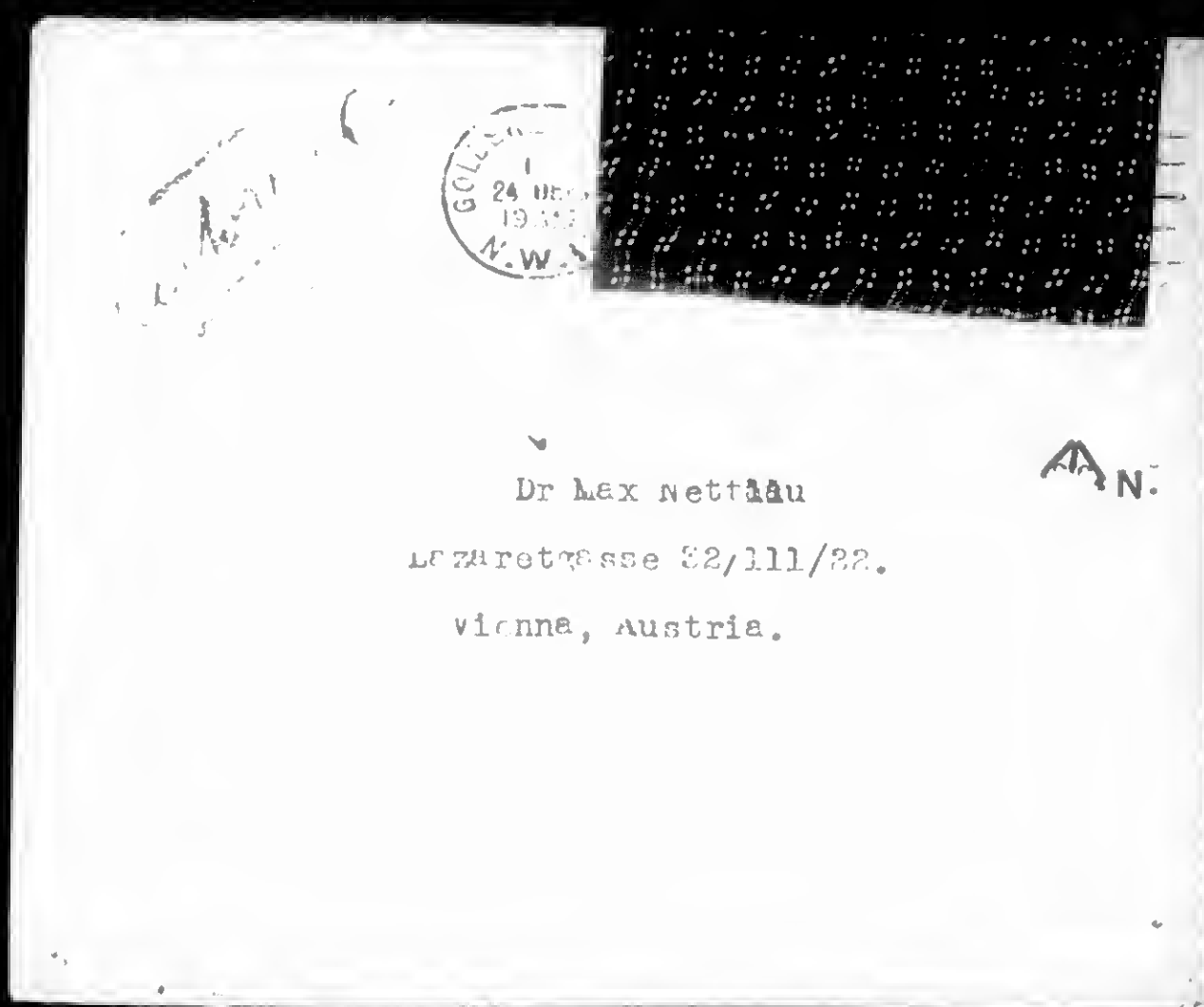
158

The Emma Goldman Papers

890317091

[Envelope] 1935 Dec. 24, London [to] Max Nettlau, Vienna / E[mma] G[oldman].—
2 p. ; 11 × 13 cm.

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E.G. Colton
c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky
~~XXXXXX~~
20, BEECHCROFT COURT
LONDON N.W. 11
ENGLAND

C. V.
y. C.C. Vincent
(1924 contributing
editor of the
Liberator, Los Angeles). ?

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861114146

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 24, London [to Abe] Bluest[ei]n, [Toronto] / [Emma Goldman]. --
1 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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London Dec 24th 35.

5378

Dear comrade Bluestein. A letter from comrade Joe Densor which reached me yesterday contain the pleasant news that your organisation would take over all the copies of comrade Berkman's prison Memoirs and advance the money for the ~~extra~~ actual cost. I think I wrote you that I had learned that the copies were in sheets. At first I thought I might send you hundred sets of sheets for the fifty dollars you and Rose had extended. But on further reflection I decided to have the sheets bound here. First there is duty to pay on printed matter whether in the form of sheets or bound volume. Secondly because the higher prices paid for labor in would make the expense higher. And mainly because I felt it would be considerable delay for you to look after the printing. And so the book is being bound and will be ready for shipment sometime next month.

Los Angeles has sent money for fifty copies. But no other cities. I have received five pounds from Toronto today but without word for what purpose. If it is for comrade Berkman's Memoirs I will have to send fifty copies to Canada. Or rather I will send them to comrade Lubrin of Detroit and let him get them to Toronto. I am certain the Canadian customs will not permit Berkman's book to pass.

Please let me know by return mail whether you want more than hundred copies and if you could send the cost in advance. It would help me considerably because I had to pay the entire amount for 300 copies, hundred and fifty dollars although I have received only \$81 so far.

Hoping to hear from you soon and with heartfelt wishes for a healthy and happy New Year. Fraternally. Greetings to all the

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870919132

[Letter, 1935] Dec. 24, Vienna [to Emma Goldman, London] / Angelica [Balabanoff]. — 4 p. ; 23 × 18 cm.

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11615
12
bei O Hoku

42, Belvederegasse 42

Wien 19.

Dearest friend!

If you only knew how touched I am
by your kindness, by your fraternal
feelings, by your sympathy of my
situation! The purest joy of human
beings is to ^{work} — I feel it so deeply,
so thoroughly just when I am reading
your letters — The last one — stirred
me once more that there is much
similarity in our respective fates or
rather in the fate of our books.
Of course I did not ^{work} as much as you —
nor rely so much upon the result of the
publishing of my last book — but
my publisher too insisted upon the book
being sold at a price which preventing
couldn't afford to pay, so he has about
a 1000 copies left and I did not get a

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single farthing except what he 11616
anticipated me last year which
may be a sum of 5000 francs! But
I have not the satisfaction
to know that my book is read,
by those whom I wrote it for!

As to my trip - I hope to be able
to leave towards spring, otherwise
I don't know what to do. Here I am
much happier than in France, though
life is most surely not less expensive
than there, for here is another way

I have a room which seems me
beautiful in comparison with the
French ones - clean and clear! - I am
very thankful to Mrs Rossette
for her looking for a room for me,
I thought she would perhaps know
something "occasional" - French hotels with
a mean cleaning your room and
touching your bed - is something horrible.

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for me - to get in such a small, dusty 11617
room - not to have where to put the
few boxes I have with me and to unpack
my things, to be surrounded by people who
look at you in such a suspicious, cold
way - I prefer death to all this.

But of course I have to come - because that
what I consider my duty calls me there.

Before I come back, I have to go once
more to Germany for 15-18 lectures.
I can't refuse my assistance to people
who are threatened by the blackest
reaction and who have no money to pay
the lectures. I hope to find you yet
in Paris, my dear Emma. I understand
so thoroughly how sorry you are for not
being able to do the work you would
like to.

As to your book, I write immediately to
my friend in Berlin to have forwarded it
here - I hope I shall get it all right
and thank you ever so much for this
precious gift - Love including the

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1618
last letters I got from the State

As you see Alsberg can't do anything - nor have I had as yet the letter he is promising me.

Don't bother, dear Emma, don't send back the letters they may as well stay with you.

Will you kindly post the letter I am enclosing. My best greetings to Mr. Lohes. I am rather astonished that he did not hear anything about my article - he was so sure to get it printed at once. I make some expenses in view of that, and it would be a great fortune to find the sum in Paris to be able to pay my room-rent - which now is only an ideal.

Notwithstanding all this, I am glad and happy. My very best wishes - may the coming year give you the chance to live and work as you wish and are accustomed to. Yours, Angelica

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023171

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 26, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. —
4 p. ; 23 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Dec. 26th.35.

My Dear, I can hardly believe that a month has passed since your sweet letter reached me. I have been so crowded with work and people and not to forget with endless correspondence I am aware of time. I should really feel a shirker did I not know that Sasha keeps you informed about my doings. So you will not imagine that I have forgotten you, will you my dear?

What really takes up most of my time are letters, now increased by the additional correspondents in connection with my lectures. If only I had somebody to help. Boris works very late hours, and knowing how poor she is I cannot accept her help free. Nor can I afford to pay her as I used to in the past. Still, I do let her type my most important letters, she also typed the article which may be accepted by one of the papers here. The bulk I must do myself. It is a hell of a job both because I am so rotten on the machine. And also because ~~xxx~~ long hours typing affects my neck and spine. I do as much as I can. But my loved ones are the first to suffer. Fortunately they will understand.

From the inclosed copy of my account to our American friends you will see that I am a little less discouraged than when I came here. I dare not hope too much response from the Britishers. Still the signs point to more interest than I found three years ago. Only to day I had a letter from the secretary of the South Wales Labor College that he is ~~organix~~ definitely organizing a tour through south Wales for me. That will probably keep me busy all of March. For Feb. I am already booked for ten lectures, six on the drama and four arranged by our own comrades. And you will see that Jan. is also booked. I am hoping therefore that all these places may prove a permanent field that I might plow seven or eight months in the year. And use the summers in non Esprit to prepare new material for further

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activities in England.

For the present the material returns have been small. Nor do I expect very much more from my entire stay. I am more interested in breaking through the hard soil and in making anarchism heard in this country where so many of our great have worked and so little remained. It really means beginning anew, from the bottom up. But I do not mind the difficulties, if only I can see results.

I want terribly to remain within reach of Sasha and you. With all other European countries closed to me, England is the only place. After all, the struggle in Canada has also been bitter, and the results no more than here. So why go so far away when I have an English country right at hand? Then too, distance does soothe wounds even if it does not always heal them. And I need the Atlantic between me and Chicago..... anyway, I feel my poor life in St. Tropez will not be futile if I can establish myself in England for the winter.

I am glad for Nellie's sake that she has sailed. I only hope she may not be disappointed. The poor soul can not face the fact that women at fifty three or older ~~cannot~~ must needs find it difficult to compete with youth ~~there~~ and Hollywood is not likely to overlook Nellie's age. One thing is certain she will not have it so hard, or be so isolated in London as in Nice. I dare say Sasha has told you how Nellie acted to Auntie, in re her promise to let her have the gas stove. Naturally I tried to soothe Auntie's hurt by defending N. But I must say it was not very friendly not to have written Auntie a farewell letter, or sent her an explanation why she could not keep her promise. For the present Auntie is very hurt. But she is too fine a person not to overcome her indignation of Nellie. She feels as I

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If only I could find something in America, nothing else would matter.

You can imagine how rotten I feel that nothing came of the plan in New York about Sasha's birthday. I mean in a material sense. I might have known what such promises usually mean unless there is some active determined person to work on the plan. It is not the question of Sasha's birthday, so much as the interest shown by the committee that had undertaken the scheme. It was rotten that's all I can say. I hope that you and Sasha do not worry too much about money matters, whatever balance there is of the amount raised will surely be sent. And for the rest something else will turn up. There is one thing, my dear, you must never again run down to the last sou. There is no need, and it will lift a load from my heart to know that the two of you do not live on bread and tea. You are both no giants. So keep me informed, please.

I hope you have had some joy for Christmas. I gave an advanced Christmas dinner to Auntie, Doris and two of our comrades on Sunday evening. Roast ham stuffed with chestnuts, and a lot of other things. The Koldofskys were not here and they turned their house over to me. Christmas Eve and yesterday were as dull as dish water. I spent my time darning stockings, mending my underwear and writing letters. As I am determined to get out as much mail as I can before the year is over I mean to keep my machine most of the days until Monday.

Just imagine, the English do not celebrate Sylvester. I love it more than Christmas. I fear though I will not get tipsy this New Year's Eve, or celebrate it in any way. If Auntie comes in from Brighton where her sister lives we may go to a movie

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and the happy couple of drinks somewhere. But if she does not I'll have
to remain here. No gentleman friend here to take a young girl out.

You certainly did not celebrate Sasha's birthday.

I hope you will not be so busy New Years Eve. With such a gentleman
friend as you have you should celebrate Sylvester. If you do have a drink,
if only Ocasia to our friendship. I'll do the same whether I go
out or stay in.

Now to the most important matter, Sasha always writes
he and you are feeling alright. Frankly, I do not believe him in that.
I wish you would write me frankly how he has been barring colds, and
you my dear? Has your stomach been behaving somewhat? Please, please
write.

Monday I had dinner at the brothers Holmes. Suzanne is here
for the holidays and she did the ~~making~~ cooking. Poor Bisham has lost
his job again. Hjalmar still has his. They have a nice Apt. Steam
heated. It was the first time I felt warm since I am here.

Prosit Neu Jahr Mynchen, may it bring you and Sasha
health and more happiness than this rotten year.

I embrace you with love my dear.

Give Sasha a hug and tell him he is a bad boy, not even a card for
Christmas. I will write him soon.

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881010449

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2008

The summer has convinced me that my feeling for you completely unfits me for anything else. I am determined, therefore, not to be as obsessed by that any more. I know myself enough to know that while I will not forget you, or cease to care profoundly, the effort to make Anarchism heard in England and to create a basis for systematic propagnanda will fill the void our separation and ~~prolongation of the period~~ the long and arduous intervals of word from you ~~have~~ ^{has} created. After all, our ideal has always meant more to me than all else. I do not say that I found it easy to choose. But there is no help.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881010449

[Letter, 1935] Dec. 26 [London to Frank G. Heiner, Chicago] / E[mma Goldman].—
2 p. ; 27 × 21 cm.

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... that love ...
... themselves to ...
... love swept me off my feet. But last ...
... to face the fact that I will again have to ...
... I have in the past. It's not been easy believe ...
... it had to be done.

Please understand my Frank, and do not ...
my task more painful than it is.

I embrace you tenderly.



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The Emma Goldman Papers

870916101

[Letter, 1935] Dec. 26 [London to Frank G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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10339

Dec. 26th.

My dearest . Your cable came yesterday morning. It was the only Christmas greeting I had from anybody. MY own Frank, it is not a question of "changed relationship. It is that I cannot not continue on the rack. More than ever do I need every bit of energy and power of concentration to establish myself in England. The field is large ~~and the work is enormous~~ True it has been permitted by our comrades to yield nothing for our ideas. Nothing has been done since the w r, except during my short visits ten years and three years ago. ~~It~~ It will require superhuman strength and determination to clear the ground from all the debris that had accumulated for so long. And unless I put behind me all personal emotions and craving and give myself utterly to the task I will not succeed. AND I MUST SUCCEED, OR MAKE AN END. I CAN NOT FACE THE YEARS LEFT ME GAGGED AND BOUND hand and foot. So, you see my dearest it is really a question of life and death with me.

The summer has convinced me that my feeling for you completely unfits me for anything else. I am determined therefore not to be as obsessed by that any more. I know myself enough to know that while I will not forget you, or cease to care profoundly the effort to make Anarchism heard in England and to create a basis for systematic propaganda will fill the void our separation and ~~your absence~~ the long and excruciating intervals of word from you ~~has~~ has ceased. After all, our ideal has always meant more to me than all else. I do not say that I found it easy to choose. But there is no help. I have long ago

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2

Life has thought me that love without its beauty is not for those who consecrate themselves to an ideal. When you came I quite forgot this truism. Your love swept me off my feet. But last summer k forced me to face the fact that I will again have to choose as I have in the past. Its not been easy believe me my dearest. But it had to be done.

Please understand my Frank, and do not make my task more painful than it is.

I embrace you tenderly.

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022058

[Letter, 1935] Dec. 26, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Nice, Dec. 26th

Dearest Em, that is a fine long letter that I received from you yesterday evening. It was a bit delayed in transit probably to to the Xmas rush.

I am glad you decided to do the binding in London. As I already wrote you, it is very dear here, binding, I mean. And since you found out that there is a duty on sheets as well as on bound books, so you did well in settling the matter.

I already wrote you, dear, that the 4 pounds were received all OK. And of course we had a chicken -- a very fine one and we both enjoyed it, and I had a drink on you, of course.

Well, dear, I can realize what a job you had reducing the article on the Indiv. That is always a thankless job, and doing it with the feeling that it may not even be accepted, that surely not help in the work. Well, I do hope it will be taken. And though the pay may be small, still it is something. Besides, it would be a good thing for the article to appear on general principles. It may also bring an invitation from some other paper. Moreover, as you say, fifty dollars is not to be sneezed at. Of course in the U.S. they would pay three times as much, -- well, it can't be helped. I hope they will take it.

I can understand that they are not anxious to publish things now about sanctions. Looks to me as if they are trying to avoid the subject. The whole thing is one of the greatest frauds. There is a rumor that the "agreement" of Hoare-Laval was really prepared by Mussolini. What do you think of that? If it could be proven, it would make quite a story. But to think what corruption the whole thing reflected! I should not be surprised, the way things are going, that sooner or later there will be war, for Mussolini is driven to desperation. Conditions in Italy are bad, I understand. And then comes Germany. They are already backing Hitler, etc., etc. there and Hitler is evidently only waiting for a chance to start something -- he must find SOMETHING with which to keep the people busy -- either an attack on some neighbor or a demand for colonies. Should not be surprised if 1936 will bring war.

About the Claire. You need not worry about not having seen them. I don't think he'd be interested in that Makino sketch. But the Claire's situation was certainly small. I never met him, but Ray had once introduced me to him. Claire was a very nice girl. I think I saw him in the "Paris" office, I think he was in the "Paris" office, I think he was in the "Paris" office, I think he was in the "Paris" office. Anyhow, it was rotten to promise to let you see C. and then not do so. I wonder what new picture of his you refer to, at which royalty was present. Is the picture any good? What is its name?

Yes, about Ann Lord, not a word from her. I also meant to write her, but somehow it is awkward. The last time, when I sent her those five books, she wrote that it seemed a fortune to her. So I imagine in what condition she was, and evidently things have not improved. I haven't the heart to write her.

Here, dear, everything is as usual. It has been raining for days now, and the last two days it is just pouring all the time. Not a very cheerful sight, Nice these days. And the people on the streets look damned sad and forlorn. Condi-

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times here are not improving by any means. The State its universities are being reduced 10% in their salaries (the second time this year, and as that is balance the Government budget, while the University will not have going on for weeks, has cost hundreds of thousands of francs and still not in nothing, and for that the Gov't needs money, of course. Anyway, the unemployment is increasing by several thousands every week in France. The people here really nothing to laugh about. And the city here looks exactly ~~unpleasant~~ ~~like~~ in the full meaning of the word.

May, as you know, is usually very cheerful, even if we have to count every penny, but of late she has not been feeling well. In fact, for a few days she was in very bad condition -- a bad relapse, but today somewhat better. May be also because she is worried about her family. Mother has not written her for some time and she thinks she may be ill. She not even sent her a line for Hans, which she never before failed to do. Her mother is of course also in bad financial condition of late and getting up in age, and you know how E. is attached to her people, especially to her mother. Well, I hope no bad news is awaiting her.

Otherwise nothing doing, dear. If you sent a couple of Nations, as you mentioned in a former letter, they never arrived. When you get time, send me that book, Seven Women against the World. Yes, I'll forward it to Stella with instructions to return to you. I think I mentioned already that I had a short letter from Stella. She keeps mighty busy, as usual, but is always thoughtful in writing to people. She says that Mae seems to be better and that Ruth is also improving but must remain in the clinic for some time yet. Pitale is having hard luck, as usual.

Well, dear, I hope you spent a pleasant Xmas. May be you can get a chance to rest up a bit after that article is sent to the publisher, as it no doubt is by this time. I'm sure you are being exhausted by the hundred of things you have on hands.

I embrace you most affectionately, dear old scout, and
indefatigable fighter.

Your



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The Emma Goldman Papers

861114130

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 27, Paris [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Mollie [Steimer].—
3 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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5341

Paris Dec. 27. 1935.

Dearest Emotchina,

We are approaching the new year and I would love to tell you something very nice, something that would bring you a bit of joy! Alas, my mental state now is such that in spite of all my efforts to dig up something ~~more~~ pleasant, I cannot find it; not in our immediate surroundings nor else where!

Of course, humanity has had tragic periods before too, and what we have now is perhaps not the worst yet.... but what makes the present appear so bad in my eyes is the utter lack of faith in great human ideals on the part of our youth. Of late, we happened to come in contact with what is called : the modern youth of France. Well, I have never seen anything less interesting. *Such* self centered egotists, rude in manner and materialists of the worst sort! More than that, they look with disdain at those who are interested in a libertarian movement. Their terrible arrogance as well as emptiness gave me the shivers! May be this is the result of the self satisfied attitude of the French?? I don't know, I only hope that the youth in England is above the French. That they are more interesting, sincere and not so self centered as here.

My dear, in your letter you speak of my faith in in the „Left movement“ and hope that ^{the} unity of the Left with the Cr  ix de Feu, will change my mind. Well, there was no faith, so there can be no question of disappointment. In as much as we have no press of our own, we are compelled to address ourselves to the Socialists, Liberals or any others who claim some sort of an advanced outlook on life. These groups, we are used to term "the Left".

Usually, they accepted paid advertisement about your lectures. Did they refuse paid announcements now?

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5342 Dec. 30th

About my health? Well, I am sorry to tell you, but it got worse since your departure. The medecin I got from Fuller did me no good. That is why I didn't return to him after the 6 weeks expired. If this was the best he could do for me, than what is the use of returning??? Perhaps my present state is also due to a lot of aggravation I went through of late.

F.'s behaviour in the Fund became very disagreeable. At first, she continually found fault with the secretary- J.D., not against his honesty but his manner of keeping the books, his not being prompt enough in replying to letters etc. Well, it was often explained to her that Jacques has a lot to do and the work for the Fund, he can only do when he has a free moment that's why we cannot ask of him too much. But none of us are bureaucrats. We are comrades united to help ours in distress and as COMRADES WE MUST ACT. That is: DEVIDE THE WORK. J. is the secretary officially, but this ought not to prevent us from answering some of his letters or doing a part of his books. As a matter of fact, this was always the case in the Relief Fund. Each one did according to his hability and time, we never gave a thought about the official functions. What mattered was that the work be done. Mutual assistance was a matter of course. Unfortunately, Fanny has no understanding for such things. She is a bureaucrat with a very limited mind. Before I invited her to work in the Fund, Sanya warned me that "She is no comrade". But she made a very good impression on me and I thought that she may become one. Alas, this is not the case. She will become a member of the I.A.A. - by conviction or because she is the friend of Sanya - but she never became a comrade! As a result, the late sessions of the Fund were dry, business-like and a feeling of antipathy developed which brought to clashes for the least important thing...

Recently, the Fund carried on a correspondence with M. Day the Belgian comrade who is the head of the International Committee to aid the persecuted Anarchists. He wanted to clear certain points. For instance to know whom does he help? Are Russians included? Does he get money for Russian prisoners? Etc. Jacques carried on a correspondence for some time and Fanny often remarked that he was too slow. Imagine our stupefaction, when at the last session of the Fund Fanny brought Jacques strict instructions (supposedly to have come from the secretary of the I.A.A. through Sanya) to: 1) Write to M. Day within 48 hours! 2) Not to take any decision in the case of M. Day before consulting the I.A.A. 3) To submit the entire correspondence re this case to the Secretariat of the I.A.A. 4) to make copies of all letters he sends out. Etc. etc. !!!

The Relief Fund consists of : Sanya, Coline, Galina, Fanny, Jacques Doubinsky and me. We are all willing to accept a good advise from the I.A.A. -- provided it is given in a comradely way, and that we too found it good. But under no circumstances has the I.A.A. a right to give us orders! Even if the Fund were a section of the I.A.A., which it is not(!), we pay no membership to the International and have no voice in its doings, we asked the I.A.A. to control our books, this the secretary did, and this was our only link with the International until now. But, even if it were a Section, these have absolute autonomy and no one would permit the secretary of the I.A.A. to dictate or order them what to do!

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5343

The session therefore rejected the instructions as well as the manner in which these were given over, and decided to send a delegation - Voline and Jacques - to the secretary of the I.A.A. Dufour for an explanation.

All those years in which we worked in the Fund with Sasha, Voline, Jacques in Paris, or Millie Rudolf and the others in Berlin, there was always harmony, mutual understanding and perfect comradeship. We were neither functionaries who are to carry out orders, nor dummies. We were Anarchists working together in a comradely way. Now, the spirit of devotion and comradeship gave way to "quots" and "orders" from the I.A.A. and "decisions of congress" and "lots of other such expressions that would make one think that we are not a voluntary Committee working to help our comrades in need, but subordinates to some invisible power... Voline was to ask the reason for the changed attitude of I.A.A. who formerly never interfered in the work of the Relief Fund.

Here I quote the words of Dufour

From the talk with the secretary, it appeared that no orders were given. That as far as he knew, the International has absolutely nothing concrete against M. Day which would permit to doubt his honesty. M. Day in his opinion, "it is more a question of tendencies. Because M. Day is an Anar. Individualist, anarchist and Sanya - who are more radicalists than Anarchists with strong bureaucratic inclinations - cannot stand him, and there is a certain desire on their part to rid the movement of M. Day."

When Fanny transmitted the order to the secretary of the Fund, she said that these "instructions" came from the secretary of the I.A.A.: DUFOUR! But here was clear that it wasn't Dufour at all and that Sanya was behind the whole thing! This made me sick for several days. I spent sleepless nights and my jaw trouble became worse than ever. We then decided to: resign from the Fund as it is physically impossible for me to stand such action or stress here. I sent in our resignation to the secretary of the Fund the 27th of December, giving as reason: my bad state of health, for we do not want to disturb the further work of the Fund, nor have anybody know about the misadministration going on. If I were well, I would remain and fight it out, as it is, I must leave.

Please realize that, officially, we left on account of my physical condition. It is only to you, Sasha, Millie and Rudolf that we feel obliged to explain the matter as it really is.

Along my dear! I am sorry to begin the New Year with unpleasant news. May there soon be a change for the better in our movement in general and some very happy changes for you personally.

Lots of love and
best wishes to you for
the new year from
Sanya and Gabo.

Devotely

Mollie

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The Emma Goldman Papers

840521000

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 28, London [to] George [Seldes, New York] / E[mma] G[oldman].— 3 p. ; 26 x 21 cm.
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London Dec. 28th 35.

Dear George . A letter which Angelica Dalabanoff received from a comrade of hers in the Independent Labor Party, contains the news that your book on the Italian gangster ^{embodies} contains the material ^{that} you a few years ago, ^{and that you had not given} without given her the least credit. The result of this was that Collanese who was about to take Angelica's work on Mussolini for publication, refused to go on with it. He declared it was a repetition ^{has} of much that your MSS contains.

As I have seen neither Angelica's nor your material I am not in a position to know how true the contention is. Besides, I can not imagine that you would do such a thing without giving credit to Angelica. And what is even more important, not having sent her some of the advance you must have received from your publishers. Surely you must know how frightfully poor Angelica is. If you do not you can take my word for it, the woman was living on bread and tea most of the time, and she is in very bad health besides.

I should not mix in this business of Angelica had not asked me to write you, and also because she felt that knowing you as I do, it would be easier for me than herself to broach the matter. Angelica sailed for A. at last. I must ask you not to ~~make~~ ^{make} it known until you see her. I do not have her address, but I believe Roger Baldwin would know. Please, please dear George get in touch with her and clear up the unpleasant matter. I feel certain there is some misunderstanding. For I cannot believe you capable of plagiarism, or dishonest dealings, especially with such a person as Angelica Dalabanoff who is as helpless in all transactions as a child. I will greatly appreciate if you will write me just what

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2.

happened with Angelica's material.

You could not have chosen a more appropriate time for your book on the megalomaniac than now. Three years ago everybody in England considered Mussolini the savior of Italy. Now nothing is strong enough against him. I am sure your book will have a large ~~sale~~ sale. Do something for Angelica if it ~~can~~ *can*.

As you see I am in England. I am trying for the third time to get a footing here. I did it ten and three years ago and had to give it up as hopeless. This time there seems to be a ray of light. Actually, the Labor Colleges here with branches all over England and Wales, absolutely Marxian, have asked me to lecture for them. The ~~trav~~ tour in South Wales is being arranged for March. Some advance isn't it, for Marxians to be willing to hear the arch anarchist E.G. But it's really true. In Plymouth where I delivered four lectures two weeks ago, I seem to have made a "hit". I have been invited for another campaign, both on social and dramatic subjects. And there may be a favorable response from ~~the~~ *other* provincial cities. In London I had four lectures. One on Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin was attended by a large audience. The Communists present did everything except lynch me. They were mostly Jews and you know how intolerant our people are. The British Communists have at least learned to listen to their opponents. That's something. Anyhow, if I break through I will make England my home for the largest part of the year. After all, I am "His Majesty's subject". Even the King could not expell me. They might arrest me should there be war and I continue anti war work.

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well, you and I know that this would be no new experience in my life. Fact is, I have no choice, most European countries are closed to me. France permits me to stay on on pain of complete silence and inactivity, I can't go on in that way. Canada would also not stand for me if I would treat external issues. And what with America and Russia closed to me, England is the only country where I am not haunted by the spectre of expulsion. So I must try once more to find a field for what I am still capable of giving. Wish me luck.

What's become of the Marshes, where are they? Never a line from Virginia any more. Is life for them so much harder than in Paris that she and Lee have forgotten me? Virginia used to write often then. Well, give them my best New Years greetings and tell them they may no longer think of me. But I think of them and the many pleasant hours in their studio. And Miriam Lerner, do you ever see her? She is another rotten correspondent. Still, I am damned fond of her. So give her my love and best holiday greetings.

Do you know old man, I deserve a rake off from the sale of Iron Blood and Profit. I have discussed it at quite a number of meetings and I am again going to quote from it next Sunday at Leix an out of town lecture on war. Needless to say I recommended the work and ~~to the audience~~ mentioned the publishers. So you see I am furthering its sales. I hope so anyway.

Give Gilbert and his wife my best greetings and heartfelt New Years greetings. And the same to you my dear. Remember me also to Don, if you see him. He is another rotten correspondent.

Affectionately

E. G. Colton c/o Mrs L. Kodofsky, 20, Beechcroft Court London N.W. good until May. After that back to St Tropez.

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881022059

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 28, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Em[ma Goldman]. — 4 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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London Dec. 28th 35.

Dearest Ash. They have a funny arrangement here, two days Christmas. That is to say, one for Christmas and the other they call Boxing Day. Well, some mail was delivered on Wed. But none Thursday. And what with the heavy Christmas mail your cards did not arrive until yesterday, and no greeting on Christmas. I knew of course that you and M. had sent some greetings, so that was alright. My Christmas was duller than dish water. I spent it in darning stockings, which I hate, and mending underwear, and the time left after that was devoted to my last American mail of this year. I am disappointed that the English do not celebrate New Years which I like much better than Christmas, and there is no gentleman friend to take this giddy girl out, ~~it~~ *and so*, New Year's Eve will be as dull as Christmas. Not even a drink because the Goldofskys like good Jews do not drink. Besides, Simon has been laid up for ~~several~~ for several days. Liza is like my, panicky over every little thing, not only when it happens to Simon whom she worships, but also when it happens to me, so the house is glum. However, I have to get some whiskey for my lectures so I promise to have a drink to your health my dear old chum, and to a less harassed and disagreeable New Year for you.

In my letter to my I inclosed a copy of an account about my doings here, and the outlook for the rest of my stay. I can only add, since writing that report we have heard from South Wales that the secretary of the Labor Colleges is going ahead to circularize all the branches in South Wales. That may mean a tour that will cover all of South Wales. At least I hope so. I think Plymouth is also as good as certain. But I dare not hope too much. However, I leave no avenue neglected that might lead to something permanent. A chap who used to have a little theatre in the Fine Arts Bldg in Chicago and who produced JOURNEYS END with phenomenal success all over the world, (his name is Maurice Browne,) suggested two people who have experience in the lecture field in England, and who he thinks would be of help. We both know one, John Cowper Powys. Browne gave me his address in North Wales and I am going to write him. You remember how decent he was in your trouble with the rotten Young Men's Hebrew Ass. And he was as fine in my birth control trouble. He began his lecture career in England and he would know the best way to break through. Another is an American who comes here every year ~~some~~ to fill lecture engagements. He may, or may not be willing to suggest some approach. Then, as I have already written you, two letters will go out next week, one to the Workers Education Societies, and one to the drama groups.

However, I rely more on the chance of reaching the Labor Colleges. It is certainly a gratifying sign of the changes going on in socialist ranks. The Labor colleges are Marxists. Three years ago no thing would have induced them to have me speak. You can imagine how encouraged I feel to be able to reach young people ~~social~~.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022059

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2

~~me~~ ~~been~~ enough to hear the social struggle interpreted from an other angle but what they have been taught before. If these college men are anything so broad minded as some of the I.L.P men I met in Plymouth they ought to be fertile soil for our ideas. But I do not intend to let myself be carried skywards by the invitation of the N.C. Leagues in South Wales. Sufficient unto the day when I get there. If the plans so far in sight go through, I will be busy until the 15th of March with Plymouth and South Wales. In Jan I have five dates to meet, the 5th, 10th 19th 20th and 30th. I may begin in Plymouth the second of Feb. remain there until the end of the third week then go to South Wales for 2, or 3 weeks. No doubt some dates will come along from the letters we are sending out. You understand dear that the material returns will be small. But in as much as I have no living expenses while I lecture I will not mind the inadequate fees paid me. The main thing is to make a begining. I hope it will be that.

Dear heart I am not "robbing" myself in sending you a little money from time to time. Besides, the £ 2. ~~xxxxxx~~ are yours from the sales of your memoirs. And the other £2 is your share from the Christmas gift Sabie and Joe sent me. So do not worry about that and. I am not starving. Far from it. If I would abide by Liza's quine I'd get bigger than I already am. Like a good Jew~~ish~~ she always thinks one does not eat enough. Though she herself eats little to keep her ring figure. Its worth keeping, for she really has a magnificent figure.

Speaking of your memoirs, I had rather pleasant news from Mosser who had been working in New York for some months. He writes that Bluestein of the Dressmakers Union affiliated with the International Ladies Garment workers Union had told him he is willing to take ALL the copies of your memoirs and send the cost in advance. He assured Mosser that he will dispose of them at a good price among the members of the union so that you can benefit by the sales. I rather think Bluestein would keep his promise. I met him in London. I had got to know him with Dobinsky, Rose P. and others. He is an old anarchist and knows us both for the past. However, I can not send him all the copies. I have to send fifty to Los Angeles already paid for. And the other day I got five £ from Toronto. I have no idea if it is for memoirs or for me. Dorothy Giessecke has repeatedly written me the group would send \$25 for the memoirs. But also there is another group that had been subscribing some money for me. I dare say I will hear from Dorothy soon. Anyhow, if it is for the memoirs I will have to send fifty to Toronto though I believe Bluestein would sell it quicker and at a better price than \$1.25. But of course I can not disappoint the comrades in Canada. Hundred must go to New York, fifty to Los Angeles and if fifty have to go to Toronto, it will only leave another fifty from the 250 sheets I am having bound. Besides the copies I have left from the fifty bound copies I got from Daniel. And I certainly mean to keep them for later when your memoirs will be out of print and I will be able to send secret copies for me.

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The Sandströms certainly have cash. If they would at least be able to look back on an interesting and enjoyable past, but the poor folks cling to their wealth, and now they have nothing. Still I am most sorry for them. I do hope Modest will remunerate Robert even if he does not go into the expense of building his place. By the way, I think forty thousand francs are not as much as I had thought. But Modest probably has not the means to start. In any event he should pay Sandström for the sake of fairness and for our sake. They would never go near non Saprit again if Modest should dis-appoint them. I am glad you wrote him. I sent the S. G. Christakis card and I will write ~~them~~ them though what can one say when people are economically so worried.

Speaking of the cost of building in France. I could bet anything it would be cheaper here. Just think, the K.s have a wonderful radio. Aside of its clear sound and the numerous countries they can connect, Moscow, Deningrad, Rome, Munich, Berlin, Vienna and ever so many other countries, the radio itself is in a beautiful cabinet, a real ornamental piece of furniture. And all they paid for it is £12. That is 900 francs. I believe you paid 800. Well, the difference between yours and theirs is like day and night. ~~xxxxxxx~~ To hear Moscow or Petrograd is like hearing someone in the room, so clear it is. Apropos of listening to Russia, it makes one realize what a force the regime has become. In his recent speeches Stalin said "life is better and more joyful". Every speaker in Russia has since repeated that slogan as the days ~~and~~ news and talks ends with the sinin of ~~the~~ international. It is all repeated a thousand times. What wonder if it is repeated in the heads of the millions who get nothing else.

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I could not get hold of the editor of the New Chronicle who ordered the article about the place of the individual. It seems even in the news paper offices they celebrate Christmas by a long session. I will phone him Monday. But I am not at all hopeful he will take the article. I managed to squeeze in the most salient parts in about 1350 words. but its too serious and too theoretic for a daily paper. If the miracle should happen it would secure your rent for the next quarter. I will let you know of course.

Liza and Simon K. send their kindest New Year's greetings. I send mine in loads.

Devotedly.

Em

Better send the Times article back to me. I will need to refer to it in the letter to the Times.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022060

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 28, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
4 p.; 23 x 18 cm.

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Liza and Mimio: K. send their kindest New Year greetings. I send mine in loads.

Devotedly.

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6 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.
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Vienna. same address. Dec. 28
Dear C. L. G., a happy New Year to ¹⁵¹¹1935
you. I sent you greetings already case of the
friends in Nice. I am very glad to have
your threefold letter, raising so many points
which with me find, as usual, full
acceptation or some reserves, but which,
on the whole, are an overwhelmingly rich
letter-communication.
Many thanks for the two dollars which,
as I shall explain later, ought to be your
last sacrifice on my behalf.
I disagree on your preference of Sylvester
to Christmas. The latter is the only private,
intimate, individual evening in the year
when by general agreement people behave a
little gently (24) and even have two
happy to-morrows before them (25, 26) — that
is a delightful international oasis. Whilst
Sylvester is a late invention — collective, mass
public crowding together, bawling, drink and
an idle night of chaos.
But you say wonderfully clear things when
you sit on that Los Angeles correspondent,
about Revolution, Russia and many other things.
He must be a queer sympathizer, if he feels
the contrary of all you tell him.
It is hard however to feel patience with the
friends of the American Communists, who, if in
power, would crush the Civil Liberties
society immediately, unless they could transform
it into censorship and hebetude. They lack
dignity if they permit themselves to be
defended in the name of freedom which,
to them, is an empty word and which they wish
to destroy. I think they should be upheld to

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870930087

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scorn from this point — as parasites and exploiters of sincere friends of freedom. 15115
I am delighted to see that you observe some progress in England. The communist spell seems broken, the Labour spell too. I go farther and I see in the protests about Abyssinia etc. some little awakening of a world's conscience (which did not awaken in the summer of 1914) — and the "sanctions" are, to me, the next thing better to what the workers are not doing (they produce weapons, they transport everything, in short they submit to everything as in 1914 — ever since!). Consequently — as I always think and say — humanity at large is more progressive than the working class — and we shall always lag behind and be powerless, if we rely "only" on labour. That is the business of those to whom labour gives votes or jobs and offices, but not ours who are disinterested. — The labour boycott against Am., It., Ital. is not coming on — so really better than complete abdication (as the workers do) is whatever else is being done by whomever against these enemies of mankind. Thunderstorms are all right — but if we welcome them, we must also

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not oppose nor despise the gradual accumulation of energies which alone permits a final outburst. 1916

— I fear for the first time of difficulties about P.'s translation. Sorry for this much delayed work which, to be quite actual, must be continuously touched up — unless it contains permanent historical parts; but here also research is always proceeding.

Such a work, in my opinion, must stand on its merits in the original form and the reader of a translation must be educated enough to know that it is a foreign work and may appear strange to him in some parts and features. That gives a new charm to a book and is instructive for the reader. If American publishers wish that all authors of every country should be placed for their public in American disguise to be good sellers, they are bullies and must be told that they are on the level of picture shows.

Now about our friend P., there are several elements which to me seem to compose his book style. (1) his 1848 redundant rhetorical power; (2) what he acquired in writing Yiddish: a slow, elementary, explicative style with repetitions (the Yiddish readers seem to like — unlike the Americans — to have things well explained to them and said over again, — and — unlike the Americans — they like to learn); (3)

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¹⁵¹¹
There is good, solid, quick reasoning in him, proceeding logically; (4) There is a poet somewhere, prose poems in any case (as that little German book of his). (5) He is, perhaps, not quite as independent of his sources as desirable; this is very difficult when a large subject is concerned. This may make him less critical than one might wish. I mean that this may lead — in the long book — to weaker parts, unsatisfactory to the learned and not quite in the grasp of the author; affirmations where more scepticism were preferable etc. [Of course, this remains to be proved for the new book which I have not seen].

All this makes him a particular author, immensely honest, popular, ~~groundbreaking~~, informative, with the creator's impulse, the poet's sly charms somewhere, the social critic's independence and good common sense (and intelligent libertarian spirit) — and that ought to be good enough for publishers and readers, even American.

To shorten that were as if to shorten the big R. himself to a waistpocket R. which is not a publisher's affair, unless he orders a new book. Such a new book, short and pithy, might be excellent.

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Translations are desperate work ¹⁵¹¹ if the original is prolix. Then that is like reconstructing soap bubbles. But if the author wrote concentrated, then the translator must reproduce him at whatever length and wherever, prompt to him, and he must only think of the author, not of the readers' convenience.

I lived through all this with the present translator of my Revista Blanca articles — an infinitely literary Spanish author who had the habit of reproducing my remarks in wonderfully concise, quite lepidogrammatic form which to me were sometimes riddles. I wrote a fully charged style, that is nuanced by epithets, qualifications which express my degree of certainty, scepticism, criticism — I believe no author fully; therefore I rather quote him " " as residue with various degrees of affirmativeness. Now translators who ignore this and just consider the nuances, shades, as expletives, make me lose my points. I had sheets over sheets of explanations to write to make this comprehensible to the Spanish translator who now (to my joy) has given up to translate me lifting me into lofty literary classical style and sticks to my text, considering me as a beetle who crawls on

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the ground and has no desire to be lifted up and transformed into epigramms. ¹⁵¹¹⁹

Now, all this was amiably arranged and I felt happy over this.

Perhaps S.B. put also too much of his genius into R.'s quiet stile and was felt to write a *Nachdichtung*?

I feel that a translator is responsible only to the author, not to the new public. It is not right to encourage adaptation, as author plus conscientious translator always gives more of the real work than an indifferent genial translator. — one wants to approach the author, not to be moved away from him by an indifferent, accidental local translator.

— I am better this winter in health. Here also there is some fog; but in London you must have passed through unhappy days of fog, unless you were travelling.

But Wales in November was on the verge of death in November, but has fortunately recovered; may this last.

I had Christmas greetings by Keall by the same post. Are you never near Whitbury when going to Bristol or to Wales?

A most happy New Year to you and all friends — fraternally M. N.

(G.B. and wife sent a card yesterday; doing well)

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928185

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 28, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Jeanne [Levey].—
2 p.; 22 x 17 cm.

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14630

Telephone HARlem 6483

IRIS GIFT STUDIO

21 East Jackson Boulevard xx 36 E. State Street
CHICAGO

December 28, 1935.

Emma, dear:

It seems that our letters must have crossed each other or else you did not receive all my mail. I am certain I get all your letters because my address is permanent, but from the way your letters sound, it seems as though some of my letters have gone astray.

I wrote you in my last letter that the Halperins were home. I was to go out there to see them very soon and that they enjoyed meeting both Lasha and you. They are fond of Lasha too. When I was there last week, we had quite a discussion on Russia and they are very much impressed with Russia. I advanced the argument that I cannot understand how a people can be as happy as they claim when they have no freedom of expression, assembly or the press. Too, I asked them, as you have so many times stated, if the people are so very happy why are the concentration camps so over-crowded. Perhaps a good many of the people who are not in the concentration camps would be there if they would speak out loudly. They claim there is such a happy spirit among the people, because they are all working for an ideal. I asked them if it is fair to expect a whole generation to be wiped out for a possible millennium that might come. If, as they claim, when Russia is completely self-sustaining, will the workers be willing to give up their places as dictators and will the people have free reign. We had quite a heated discussion and somehow Julia seems to feel there is only one thing to do. Everyone who has any doubts must go to Russia and see for themselves.

Now Emma, you ask me what Julia meant when she said you should turn to them at any time. I do not know, dear, I am somewhat disappointed that they did not leave you at least a check for \$100.00. I surely thought Aaron would do that. Maybe Julia intends to send some help. The other night I casually mentioned that we had an annuity in mind. I told them I could talk it over further about it. Aaron asked how much a thing like that would cost, so maybe we might get some help from them.

I am very unhappy about the failure of your lectures. Maybe you will be able to organize groups such as you mention, outside of the radical ranks. In that way you can give some lectures that might prove more successful.

About Lasha's books, when they arrive, I will do all I possibly can to have them bound and try to dispose of them as soon as possible. I have written to Loueststein asking him what he intends to do about the annuity, but so far I have not heard from him.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928185

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 28, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Jeanne [Levey]. — 2 p. ; 22 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

14631

Telephone HARbison 6423

IRIS GIFT STUDIO

~~310 East Jackson Boulevard~~

56 S. State Street

CHICAGO

December 28, 1935.

I wrote you that Becker was here and I am expecting him to return about the end of January. I have arranged a meeting for him also. Otherwise, dear there is nothing new here.

The Free Society had a bazaar and although I promised myself not to bother with them again, I helped them rather enough merchandise to enable them to raise \$175, which they can use to good advantage. I also promised to help them run a rummage sale so they can make three or four hundred dollars without a great deal of effort.

I have already given your article to several printers and am awaiting information as to just how cheaply I can have it done. I would like to bring that to a successful conclusion and am very soon. Maybe I can raise a fair amount of money.

Emma dear, if our business was better, it would be so much easier to do the things I want to do. It is always those who would like to do things that are unable. I am sending you a small check for the holidays. I hope you will get something you need most. I only regret I cannot make it many times larger.

Will keep in close touch with Aaron and Julia and if I can get any help from them you know I will certainly do so.

About Susan's underwear I also wrote you that I sent one pair to him in N. Lopez. The others I sold to Kate Picomni. Have bought two pair of heavy pajamas and have sent one pair on to him. The other pair I will send shortly.

Jay is still away, but he joins me in sending our love to you.

Always, devotedly,

Yours Jeanne

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[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 28, London [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman]. — 5 p. ; 20 x 16 cm.

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14643

London Dec 28th 35.

Dearest Jeanne, I am trying hard to get out as many letters as I can these last few days of the old year. Unfortunately I have no secretary and long hours at the machine cause me much pain in my neck and a spine. I do not make much headway, however, I might neglect others. But I cannot let the old year go without writing you again. Besides, I owe you a letter. Yours of Nov 23rd crossed mine, of the third of this month. I then wrote you Dec. 5th waiting for a reply. Not that I would not have written just the same, but I was lecturing in my mouth and was laboring under a very heavy cold which necessitated my lying in bed during the day to be able to use my voice at the meetings. Now your letter of the seventh of this month has come. So I will make up the points in both your letters all in one.

My dear darling what a time I have caused you with the underwear. Funny they should have been 42 when the figure fifty stood out in large size. Of course we could not guess that the fifty applied to the wool. The combinations looked so long ~~and~~ did hold them up but they were far too long. Naturally, we thought it was fifty size and much too big for our dear Sasha. Yes, of course I remember Kate Picconi. I am so glad she took the pairs, or at least that they fitted her husband. You must have made such an arrangement because in your letter of the 7th you say you have sent the pajamas. The last letter from Sasha does not mention having received them, but I am sure they will reach him, I hope without delay. He will probably write directly he gets them. There will be a delay because you sent them to St Tropez. Sasha left there when I departed the 19th of Oct. Here is his permanent Nice address in case you should need it, 101, BOULEVARD DE CROISSOL, NICE A. M. FRANCE.

I wish I could give you cheerful news about Sasha. True, he feels better than last year though he is far from strong. His main trouble now is lack of work that would give him a living. I had hoped that the efforts of the special committee organized to raise a gift for Sasha's 65th birthday would really proceed in an efficient manner, work hard and carry out what it had undertaken. In point of fact, it was to be a "handsome" present for Sasha the main mover of the scheme wrote me. She actually hoped for five thousand dollars which I considered absurd and unattainable. But when I was informed by Harry Kelly that five hundred had been raised almost in the first sitting, that another five hundred was to be raised during the summer, that Alice Cohen ~~was~~ who once posed as Sasha's most devoted friends had undertaken to raise five hundred I assumed that our own comrades would be able to make up two thousand. That would have secured Sasha for some time and would have relieved him of the ever present worry about how to keep ends meet. Imagine then my disappointment when nothing came out of the whole venture except the first five hundred of which three hundred had been sent to him during the summer. In addition was the painful realization that not one except a small group in New York had written Sasha a line to his birthday. An article about him in a Dutch paper brought thirty letters from Holland. Not one from New York. Of course, the comrades in America are used to consider

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May 18th as Sasha's birthday. Nor does S. or I consider birthdays im-
portant. It is merely the collapse of the hopes raised by the
committee and the fact that none of the comrades remembered S. with
a greeting which hurt. I can assure you darling that Sasha would
rather die than admit the hurt. But I know he was disappointed.
Largely it was my fault, knowing our people and their promises I
should not have mentioned the matter to Sasha. He would have ~~expected~~
not have expected anything then. Well, it is sad. You know
dearest, the other day I read in the New York Sunday Times about
the opening of Fricks art treasures to the public and the eulogy
given his memory as a great art patron and benefactor. What a
travesty on ~~our life~~ on our social system. Frick held out o
as a paragon of civic virtue and Alexander Berkman who gave his
best years for Fricks ~~victim~~ victims, exiled, in poor health
and without the least material security. It is enough to weep
tears of blood. I hate to write you about Sasha's precarious con-
dition, but I know you are interested.

I
And so you have met Stein. How did this come about?
I must say he has shown much devotion to Sasha ever he came out
of years of separation in 29. I don't know how S. would have gone
on without the generous support Stein has given him. Yes, I know
he is interested in the annuity proposition, he even suggested I sh-
ould sell Don Esprit and add whatever I will get to the money
needed for the annuity. And he said he would contribute five hundred
towards it. Even if I decided to do this it would hardly benefit
Sasha. From Cook's letter going into details of the amount needed
to secure me with \$100 a month something like \$17,000 would have
to be raised. Now, hundred dollars ~~annually~~ in France
would hardly be enough for three people. At the same time it
would add rent for some kind of an apt for me. Sasha would still
remain penniless. It's true as Stein said that if I do not sell the
place I too would be without means of support and so would S.
But he forgot, first, that I will get very little for Don Esprit.
And secondly, Sasha, Ray and I would remain without a roof over our
our head and with only hundred dollars a month between us, provided
the large sum for the annuity could be raised. Frankly, after the
poor response to the appeal for me and John I no longer have faith
in the new venture. However, I will write Cook. He is a prig
there is no doubt about it, but he is damned efficient when he
undertakes something. He maybe angry after my last letter
because he did not reply. Still, I rather think he would go in
for the scheme with much jest and whim. At best it would take
a long time to rouse people to the annuity venture. What ~~mean~~
meanwhile? I don't know whether you know that Stein is a very sick
man. He has been suffering from heart trouble for years. And now
he has some glandular trouble. He has already been operated
several times. Most of his earnings go to doctors. But for that
Sasha would not have to worry. I am sure Stein would secure him
with a regular allowance. I know it is impossible for him to do
it now, though he does send S. money every once in a while. Please
keep this about Stein's illness to himself. — hate to be known

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men hate to have it known that their physical prowess is declining. Even our Sasha would be very angry with me if he knew I am writing anyone about his poor health, or economic hardships. So you must not give me away.

About my doings you will learn from the inclosed copy of an account I have written to be sent to a number of friends and comrades. It does look a little more hopeful, doesn't it? But the material results at best will be frightfully meagre. Fortunately, I am living with very devoted friends, imagine she is strongly pro-Soviet, yet is very fond of me. She charges so little that it probably does not even cover the cost, about \$7.50 a week ~~for~~ Of course I have extra expenses of things I can not permit her to foot. And there is my large expenditure for postage. Still I have managed so far and I am not worried about the next few months. If only I can establish myself for permanent work. That's all I care about. I will not know before another month or two. Meanwhile I have five lectures in and near London next month. I expect to go to Plymouth for three weeks in Feb. Then to South Wales on a tour. Other engagements may come in response to the letters that will be sent out this week. You may believe me I try desperately hard. I am lucky in having the help of one efficient comrade who is doing his utmost to help. I never had anybody in England before.

Charlie, it is so long since we have done printing I cannot tell you how much the brochure should cost. Yelensky got a very low rating from a Chicago printer for Dashes A.B.C. Of course it was only for the print from plates of \$200 for thousand copies. and that's a big book. If the pamphlet will make about 24 pages, it should not cost more than fifty dollars for ten thousand copies. I may be mistaken of course. Try Yelensky's printer, he may give you a reasonable estimate. Charlie whatever you do be sure about printers blunders in the proofs. Have someone used to reading proofs go over them. I have an idea which might enhance the sale of the pamphlet. It is to get Morse Lovett, or some equally known man to write a short preface. Do you think it worth trying? I do not suppose it would be ready in time to reach me here for my meetings. Because I could dispose of quite a substantial number. If not it will have to remain for next autumn when I hope to return to continue what I have now begun.

I am delighted to learn that Rudolf is meeting with considerable success on this tour. I do hope he can stay on in the States. It would be hopeless here. There is nothing left of the civil element he had attracted in London. And he would find it even less more difficult to contact the British than I do. Everything ought to be done to get him another extension.

dearest mine, it is futile to hope for my return to A. Certainly not the coming year during Presidential elections. It might be worth trying in 37. That will depend on who is returned to the White House. It will also depend on whether I have built up a foundation for activity here. If I succeed I would not drop it.

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14646

for a trip to Canada. For whatever new attempt to be made for my return to A. would have to be made from there. From here or France it would be entirely out of the question. Just know I think and dream of nothing else than to gain permanent ground in England. It is the only logical and worth while thing to work for. Incidentally it would keep me within reach of Sasha. I cannot bear the thought to be away again so far as last year in case anything happens to him so, wish me luck in my quest to "conquer" my new countrymen.

As Aaron is enamoured with Russia, but his amour seems to depend largely on whom he happens to talk with about Russia. For instance he told me in the presence of Julia and Lucille that he found abject poverty, people in tatters and without shoes. He had told some of the leading communists he related that the unemployed in America are still better fed, clothed and shod than "your people". The Lord knows that is not saying much for... Still if he realized that how then can Aaron be enthusiastic about Russia? I rather think he is merely rationalizing because he wants to make the world outside believe that he found everything in the best of condition. Aaron seems awfully good hearted, but I do not think he all too penetrating. True Julie is less enthusiastic. But neither she or Aaron saw so clearly as Lucille. That girl has a sharp mind and a seeing eye. But as you say, her background and her training may spoil it all. Ah will probably let you read a letter I wrote her. I am having copies made and will send you one later on.

As to what will the Malperines be able to tell you about Sasha and me? I certainly did not discuss my anxiety about Sasha with them nor did Sasha tell them about his poor health or his empty pockets. So all they can tell you is what my letters contain because I feel I can be frank with you. Not for worlds would I have spoken to the U. for fear they'd think they can a lot to me because of their money. Anyhow, nothing was said about how we struggle. I come back to the pamphlet. I am sure the comrades in Toronto, possibly in Montreal, and certainly in New York and Los Angeles will want to take many copies for sale. Do not send it to groups but to dependable individuals. I will send you a list when the time comes. Under no conditions should the brochure cost more than 2,03, cents a copy. the more you print the less the cost. You know that don't you.

About Sasha's Memoirs. I have finally decided to have them bound here. For two reasons, first duty on printed matter must be paid whether in sheets or bound. Secondly, it would take the comrades in America or Canada months to have the sheets bound and put on sale. In as much as New York and Los Angeles have already sent me the money for the bound copies I feel they ought not to be bothered with the binding. I have also received \$5 from Toronto. But do not yet know whether it is for copies of Sasha's Memoirs, or for me personally. Because I would have to send Toronto fifty copies if the money is for that. It would mean therefore 200 copies for New York, Los Angeles and Toronto. And fifty

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The balance of fifty I mean to hold back until the book is out of print. Then have Sasha autograph it and sell at a higher price to individual people. You'll be able to help them darling. Now you have enough to do with the pamphlet. 14647

Dearie - I am deeply sorry that Jay's business and yours do not pick up. I wonder what caused the slump? Of course I understand its the general condition in the states. Still you have both done well during the worst and most difficult time. Whats happen since? I am deeply interested. You know that, don't you dearest?

Please Jeanne darling do not think I had you in mind when I lamented the fact that the comrades had not even written Sasha to his birthday. I know how faithful you are. And I interpreted your silence as being harassed by personal worries. I would have ever like you to start a correspondence with Sasha, if only a letter or two a month. Won't ever breathe I suggested it. But I do know he misses hearing from America. So do write him, begin with the mix up of the underwear for a start. and perhaps you could prevail on Lucille to write ~~Sasha~~ Sasha often. He liked her very much and he was enchanted with her bright mind..

Well, my dear you can not complain that my last letter this rotten year is so empty. Now I must close. I have been at the machine all day and I am awfully tired.

The inclosed clippings will amuse you. Of course I did not say that I want the revolution to end and fancy come to the theatre. Nor did I say that "all" should go to prison. I said imprisonment if not for too long is very good for every rebel. Also I did not say that I had managed a company in ~~America~~ Russia. I did say America. But whats the difference to a reporter?

Once more the best and most fervent wishes for your and Jay's health in the new Year, a change for the better in your business affairs and many vital and interesting experiences.

With love to you both, and greetings to all the comrades.

Devotedly

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860417042

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 29, London [to] Milly [Desser, Toronto] / Emma [Goldman].—
2 p.; 28 x 22 cm.
Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

London Dec. 29th 35

Dearest Milly. I thought I had acknowledged the receipt of the MSS. I am sorry to have caused you any anxiety. A week ago came your letter of Dec. 6th with check for \$5 inclosed. I wish you had stated what the money is for. Dorothy writes so seldom now I do not know what to make of it. She has not written what the money is for. Perhaps she will yet send me word. In any event I must ask you to let me know by return mail.

I am inclosing a copy of a short report of my doings here. Please make me some copies. Here is a list of names I would like you to send copies to. The Inagbords, Seltzers, Steinberg, Judkin and Simkin. Als to Mrs Christine Barker, Fanny Barrett, Dorothy of course. Then send copy to the Bernsteins in Montreal, to Lahler whose address is

to Miss M. Goldstein 555 Argyle Avenue Westmount Montreal, to J. Gordon Whitehead Stratcona Hall McGill University and to Gussie Jaffee whose address is.

Also make me a dozen as soon as you possibly can. It is madning not to have some secretarial help. It keeps me at the mac machine all the time.

Dearest, did you not send a copy of the article to the Vanguard publication 45, west 17th Street New York City?

From the letter I received I am not at all clear whether they got it or not. Please let me know by return mail.

I hope my Christmas letter reached you and that you had a pleasant Christmas. mine was dull as dish water. I spent it darning stockings and mending clothes. I thought of our Christmas last year. Best wishes for your new New year. Love

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2 p.; 28 x 22 cm.
Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

also a copy of the inclosed to
Mrs Edith Schenck
4689 Westmount Ave. Montreal
du Quebec Sten Denyse Emma - St
Montreal

Mr H M Casselman
2040 Bleury St. Montreal
Montreal

also Mrs Dan Stark
of Stark Brothers
P.O. Box 320. St. H.
Montreal

Please inclose a line
in every letter to explain
but as I have no secretary
I am keeping my friends
on the continent posted
thoroughly.

Enclosed you will find a copy of
a letter which Miss Emma Goldman
asked me to forward to you
Sincerely yours.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860417041

[Letter, 1935 Dec. 29, London to Millie Desser, Toronto (enclosure)] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.
Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

London, Dec. 24, 1935.

Dear Friends:

You will want to know how I am faring in England. Well, this is my third attempt to gain a footing here. While I cannot say that I am making much headway in that direction I can at least report that there seems to be more interest in other ideas than the stereotyped political labor catechism. For instance, the left wing non-Communist elements seem to have become aware of the conservatism of their party and the compromise of political action. I do not mean to say that all of them are ready to embrace the ideas I represent. But there are a goodly number, especially in the provinces, who are strongly dissatisfied and who are eager to learn something about Anarchism and the Anarchist approach to the world situation. I consider that an advance to ten, or even three years ago, when I could budge but the merest few from the old position. This does not apply to the intelligentsia in England. These are divided into blind, deaf and dumb adherents to Moscow on one side and utter indifference on the other. Not that the latter is as conservative and hidebound as when I was here three years ago. They have somewhat awakened from their comfortable sleep that all is well in our world. But they are still too comfortable to make the least gesture to change what they have come to consider wrong in our social scheme of things. In other words, the intelligentsia whether Communistically minded or not is still sterile ground for me and I have met about hundred in this city alone.

Apropos of meeting people here, the British suffer from an overdose of what the French do not have at all. And that is social graces. They will invite you to luncheons, teas, dinners, and all sorts of parties. But not one will offer to be of the least help to get one a hearing. I have spent more time since my arrival Nov. 14th meeting people than on lectures. But as far as these gatherings are concerned, I might as well pack up and leave. Of course, if I could content myself with being entertained and fed, I could easily continue in London for months and save living expenses. But not having come to England to be lionised the hospitable receptions one is so lavishly showered with are not satisfactory.

However, I have roused interest in those who attended my lectures. True, true the audiences in London were small, except the one in the East End, the Jewish section where I lectured in English on MUSSOLINI, HITLER AND STALIN. The Communists came out in full force and did everything to break up the meeting except lynch me. Nevertheless, much interest was demonstrated at this meeting and the two smaller ones. So much so that three more meetings have been arranged during next month. The larger and more wide-awake attendance was in Leeds and Plymouth. Especially in the latter. There I addressed three substantial crowds. And, I gave a fourth lecture on the Soviet Theatre for a dramatic society. The result of my Plymouth visit is an invitation from the latter for a series of six lectures, and three additional meetings that my own comrades are contemplating. In Leeds, too, I have been asked for another date. More encouraging is the request for dates from South Wales of what is known in England as THE NATIONAL LABOR COLLEGE. It is almost entirely a school for the study of Marxism. Three years ago it would have been as impossible to penetrate this holy of holies than let us say Yale University, if not more difficult. The fact of E.G. being asked to speak there is proof positive that there is an awakening in labor ranks. It is this which I consider encouraging.

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- 2 -

Lest you think that I am on the way to such material returns that will require an extra suit-case when I leave England in the spring, I want to assure you that I will consider myself fortunate, if I manage to exist until then and have enough for my return trip. The workers in England have always been forced to figure in pennies. And not only they. Except the intelligentsia that has arrived at the top ladder of success the rest are being paid so measly, they, too, must also figure in pennies. The custom is, therefore, free admission, if these people are to attend lectures at all. I leave it to your imagination to calculate the returns that are likely to come to me for my activities. The three London meetings gave me 2 pounds. The four Plymouth lectures the enormous sum of eight and 12 shillings and railroad fare. The Leeds visit three guineas. Bad as times are in "my" former country no organization would have offered such fees. Here it is considered a lot. Naturally, if the average pay of newspaper men, accountants, and other so-called better occupations is between 2 and 4 pounds a week, it is not to be wondered at the measly returns for lectures. Fact is lecturers are not paid in England. Most of them have other occupations from which they derive their income. So that they can afford to give their lectures to their organizations (no one here does free lance work) free of charge. This is mainly done for charitable and philanthropic work, hospitals, etc. which this immensely wealthy city cannot maintain.

However, my main concern is not material returns. It is the chance of establishing myself in England for whatever years left me in this best of worlds. Of course, one has to live, though I really do not know why. But then, one also has to have the wherewithal of life in the South of France. I admit it is a better climate, the weather here now is atrocious. The difference is in France I am gagged and forced to inactivity. In "my" new country I can raise my voice or use my pen against our social muddle and criminal confusion. I cannot begin to tell you the relief from the ever-present spectre of expulsion that hovers over one in France. Indeed, in all other countries that might still be open to me. Even Canada where I have not yet been told to go would do so were I to treat the internal wrongs staring me in the face. Besides, it is too costly to go to Canada for a short period, and even more costly to tour Canada. And so I must plod along no matter how poor the material outlook.

I plan to stay on until spring. By that time I hope to know what prospect, if any, this country offers me as a permanent field of activity for six or seven months in the year. If I can achieve that much I will be happy to spend five or six months in St. Tropez preparing new stuff for my winter's stay in England. I admit it is the worst possible time of the year to be in this beastly climate. But anything is preferable to ending a rich and active life in the daily round of mere existence. Besides, quite a few people live in England and only eight million in this little town. Surely I will survive. So wish me luck in my quest to conquer His Majesty's subjects of whom I have the "honor" of being one.

Once again the Anarchist position in regard to the incompetency of all government has been proven correct. Could any non-governmental group of people have made such a mess, as the Laval-Hoar combine? Mr. Baldwin is like Wilson. He, too, promised his electors to "keep them out of war" only to plunge them to the very brink of it soon to kick them over altogether. What is a new world slaughter, if British interests in Abyssinia are at stake? Human lives were never

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- 3 -

cheaper and colonial possessions more than ever valuable. Indeed, so valuable that the British government can well afford to make a scapegoat of a foreign minister or two, if need be. On the other hand, is France terrorised by the Italian bully? Why should not its Premier be ready to satisfy his megalomania for expansion and power? Politicians and statesmen never learn anything. Else the Laval, the Hoars and Baldwins and the masters whom they serve would not have taken it for granted that they can fool the masses as easily as their prewar confreres did. Not that it will make the postwar gang in government seats wiser now that the people in England have so unanimously forced the Baldwins and Laval to admit their criminal blunder in re the Italo-Abyssinia "peace" offers. But it is nonetheless encouraging to find the masses up in arms against the attempted gangster deal.

For myself, I consider the whole business of sanctions a fake devised largely by this country to safeguard its own imperialist designs. Shaw wisely said: "the English first find a principle. Then nail it to the mast of ships heavily laden with whisky and ammunition to make the savage heathens accept that principle." A fat lot England cares for the Abyssinians. It does care a great deal to safeguard fascism for Mussolini. It is, therefore, the height of stupidity to believe that Great Britain or any other strong government has any intention to enforce sanctions. Yet, the Labor Party in this country and the Communists have fallen for the bait. Instead of calling upon the workers to declare an international boycott against Mussolini. That alone would spoil that madman's campaign and inspire the Italian masses to get rid of him and his black regime. The British transport workers have proven the force of such a step, when they refused to transport arms for the interventionists in Russia. And I am certain the same could have been achieved and more had the British Labor Party and French Syndicalists remained true to their claims. As to the communists, they must abide by Moscow's decision. And Moscow now prefers co-operation with the great powers to any support it might get from international labor. Such is the bitter irony on the Russian Revolution guillotined by "our great, our wonderful, our precious leader and teacher Stalin."

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London Dec. 30th 35

4537

Dear comrade Clara.

Thanks a lot for your comradely letter. I am delighted to learn that the Vanguard group wants to publish my Tow Communism in a ~~book~~ pamphlet. I did not however get the impression that the ~~article~~ MSS. has already reached you. It should be in the hand of the group over a month because I had asked our young comrade Billy Messer of Toronto who was ~~making~~ doing the final typing for me to send one copy to the group. I hope she has done so because she has always proven very dependable. Should there be some hitch please write her to 759 Bathurst Street Toronto Ont. Miss Billy Messer.

As far as I know one never has prefaces to such small publication as a pamphlet. nor do I know any person in New York whose name would add weight to anything I have written. Still, if you think my name is not enough you might ask Prof. Newey. He was very gracious and sympathetic at dinner arranged for me. And as he himself has written against communism he may write a preface. I am not sure.

Yes, it is a big task to undertake the publication of the pamphlet. I hope it will have a large sale and not only cover expenses, but also bring something to the work you and the other dear comrades of the Vanguard group are doing. By the way I have received the Oct Nov issue and I consider it a vast improvement on the previous issue though they were by no means bad. May I know who Jennex is? He writes well. Weiner's article is also good. If only you can all hold out VANGUARD ~~ONCE AGAIN~~ ~~THE NEXT TO BE PUBLISHED~~ ~~THE PART~~ ought to grow into an important voice of our ideas in the American desert of our movement.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920009

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 30, London [to] Clara [Fredrics, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4338

My dear I have to get about in England before I can write much about it. Unlike the Intourists in Russia I hate to judge a country and its people by surface impressions. But you will see by the inclosed account of my doings and expectations here that I have hopes to come in close contact with the workers through my tour through South Wales and my second visit to Plymouth. I may also go to other industrial centres in this country. I will then be able to speak more authoritatively, and write my impression based on facts and not mere hearsay. You can of course, if you wish bring the account in VANGUARD.

Also I am inclosing copy of a letter I have written to a new correspondent of mine. He was once a Communist and of course considered me capable of every crime on the calendar. Even while reading Living My Life he was loath to let go of his imaginary E.G. But by the time he got to the end of my book he underwent a change of heart. He made a clean breast in confession all his sins against me. Anyhow, he has left the U.P. long ago. He asked about getting in touch with our comrades. So I gave him the address of your group and I sent him VANGUARD containing Morghis article about Mussolini. Please get in touch with him. He may prove worth while. I know nothing more of him than what he wrote in his letter.

Wishing you and all the comrades of the VANGUARD group a very interesting New Year and great success in your work.

Fraternally

Greetings to all the comrades. By the way, are you sending VANGUARD to comrade Norman, his address is 101, BOULEVARD DE CESSOLE NICE, A.M. France. I know he will appreciate it, and he may be willing to contribute an occasional article. He is as keenly interested in the efforts of our young comrades in A. as I am.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022061

[Letter, 1935] Dec. 30, Nice [to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].—
3 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Dec. 30th [1935]

Well, dear, a greeting to you at the end of the year. The real end is tomorrow, but I feel like sending you a greeting today.

Just as I began this, the letter carrier came up. Usually he comes up only to bring registered letters, but he had none for me. Guess he wanted a New Year's tip. OK. He brought the bundle of papers you sent and your letter of the 28th.

Letters FROM you arrive quicker than letter to you. First, because the French are not so efficient in distributing the mail as the English. The number of employees have recently been reduced in the post here, and the holiday mail makes their task even harder than usual.

Another reason is this. Recently the minister of the postes arranged to have a SPECIAL collection of mail at night in PARIS, and that mail is sent out per avion to the south here and to other points. But there are no such arrangements for mail coming FROM here and going to Paris or any other point. Your mail to me passes through Paris and is from there sent sometimes per avion. From here avions go -- NOT from Nice but from Toulon, so if I should send a letter to Paris per avion, that letter would wait till it catches the avion in Toulon, and that takes longer than an ordinary letter.

Besides all that, mail often gets lost in this great country -- more often than in other countries, I am sure of it. Thus the P.A.S., for instance, which is being sent to me regularly, comes very irregularly. Often a number is missing.

Dr. Robinson also has me on his subscr. list, but more numbers are missing than ever reach me. For several months now I have had none. Not important, of course, but it shows how the mails work here.

In this last letter of yours you mention again the letter you sent to Emile. You mentioned it before and we waited to get it. NO letter from you to Emile has arrived in recent days. You say that in your letter to Emile you enclosed a copy of ~~xxxx~~ an account of your doings. NO SUCH letter arrived. May be it will come yet, may be delayed, but I doubt it, for you must have mailed it long ago.

Another thing, as I have already mentioned in a previous letter, no bundle containing Nations arrived. You wrote that you sent me two copies of the Nation. Since you are in England I got NO copies of the Nation from you. Recently a bundle arrived from you, containing N.Y. Times and clippings. Today also a bundle from you, containing N.Y. Times and clippings.

Incidentally, may be other things failed to reach us. Thus, Mads asked Emile to buy for his girl Mary (who is supposed to be a singer) some music and songs. He wrote that he is sending for it a ten-dollar money order. No such money order was ever received, and it is already about a month since his letter about it was received. We sent him the music he asked for (he said he needed it urgently) but no money order came.

Of course it is MOST likely that Mads forgot to send it. He often writes that he sends something and fails to do so. But it may also be that it got lost.

As to Mads and the Sandstr. I wrote him many months ago that he ought to give

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Sandstr. a definite reply and pay for his work. No reply about it from Mads. When I received the letter and diagrams from Sandstr. (recently) I sent them registered to Mads and wrote him about it again.

By the way, I wonder what Mads ever did with those 2 pairs of underwear I gave him for the Leveys. I asked him already, but he did not reply. Did you ever hear from the Leveys about it? Mads recently wrote that he met the Leveys in N.Y., took them out for a grand dinner and all got half-coused. Then he showed them some "night life", so he wrote. But not a word about anything else.

Well, dear, I am very happy to hear that you have at least expectations in re lectures. It looks rather promising. I know that your energy, perseverance and ability to make connections will accomplish a great deal. And what you fail to accomplish will surely not be your fault. I am sure that ~~St. Louis~~ ~~more in come~~ if there were in some Engl. cities just one or two comrades to help, good active men, then you would accomplish great things. Too bad there are almost none. But I do think that you will accomplish this time considerable.

New Year's in England must be about the same as in France. On Xmas the traditional Xmas tree is nowhere to be seen, except at the President's lunch "for poor children", as shown in the cinema for propaganda. And New Year's consists in having Reveillon -- a big meal at about 12 o'clock on New Year's Eve. These meals are dear, of course, anywhere from 50 to 125 fr., not-including wine, and you are supposed to order champagne, of course. It is a New Year's Eve for business.

Well, anyhow, Em, and I spent Xmas at home, with a little chicken. And we intend ~~next~~ to do the same New Year's, may be with a cinema thrown in and without fell a toast to our Emma.

As to you, dear, I should think you'd be glad to spend a few days of the holidays alone or in small company, considering the crowds you must see and the talking you have to listen to on other days. But I guess your energy is inexhaustible, and you would have surely enjoyed Xmas in company of a few good friends. Well, it is too bad you are deprived of it in that great city of London. May be by and by you will make the necessary connections, for London must surely have many literary, artistic etc. circles.

Yes, it is certainly encouraging if the Labor Colleges are beginning to be interested in our ideas. I hope you will get the chance to talk to them and that you will find there the right material. -- Surely I remember Foye and his fine stand in Chicago. You will, I assume, find him unchanged in courage and character. He could of course help a great deal with his connections.

I wonder whether the Bluestein of the Dressmakers Union is the same comrade whom we used to have in St. Louis. His name was something like Bluestein, or rather Bluestone perhaps. He was a great friend of Ben O-pes and I once stayed in his house while lecturing in St. Louis. But as to those orders for the Memoirs, of course you have to fill those orders that you got first from the various groups, particularly when they have already paid for them.

What you tell me about the cost of binding in England and that radio of the K. makes me sure that life is MUCH cheaper there than in France. In fact, this country is considered the dearest in Europe with the exception of Switzerland.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022061

[Letter, 1935] Dec. 30, Nice [to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 3 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Months and months ago I had made a bluff about reducing the cost of living. Only rent went down. All other things have remained the same high price, and some have even gone up. For instance, a little chicken for roasting, very small, cost me 12 fr. for Xmas. It is a dollar, and not much for a chicken, but it was almost as big as a large pigeon, there was actually not enough even for ~~high-quality~~ two portions of any reasonable size. So you can judge what the cost of living is. Well, you know it anyhow, from St. Fr. and Nice. But now during the holidays things are even dearer. That's why the restaurants are quite empty these days.

It would be too bad, for all the work you did on that article on the Indiv., if the paper would not take it. But maybe they don't care for such matter during the holidays. Perhaps later on they may take it. I hope so, dear.

Otherwise nothing new, and what little there is is not cheerful news. For instance that poor fellow Landau. I once wrote you about him. In Paris with a wife and no right to work. All other friends and comrades too poor to help him. Well, he wrote me some time ago about his trying to go to the U.S. Small chance, but by his request I wrote to Dr. Melts, an old comrade of Los Angeles and active in the group there. They replied from Los A. that they could hardly do anything. Melts could not even make an affidavit for Landau because Melts is so hard up he cannot pay his taxes. (It seems that any one making an affidavit in this connection must show that he paid his own taxes!) Anyhow, they made a collection and sent him \$10. But before he even got it he was run over by an auto which broke several of his ribs and caused other injuries. Only a few days ago I got a letter from him -- no one had written me about it before. He lay ten weeks in a hospital, then they sent him to a convalescent place. He soon there, so they told him to go home for a while. He on c. takes and NO HOME to go to. His wife being given a place to sleep in by some prior friends. Then he stayed 3 weeks more in some home and now he is out, still ill and probably will remain a cripple for life!

But when he came home from hospital he found the \$10 from Los A. and a couple of dollars I had sent him, and you ought to see his letter full of thanks!!! Such is Xmas for some of our people, and for many others of course also.

As I wrote already, Emily never got your letter, but she has been meaning to write you for a long time. She has not been well of late and so the letter still remains unwritten. To it was added worry about not hearing from her father or mother for Xmas. The first time it happened in years. Had not heard from them for a long time and she imagined they are either very sick or ill. Nothing of the kind, of course. Finally she got the other day a postal from her mother. All well, except that they probably did not want to write for Xmas because they are also in bad financial condition and could not send her some little gift. And so it goes.

Well, enough for today, dear. My best thoughts go out with you.

I hope Liza received the Xmas card I sent her.

Love

By the way, dear
did you send me Seven Women?
do you get in London
The Post Office?

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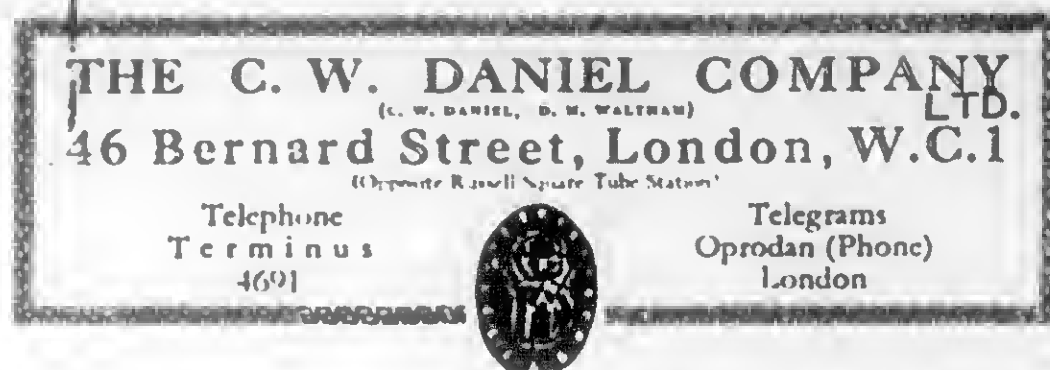
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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029178

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 30, London [to] E[mma] Goldman, [London] / C. W. Daniel. —
1 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.



30th December 1935

Mrs. E. Colton,
20, Beechcroft Court,
Golders Green,
N.W.11.

Dear Miss Goldman,

I got back to the office after 5 o'clock. I phoned you but you were out, as expected.

I understand the office have sent you a receipt for the £28 and put in hand this morning the binding of the sheets of "PRISON MEMOIRS".

They have also sent you the one dozen "MY DISILLUSIONMENT" which you wanted after Christmas. For all practical purposes the office was not opened until to-day.

I will have the particulars of Mr. Berkman's royalties looked out and done to date at December 31st the year ending. Then in the course of a few days when the volumes are bound perhaps we could meet and you could hand me your delivery instructions when we might have a general settling up.

With hearty good wishes for 1936.

Yours sincerely

C. W. Daniel

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(C. W. DANIEL, D. M. WALTHAM)

10 years Russell Square Tube Station

30th December 1935

INVOICE No. **D 4485**

Mrs. E. Colton.

..20, ..Beschroft Court, ..

...Golders Green, N.W. 11,.....

12	My Disillusionment in Russia 6/- net 4/- carriage per Carter Paterson	2	8	-
		2	8	10

NRT BOOKS are supplied on the condition that they are not sold to the public at less than the full published price

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023170

[Letter] 1935 Dec. 30 [Nice to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].—
2 p.; 24 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

The 30 December 1935

80

Emma, my dearest ---

as I am writing this letter I am still without the letter you mentioned in Sasha's letter addressed to me. What has happened? Maybe you didn't send it off? So, then, don't let me wait any longer for it anymore. I want to hear from you.

I wrote you, dear, 3 long, very long letters. But, you know my habit. I sit down, write to somebody near to me, or to whom I want to talk to -- long, long letters. Then, the next day I reread the letter, and always is there something I don't want to write. So I do it for ten years or longer, and so it seems as if I wouldn't write. I disturbed (in cleaning my Schrank today) 3 further letter addressed to you. But, my dear, I did not have the courage to send them off: they were in low spirit, sad and you really can't have that adding to your hard struggle over there..... So I better keep quiet.

My relapse I am having now for almost one month!!!! without stop is much worse than this at Auntie's, and by God she knows what I have felt like there! Much worse. In fact I have come to a desperate state.

But, darling, I want you to know, and please believe me, that I do all my work as usual, so Sasha has the best of care, and we never eat any more in restaurants, because I refused that after this summer. And our resources are not big ones as you know, moreover, it surely is better at home. I always agreed with you inwardly in that respect, but I want to confess that Sasha liked "to find out" "wonders" in the cheap places, as you know our child loves to do that. And I did not refuse. But now it is different.

As to Sasha-- he is well. It is funny in our household. I am always well when Sasha isn't and vice versa. So, maybe "God" wants it ~~wwwthaw~~ that way, though I think he should be more generous and have us both in good shape, eh???

Listen, dear: As I hear from S. you are going to be busy for another 2 months. Does that mean that you will only be through in about March? Will you stay the another month in Paris??

I don't know if I ever mentioned to you, dear: I think it would be wonderful if you and Sasha could stay for a while in Paris together. Once you have a flat there, it will not be so terribly more expensive. You all, Senia and Molly and all the other friends would be so glad. I also would be very happy with that thought, dear Emma, that you and Sasha should have a good rest together and mutual encouragement. Sasha has not the least idea of this, or there would be a thunderstorm here. So, please do tell me about it but not him..... and maybe, dear even not me. Just let things go, because Sasha is so obstinate as you know.

How happy it makes me, darling to know him so much better again, is beyond my limits of expressing myself. He is dressed up, believe me, dearest I saw to it, because after you had gone into that trouble about Sasha's cloth, it should fit at least.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023170

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2 p.; 24 x 18 cm.

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He has now everything perfectly arranged and if he should go to Paris he needs a few shirts and that is all. We got them before he goes.....

Emma, dear, how strange life is: there is not a single day that I do not think of you. And we speak of you --- always admiring your energy and sometimes we can't get it over how you manage to have this courage at all.....
So, then, dearest, there is nothing especially with me. Patience. I try to have it. Bleibt mir nur uebrig.

From Germany I don't hear at all anymore and my mother is sick too etc etc.....

So, dear Emma, one thing I never could write you with such a conviction! Your Sasha is *VER WEL* und hat *uberufen einen APPETIT*. He is longing for Blintzes. Aber das ist Ihre Angelegenheit. Viel Mut, Emma, and don't you think it would be so good after those hard weeks for you to have a holiday with Sasha in Paris. In the meantime, darling, I would stay in bed for three weeks and get well.

I wish you, dear, dear Emma, that the new Year may bring you peace, keep your wonderful health, and for the sake of both of us: let Sasha be in the health is just now enjoying.

MAMA (HAG) 1935

Always, Your

EMMY.



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The Emma Goldman Papers

891109048

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 30, London [to] Milly [Witcop Rucker, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Rudolf Rucker Archive.

London Dec. 30th 35.
dearest Milly. I can not permit the old year to pass without writing you one more. I am long overdue with a letter. I had intended answering yours of Nov 3rd long ago. But you know well enough the energy and effort needed to make headway in a strange country. True, I have been a little more fortunate this time in having a dependable and devoted comrade help with meetings. It is comrade R. Barr who is the secretary of my so called committee. The rest do nothing. But he is putting his very soul into the work. That has been some relief. But on the whole you know yourself that one has to attend to ~~many~~ every detail oneself. Especially is this true of correspondence. Mine has certainly never been small. It increased with my coming here. In past years I could employ Doris a great deal. I cannot afford it now. Besides, she works late hours and she is not very well. So I let her do the most indispensable jobs. The rest grows over my head, and to keep abreast I am forced to sit at the machine many hours day. In fact, I had to write out a sort of report about my doings here, and my hopes for the immediate future and send that to our friends in America and Canada. I inclose a copy that will give you everything up to date.

Don't run away with optimism dear. I admit the outlook is a bit brighter than three years ago. But after all Plymouth and South Wales are only a small part of England. And so far no other provincial town has replied. As to London the meetings were measely and though I will again have three in Jan. I expect nothing from them. The city is too vast and we have no money to advertise, or people to canvass the city with literature. Its alright

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The Emma Goldman Papers

891109048

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 30, London [to] Milly [Witcop Rocker, New York] / Emma [Goldman].— 3 p. ; 23 × 18 cm.

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Roc

I am satisfied myself in the provinces London will come next. so I am keeping at it. but you may believe me its bitter hard.

The Jews are worse than ever. three years ago they held together a little, or attended the meetings. this year they showed up only once. except Michael who works with the committee. I never saw such indifference in my life. not one has even called up to ask how I am or if I need anything. In fact none of the comrades except Mace and Marr. I don't know what I would have done if I were not with the Moldofskys. It would have been terrible to be so cut off and alone in a city like London. Of course, I know a lot of English people, some by far more concerned than our comrades. still it is painful to ~~have to~~ find such cold indifference.

Pear Polly attended the three meetings and she was with me two weeks ago for a little visit. She took my old astrakhan collar along to renew it for my winter coat. she has not yet brought it back. I wanted to see Rudolf and his wife. but Polly said to wait until after the holidays. I suppose she will bring him along one of these days. I saw Nastia once and Milly S. Nastia has trouble with her eyes and poor Milly seems to work awfully hard especially before Christmas. I suppose I will see them again whe my lectures here begin Jan. 20th.

I was delighted to hear from Jeanne Levey, from the Cleveland report in the fr. Arb. St. and from Polly that Rudolfs tour is a success. I am sure it must be so more than ever before because Polly said you had written her that R. is satisfied. ~~that must relieve~~ ~~all of the anxiety~~ ~~that his~~ ~~will get an attention~~

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The Emma Goldman Papers

891109048

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surely, and I will try again. I cannot bear to think of you having to come here and Rudolf wasting his talents on the swamp in the west. I know what filled Rudolf had before the war, but that miracle is passed. there is nothing here among the Jews worth while. I do not mean to imply the Jewish comrades in America are better. still there is some activity, if only the A.A.B. time. Here the Jews of the past are living corpses and the young raving communists. Besides, it is not only the comrades. It is that A. has a large Jewish population to draw from else Rudolf would not have such good meetings as he seems to have this time. In any event it is sad and unsafe in Europe. So every thing must be tried to get you both a stay.

I am so happy that Rudolf found it so easy to work on his autobiography. I certainly did not when I worked on L.M.L. I went through hell the whole time. I should say Rudolf has interesting material. and it should be a fine and useful work which I hope he will be able to continue after his tour is over.

I have heard nothing further about Grossmann and I don't intend to mix in the matter. The comrades in Canada are not likely to rush the money for his ticket. so let them manage the matter themselves.

A very happy and interesting New Year to you Rudolf and Fernin. and to you improved health, I know you are in need of that very much.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115050

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 31, London [to] Dorothy [Rogers, Toronto] / [Emma Goldman]. —
4 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

5740

London Dec 31st 35.

Dorothy Darling. much as I missed hearing from you I knew that nothing but deep inner stress had prevented you from writing me in response to my letter. It was my anxiety about you more than anything else which made me so unhappy by your silence. If one one could help those we love out of their misery and conflict. Or give them courage and strength to break with a past which had given them aught but pain. but thats precisely what one cannot do for another. with the best of will no one can safeguard the other from what he, or she must settle with themselves. but I have infinite faith in you my dearest. I feel certain you will eventually set yourself free, physically as you have already freed yourself spiritually. There is no half way dear heart. One must either break completely with ones past, or one gradually loses the gains made along the thorny path of liberation. Thorny indeed, yet the only path ~~taxixxxx~~ worth while because it leads to the heights of beauty in freedom and selfrealization.

I am delighted to know that meeting me ~~thixxxx~~ in 34 has meant so much to you. It has also enriched my life to know so fine a spirit and so promising for our ideas as you. somehow, my Canadian experience was not so empty as ten years ago when I was there 18th months and did not find a single interesting worth while human being. I admit there was an other force during 34 that had opened up a new world for me. .. a rare and wonderful personality who had roused me as I hadnt been in years, indeed had never more expected in my life. Alas, there are too many factors against the realization of that miracle. The complete abandone of two weeks in Toronto has brought endless pain since, and the superhuman effort

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115050

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 31, London [to] Dorothy [Rogers, Toronto] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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The odds are against the continuation of a relationship as that which came like a meteor in the high tide of my age. thirty years of difference in age, the tragic handicap of the man, you may have guessed it is our blind comrade Frank Weiner. The fact that his wife is the one spiritual prop he has had since he was 21, and her beautifully attitude towards me, and finally the distance that must necessarily separate us. ALL this has made me see that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I have no right to dwell on what must for ever remain a dream. In fact it was the struggle to overcome the overwhelming upheaval roused by Frank is unfitting me ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ from every thing else. It was really the sickening longing that paralyzed me and not so much the numerous ~~shocks~~ shocks Sasha and I had during the summer for any sort of writing. Moreover I felt if I do not break the hold on me of all the magic and wonder he had brought me I would also not be able to continue the struggle for our ideas, and so the operation had to be undertaken. It left me spent and bleeding. But I do have myself in hand again. I never needed to more than now when I am trying desperately to break through in England.

Do not think that I regret the sublime experience of meeting and knowing Frank Weiner. Or that our comradeship will suffer in the least. Foolish boy, he cabled me he refuses to change our relationship. But as I wrote him there is no change, really. Only that I could not continue and the rack. I shall always cherish the two weeks I had Frank with me in Toronto. It has enriched my life immeasurably. So you see, 34 was also rich for me. Nevertheless it has made me face the immutable law of years. 65 for a woman must have the grace and give her the strength to wish for nothing

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115050

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 31, London [to] Dorothy [Rogers, Toronto] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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more of a personal nature. Think how much more fortunate I am to so many other women. I have a shining ideal to fill my life with warmth and hope. they have nothing. After all, my ideal had always been more to me than any love affair. so there is no ~~special~~ special tragedy in having once more to choose between that and my ideal. the pathos is that Frank Henier is the only man except Sasha with whom there might have been complete fulfilment. I never before met any man with whom I had so much in common, our ideal, our ~~art~~ taste for music, art and letters, our complete emotional and physical fulfilment. but as I said, the odds are too many.

Darling I am glad to have your letter and the explanation about the five £ milly sent me. I did not know what they were for. There was considerable mix up about the bidding of the Memoirs. But it is settled now. I am having it done here. I have paid orders from New York, in fact the comrade who is at the head of the Dressmakers Union was willing to pay for the whole 250 copies. He told Joe who could sell them all at a very good price so Sasha might benefit by it. but Toronto and Los Angeles having ordered copies I shall send comrade Bluestein only hundred copies.

Now about the fifty for T. I fear the custom authorities will never let the book pass. It therefore occurred to me that it might be a good idea to send the book to comrade Zubrin in Detroit. Arthurs brother goes back and forth from Detroit to Windsor and Zubrin often goes to T. In that way the rotten Canadian customs could be avoided. I will write Zubrin this week. If he consents books will go to him. If not they will go to Bluestein and

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115050

[Letter, 19]35 Dec. 31, London [to] Dorothy [Rogers, Toronto] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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5743

~~Dear~~ Joe can arrange with him how to get them to Canada. In any you will have to let me know by return mail after seeing Joe if he can suggest another plan. There will of course be duty to pay and express charges. That will have to be done at the other end as I am dead broke. I hope to have the books ready for shipment by the end of Jan. So do not delay in writing me after seeing Joe.

Dearest, I hope the sale of the memoirs will leave a surplus for Sasha. The book really ought to sell at \$1.50. They are the last copies and it is not likely that another edition will ever be gotten out. Besides, Sasha is frightfully hard up. The "handsome" gift Sasha was to receive to his 65th birthday his committee had undertaken to raise dwindled down to five hundred dollars of which 300 had been sent him during the summer. He has no prospects of any work and of course no income. What a travesty on our time. Frick being hailed as the patron saint of art without any reference to the blood and tears each canvassed cost Fricks ~~skate~~ slaves. And Alexander Berkman ~~inxxxxxxx~~ who gave his best years in the attempt to free Fricks victims in exile, poor health and penniless. But then many heroic spirits have paid the same price for their ideal. So Sasha has no regrets nor have I. But it is sad just the same.

Dear! I feel crestfallen about Ben. I have not yet answered his last letter. I am swamped with correspondence and kept on the run meeting people who might be interested to get me a hearing. And I have no one to help with the typing. Someday before long I hope to find an hour to write Ben. Meanwhile give him my greetings and best wishes for a brighter and more vital New Year than 35. has been. I have sent Milly a copy of a report about my doings here and my hopes for the next two months. I asked her to give you a copy, of course. But you might also take a copy to send to Ben. I want him to know that I am not idle. I have written the Meelises.

With fervent wishes for a great and interesting New Year and with much love.

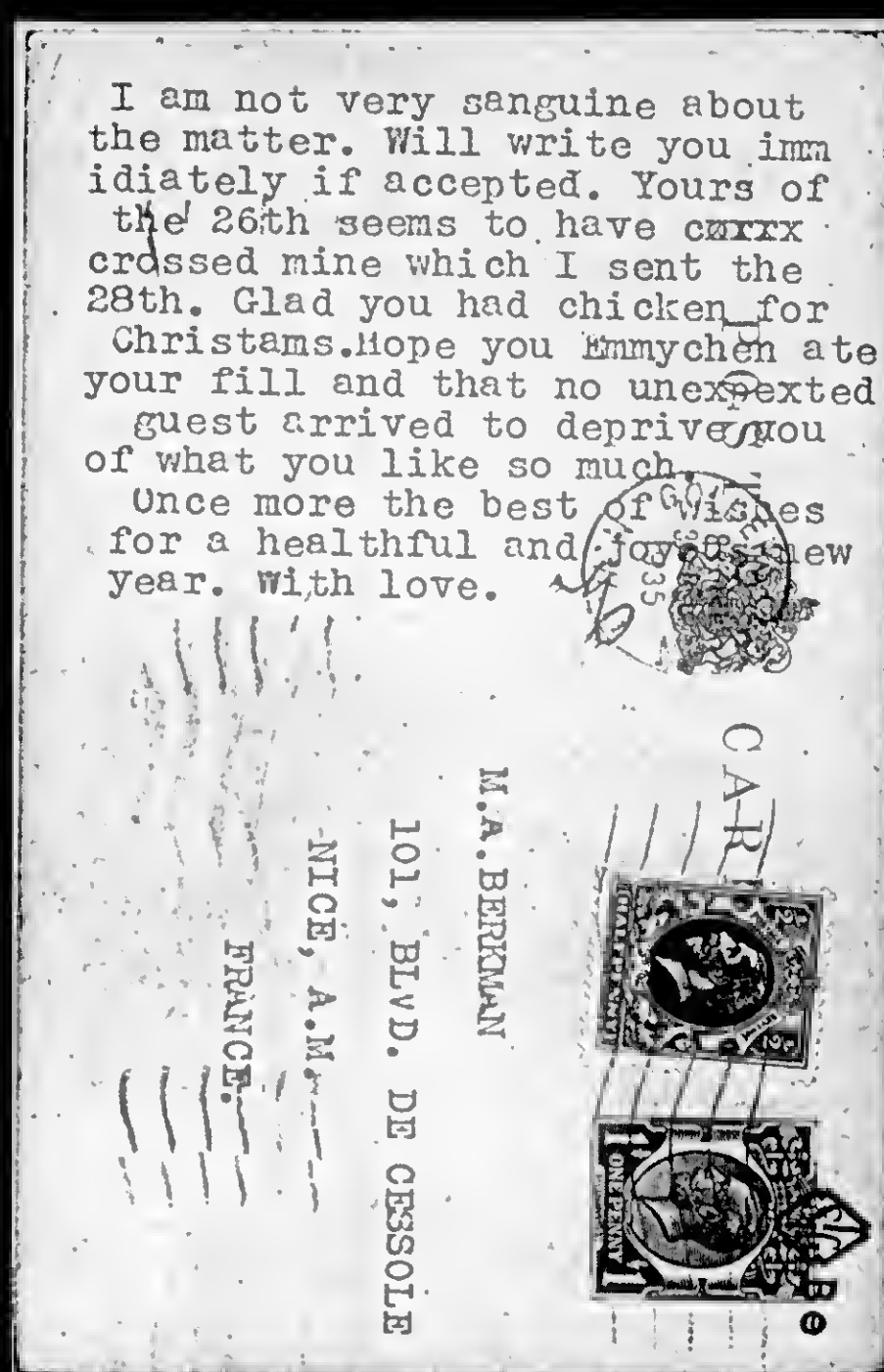
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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022062

[Postcard] 1935 Dec. 31, London [to] A[lexander] Berkman [and Emmy Eckstein],
Nice / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 8 × 13 cm.
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881022062

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London Dec 31st 35.

dearest Sash and E. Just a last word from the end
of this old year. I hope to greet you in the first
year with a letter. To day I have only time for
a few lines. I am going with the "searchingers"
to a New Years party to night. so I will have a
chance to drink one drink each to each of you.
Of course, I had planned to do that anyway. But
it would not have been very cheerful at home. Es
pecially as Simion K. had to be taken to the hos
pital. he was ill for several weeks. But we did not
know the cause. It developes to be hernia which is
not serious. Naturally I was not going to leave Liz
alone. But friends of hers and Simion are coming to
visit her to night. So my going away does not matter
I took the article to the editor of the News Chron
icle yesterday. He would have to submit it to
his chief he said. he would let me know soon.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029150

[Invoice] 1935 Dec. 31, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / C.W. Daniel Co.
1 p. ; 20 x 21 cm.
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THE C. W. DANIEL COMPANY LTD., 46 BERNARD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Statement of Sales at 31st December 1935

M 188 Emma Goldman

TITLE	Stock at	Free Copies	Stock at	SALES AT Dec 31st 1935	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
MY DISILLUSION- MENT IN RUSSIA on sale	856		830 6	20 7d 20/18 6/- 10%	5	11	-	11	8	
PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST	312			12/11 10/6 10% 250 sheets (Royalty free) 50 bound (Royalty free)	6	-	9	12	1	
								1	14	10

The Emma Goldman Papers

870919145

[Letter, 1935] Dec. 31, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London?] / Angelica [Balabanoff].— 2 p. ; 23 x 15 cm.

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31/12.

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HOTEL PARK PLAZA

100 WEST SEVENTY-SEVENTH ST.
NEW YORK

Emma my dearest, how to apologize for my silence? (How explain it?) And yet the explanation is a very easy one. For reasons which you guess I did not think it wise to carry many addresses especially as I realized that neither Roger B. nor anybody else would meet me with the "quarantine". I thought I would get at once your address from Stella B. I asked Roger B. (he waited for me in N.Y. and was very kind) to give me her address, which he did, but I don't think it is the right one as S.B. does not answer to a note I sent her at my arrival. So I had to apply for your address, R.B. gave it to me!

I think of you, my faithful friend, hundreds times a day. All comparisons, all ideas associations, bring me back to you! Of course I can't say that I know American life or American people, what I feel is most likely more the result of what I "brought in me" as of what I could observe, still everything makes it clear to me why you prefer to stay here and I am so sorry you have to renounce, and I am so thankful you did help me to come over. You know, my dear, what encouragement means when you have to deal with difficulties, which was my case till the very last moment.... After Paris especially, I feel like in paradise.....

As far as my work is concerned, I can't as yet tell you something definite, but I hope to be able to make some useful work. Though the lectures programs are already made for the whole winter, there is some probability, given the actuality of the subject (damned Mussolini!), for me to find something through a lady, Grossel, if I remember well, who seems very interested and sympathetic. I would like very much to lecture in women clubs or in Jewish radical organizations (not only in the proletarian ones) to raise opinion and money in favour of the victims of Hitlerism.

As you see, I am not yet fixed in a room but living in Park Hotel which Mme Rosenfeld recommended me and which I am enthusiastic of: a big room, clean, quiet, warm with plenty of electricity which does not cost. May be I shall remain here, a clean private room does not cost less here

THE BEST HOME AWAY FROM HOME IS A GOOD HOTEL

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 1935] Dec. 31, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London?] / Angelica [Balabanoff].— 2 p. ; 23 × 15 cm.

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In the neighbourhood of the CENTRAL PARK. What do you think I should advise me, you know how much I am depending of the room I am living in, especially if I have to work. Here they charge me 9dollar a week/ Everybody tells me the story of Seldes having brought a whole chapter of mine in his last book, which seems to be a great success. I try to defend him and hope he will try to repay me in some way, a lawyer, a friend of his and of his publisher said he would see whether an arrangement can be found. Did you, dear Emma, succeed in reaching him? He is here collaborating in the communist "Masses" but I did not try to meet him as I do not know if he has answered you. All those with whom I happen to speak of you or A.B. remember you with warm sympathy, such was the case of an official of the Jewish "Amalgamated" who told me he had just written to A.B. The included clip has been given to me by Rosenfeld who is travelling very much and addressing meetings and talking in the radio. I too am supposed to speak in the Italian radio (as a rule Giovanitti and Antonini are doing it). I have not yet seen Iresca, I hope to meet him with Badwin who are arranging a kind of reception for my friends and myself next week. I should like very much to get in touch with Alsberg, nobody knows his exact address. Please, my dear, dear Emma, answer me at once. I am longing for news from you. When writing to Stella B. please give her my phone. I should like so much to meet her.

Thousand greetings and wishes, is it possible that 1936 shall be as wretched and cruel as 1935? Perhaps still worse?

Yours —

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860115057

[Letter, 1936?] Scarborough Bluffs [Canada to] Emma [Goldman, London?] / Dorothy [Rogers]. — 3 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.
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Chine Drive
Scarboro Bluffs.
Ontario.

Emma, dearest;

I think now that all 45 books have arrived safely. Mine 9 came straight to the Bluffs, duty free. The others had no difficulty in getting theirs through the customs but had to pay sales-tax and in some cases duty. You see some were put on New York steamers in England and because they came through New York we had to pay duty. Not much though. The thing is that we have our fifty copies of the Memoirs. I have already sold two copies and Dessert the same. Mrs Barrett is going to do her best to sell what she can.

We were very disappointed when visor trouble (sounds like a new disease, doesn't it?) prevented Rocker from coming when we expected him. However he may be here later.

The Group held a fairly successful dance and concert last week; proceeds for Political prisoners. We don't know yet how much we will have to send away. We have also prepared a May Day leaflet, concerning which we are in luck. At our meeting last Sunday we were discussing the final draft of said leaflet and discussing the printing and price etc. At the meeting was a comrade from Winnipeg, Simkin, a printer in quite a large way. He gave us a price on 5,000 which was only \$1.00 more than half the Toronto price. So, he mailed our copy with instruction to his son in Winnipeg and we shall receive the finished article on Saturday. Besides which, Simkin (no relation to the Toronto Simkin) is printing some at his own expense for distribution in Winnipeg and is sending some to Vancouver and some to Windsor. We are sending some to London Ont. The leaflet is being signed "The Federated Libertarian Groups of Canada" Won't it be wonderful when those words really mean something?

I have great hopes for our group here in Toronto. Some of the young Canadian born Jews and Italians are beginning to show interest as well as two or three Anglo-Saxons. Do you think that we have the nucleus of an Anarchist movement dear?

We are keeping in close touch with the Vanguard group, and the Bronx Libertarian Group, both of New York. We hear occasionally from Chicago and from Marcus Graham. Within the last two weeks we have at last made contact with the IWMA. Do you remember when you were here before you went to Montreal, that you gave us an IWMA press Service. WE sent ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ a subscription to New York for the Press Service then but did not get any response. A few weeks ago Ben wrote complaining that the IWV had received no response to correspondence with the IWMA re the Ballot on Affiliation. It was such a hot attack on the IWMA and its tactics that we all felt that something should be done about it. So I copied Ben's letter and enclosed it in a letter to the editor of "Combat Syndicalist", with whom we have been in touch for some time. I wrote an explanation. They sent my letter to the secretariat of the IWMA who at once wrote to us a long letter ~~XX~~ telling us the whys and wherefores of the situation. I have made copies of the correspondence and sent it to the Canadian Administration of the IWV (at the request of the IWMA) and to Ben. I will make complete copies for you but shall not hold up this letter for them. We hope to keep in touch with the IWMA from now on.

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We keep the IWW supplied with Anarchist and Anarcho-syndicalist journals for their Port Arthur Library. The French publications are very much appreciated by the French Canadians. We have been in receipt of "Combat" and "Le Réveil", for some time. We do not subscribe to them so I wrote last summer thanking them for keeping us supplied and telling them that we sent the copies on to Port Arthur. Since then they have increased the number of copies per week and written two or three times. We have also subscribed to and receive regularly the press service of the IAMB. Perhaps that is why we did not follow up our first letter to the IWMA in New York.

Now for the E.G. Publication Fund. The \$25.00 which I said came to you from the Fund was sent by Nesbitt last July. The date it was withdrawn from the bank was July 16th., and it was sent to St. Tropez. There was a little mix up over the typewriter which I am not going to bother you with since that is all done with now. Some more has come in to me from the bridge which was held in the beginning of the winter. I am sending you with this letter a H.O. for \$15.00. The rest of the committee do not want to close the account and so there is still \$1.00 in the bank. The comrades who belong to the Workmen's Circle say that they will send to you from time to time. Dearest, I think they are happier working in their own way. You know that they are not proletarian. They are business people, sympathetic, perhaps to Anarchist ideals, but not at all interested in active participation in an anarchist movement. They are old friends used to each other and used to working together in their own way, which is most decidedly not our way. They admit that the success ^{of their business} depends on the willingness of the workers to be exploited. The methods they use in their business they also use in their organization and in the obtaining of funds, and I for one can't stomach it. I have not broken with them or quarrelled with them; but we do not approach things from the same standpoint and that makes it extremely difficult to work together. There is no need to say anything about Langford. His intentions are of the best. He would promise you the moon or sun with every intention of fulfilling his promise, at the same time refusing to admit the total lack of ability to do so. This of course is apt to land both himself and those he is associated with into difficulties. When you are here these friends will work hard for you and do everything they can to help, but they haven't the vital interest of the movement at heart. They are more interested in personalities. I blame myself too for not being able to cope with the situation better, but I am much more at home with my proletarian comrades. Joe of course works like a Trojan and can always be depended upon. Thornberg is becoming much more active and willing to work. Arthur is with us more now and things are looking brighter for the group.

Dearest,
I received your letters yesterday, and read them on my way to visit Mrs Laddon. I spent the afternoon with her and read your letter to the Rockers to her. She asked me to give you her love and to tell you that she is writing to you very soon. I addressed an envelope to you for her. Dein and I are together quite frequently now. We are very congenial and enjoy each other's company very much. Unfortunately Dein is not at all well. She is attending a doctor and taking treatment now and we hope that she will benefit greatly from it. I expect she will tell you all about it when she writes. Or she may think that you have enough sickness on your hands as it is. Frankly darling, I don't know how you stand up under the constant strain. I do hope that comrade Berkman is much better by now and that Emmy too is well on the road to recovery. If it just depends on you I know that their recovery will be quick and lasting. I am sure that you

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would far rather be taking care of somebody than be taken care of yourself. But at the same time you need taking care of. You spend yourself untiringly and always and I suppose you will as long as you can breathe.

Dearest,

I am glad that you are thinking of making a home in England, for, hard as it will be for you there, it would be infinitely harder here. ~~XXXXXXXX~~ The ground here is solid rock, and will need much hard drilling before we can make an impression. Then the distances are so great and the population so very small and scattered that expenses are almost prohibitive. And as you say, England is so very near to France, that you can get there in a few hours if necessary. I am closing this now. I expect the group will want me to write again next week. We meet tomorrow and I shall read some of your letter to them. Then I want to send you a copy or two of our leaflet and also the correspondence re the IWW and the IWWA.
with all mt love,

Dorothy

The Emma Goldman Papers

880325000

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 1, London [to] John Cowper Powys, Cor[w]en, Wales / Emma Goldman. — 2 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.

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EMMA GOLDMAN LECTURE COMMITTEE

Hon. Sec. R. BARR.

106, CONINGHAM ROAD,
LONDON W. 12.,

London Jan. 1st 1936

Mr John Cowper Powys
Dedlondeb,
7, One Coad,
Corwen, Merioneth
North Wales.

Dear Mr Powys.

I am indebted for your address to my old friend, Mr Maurice Browne. I had learned from your autobiography that you had returned to England permanently. But I did not know how to reach you. I am very glad indeed to be able to do so now.

As you see I too am in England. It is my third attempt to break through the British reserve. I have failed twice. And I am not very optimistic about my success of this visit. But I am trying hard to gain ground. With the whole world much of a fortress, with Russia, Germany and Holland closed to me and other European countries also not too hospitable, England is the only place left where I need not be haunted by the spectre of expulsion. So, I must make a special effort this time.

You see, I am now a British subject. What else can the Home Office do except endure me? It might of course imprison me should my activities appear too "subservient". Knowing something about me in America you will agree that such an event would be nothing new to me. I am therefore not worried about prison. I am ~~so~~ distressed over the odds facing one here who is a free lance, and who still believes in giving ones all to ones ideal.

Mr Browne suggested that you might know how to go about to gain a hearing. I know from your autobiography which I read while in Canada last year that you began your lecture career in this country. Would you mind "devulging" your secret? You see I feel so confident of your friendly attitude towards me you have so kindly shown in America, I make bold to ask you for your suggestions.

My good friend Rebecca West has repeatedly assured me that free lancing is "not done" in England. Also that the English do not attend lectures. She has proven right as far as the middle class and the intelligentsia is concerned. I did not find this to be true of the workers. I had very good attendance in Plymouth for instance, two weeks ago. And my lectures in London while bringing small audiences seemed to rouse considerable interest. However, it is true

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EMMA GOLDMAN LECTURE COMMITTEE

Hon. Sec. R. BARR.
106, CONINGHAM ROAD,
LONDON W. 12.,

.....193

that the returns are pitifully meagre, hardly enough to make ends meet. Not that I had ever hankered for the flesh pots of Egypt. Unfortunately one has to live though I am not sure why?

I am inclosing some appreciation of my lecture work and the topics I am discussing. This may help you to tell me the best way to go about. I flatter myself that you have not forgotten me. Also, that you know something about my life in the U.S. Here only the press and Scotland yard know about me. Not very helpful, are they? I have made some real friends, but they seem as ignorant of how to rouse the British as I am.

Please, dear Mr Powys write me soon.

With best wishes for a healthful and fruitful New Year.

Cordially

Teleph. Speedwell 71 35.

20, Beechcroft Court
London N.W.11

Emma Goldman

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924222

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 1, London [to] John Cowper Powys, Cor[w]en, Wales / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 25 × 18 cm.

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16220

London Jan, 1st 36.

Mr John Cowper Powys
Bodlondob,
7, Cae Coed,
Corwen, Merioneth
North Wales.

Dear Mr Powys.

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and the things I am discussing. This may help you to
and my to go about. I flatter myself that you have
the idea that you know something about my life in
this low press and editorial you know about me. But
I think I have made some real friends. But they seem to
be not so much the British as I am.

Please, dear Mr Powys write me soon.

With best wishes for a healthful and
happy New Year.

Cordially

Emma Goldman V1 38.

Emma Goldman Court
London N.W. 11

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023148

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 1, Nice, France to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].— 4 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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Zu Hause!

My dearest Emma:

Sasha schreibt Ihnen soeben einen Brief, und ich habe nun meine Maschine und will Ihnen einen vernünftigen Brief schreiben.

Wo soll ich anfangen. Soviel zu erzählen. Aber das Wichtigste ist dennoch, dass ich das Glück habe, eine Besserung wieder einmal zu verspüren. sodass ich ganz brav und tapfer auf meine gute Emma warten kann. Und welch' Segen fuer mein Gewissen. Ich kann nun unserer Sasha-darling alles beeorgen und vergesse auch so zu gleicherzeit meine "perspektive", besser gesagt, Operation in perspektive".

Oh, Emma, es ist doch so schön wieder Zu Hause! — Ich kann nicht klagen, was das Hospital anbelangt. Meine Gefährtinnen waren z. groessten Teil ausserst vulgar, aber of a good sort. Und, am Ende ist dieses das Wichtigste. Jadooh, das warten auf die X-rays, verbunden mit meinem immer sich aggravated Leiden durch die dortige Diet, brachte mich in einen Zustand, indem mich bisher Niemand gesehen. Ich lebte die zwei Wochen buchstäblich von: vier Scheile Brot and Mayopotatoes. Because the food being not too bad for an ordinary stomach, was just poison for me. And in the vegetables so much fat, that I preferred the dry matchpotatoes. Of course, I could have bought anything to eat. But, dear, though feeling starved, I could not eat anything, but oranges. Outside of that food. In short: The day after Sasha left for home (and you may imagine what I felt that he had to be alone at home and nobody attending to him) it fortunately happened that my Diagnose was finished. I had two days before the food whatever, and then a very, very thoroughly X-ray examen. In the morning I was ordered to the Radio-Pavillon and they took Radios being standing up, sideways, both sides and lying on a plate. Then they took two photographs. I had to drink Bismuth that they could see the course of the food I was taking when X-rayed. I had to drink half a liter of this bismuth. Then they said I should come again in the afternoon at 4 p.m. I did. But what a surprise when they told me that my further X-raying was not needed any more and "cela nous suffit", "vous pouvez aller." I jumped into the air. I asked. "C'est grave docteur"? "Non, pas du tout, votre docteur vous dira demain tous. Il vous soignera". WHEREUPON I ran down to my Pavillon and wrote to you no operation necessary. But it was not like that. I woke up next morning, in a terrible condition Emma-dear st. Physically. I never had such discomfort and pain. Well, I thought, anyway I have to keep through, though I knew the potato diet was poison. But the essential point was the diagnose which I certainly would learn from my doctor who examined the first time. I clinged to the hope that he would come. And leaving my room at the point of the Pavillon where I can see ANYBODY arriving (including the corpses, weeping parents, sick people on stretchers) I saw my doctor coming. In the same time I saw a nurse rushing up to our Pavillon with two big photographs. And when arriving at my corridor I heard: "Cela est les photos de l'estomac". Emma, darling, my excitement was beyond my force. The doctor did not appear in my door. Nobody came in.

I jumped out of bed and it happens that I have some pink simple

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881023148

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- 2 -

B6

underwear on (it is natural that I should put on something under my morning gown, isn't it), that the "nun"-sister rushes in: "How do you dare to come here with silk underwear and go to bed; right away". "Dear sister" I said. I can't stay anymore in bed, since 10 days I almost have no passage. "Cela ne vous regarde pas, and stay in bed you are going to be operated!!" That was all I could learn from her. "I want to know what I am operated on, first", I told her. "Cela ne vous regarde pas".

Emma- darling, you know my exsiste way. That sister must have thought I have gone mad. I took my peignoir and rushed out of the room to look for my dootor whose osr I saw standing before my window. "Where is my dootor?" "Il ne vous dira rien". "I'll see that." When I rushed over the corridor I see him at the other end, holding my photographs. I broke out in tears. "Madame, je vous opere apres-demain". And, you know, dearest, he takes his coat. Well, Emma, you have no idea how they are taken and busy those doctors. It meant: If he will come specially for me to operate a day after tomorrow and I will refuse there will be a terrible mess and certainly he never will pay attention to me. At the other hand, my darling was at home, not knowing what happened, and then, dearest I thought of you, who showed me so much love and faithful friendship, that after all, I wanted to consult you, in that matter. BUT what is that all to them? I am number 31. And that is all.

Emma. I took him by his sleeve and said. "Il faut que je vous parle, homme à home. To my surprise he actually went back into the room of the "religieuse" and was decent. He told me that I have a stomach whose exit lies so deep down in my intestins, that there is only one way: to lift it. That the consequences may be extremely dangerous ones, if I neglect it too long, and that there is no way whatever, since the exit is already almost on the right side. He is the only doctor who explained me thoroughly the operation Alexinsky made, and said that it was made not badly, but not at all the way it should in order I should have a definite relieve. He said about other things, that really he cannot make out (looking at the photograph) how I ~~might~~ manage to exist that way. I talked about those "lavage". He says that there is absolutely no other way since my stomach and intestins are knotted with each other, and my stomach mouth on the right side almost and pressing terribly hard on my inside and so forth. Think of that decency, he even made me a design. "Dearest Dootor", my husband is sick at home and alone, may I wait 6 days? Well, he said to the very angry sister who came into the room (unsated and curious) give that woman a ticket to go home, je vais m'occuper d'elle quand elle reviendra."

My dear Emma, I went home more dead than living. Like a corpse. I thought my legs were of Biel. One night's rest at home brought me to my ~~were~~ senses and I had a rather good passage and was quiet and reasonable and am still so. I have decided to take care of Sash another month and will go one of these days to that doctor (because if I enter the hospital I have to have un ticket d'entrée de mon docteur) and will tell him that kindly to say do it a month later. And then, dearest I weigh only 47 lb and I want to be a fat girl before I will go to that strain of a operation because 2 weeks after that I will not eat.

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240

881023148

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Instal. Lap. A.P. reg. 242, 246, 264

Open it, we have
it by our side.

Also page

Dear Mr. May
 Please find
 1 MS

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241

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023148

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 1, Nice, France to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].— 4 p.; 25 × 20 cm.

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- 3 -

Bo

The appetite is very good just now and I eat light things, and am getting fatter already.

But the main point is: Emma, I want you near me when I have to undergo this operation. You have a great influence on me when it comes to encouragement and giving me force. I do really it will relieve me to a considerable extent, knowing that you are at my side when I come out of the operation room. And I know that you will do that. And then, I know that all will be well and our beloved Sasha will have all the care he needs. He is a poor boy, with his pipe. And if not taken care of he will be too weak for the next operation. Now he eats with appetite, and he is brave and fine. And I cannot budge from that impression that Sasha looks much rosier than before that first operation....

Emma, darling, I would in no way be in a condition of an operation even if nothing else would prevent me but that depression of that hospital atmosphere... They die like flies. This ~~you~~ groaning ---- this complaining and you not able to help. It was hell. The last day I had a terribly sad experience: When I washed in the lavabo for my XRay, a young girl also washed herself for her operation; Coitra. She was very, very sweet, about 20 years old. "What is the matter with you?" she asked. "My stomach will be XRayed". "Poor thing, she said, "I don't know what pain is, I never had one, but I have the Basenow illness and Dr. F. will cut my glands, today, because he says they may cause much trouble and one day I may choke." "I am ill now, and you know, my sweetheart wants me to be done with it!" Her sweetheart came every day, a very nice boy. So we both joked, as you know me, I was so funny that she almost screamed. All of a sudden she gets serious: "My confidence in Dr. F. is limitless, Madame, I lay my life into his hands." Then she took a sweet little blue ribbon and tied it around her lovely dark curls. "Now I am pretty, am I not?" "You look like a picture of health and beauty," I said.

"S'long", she said. And then, "I'll see you later."
5 hours later she was bled to death. Emma, that went into my bones believe me. And that I have to get over. It is not easy, though.

Enough, today, I will wait for you, dearest, and then I will have you there when suffering will begin. I know that you see to it, that all will be warm with affection for me. And that is so necessary, if one feels rotten. Meanwhile, be at your ease, dear, Sasha is taken care of and I eat with an appetite I never knew before, since my last attack. I am relatively O.K.

My home will be ready to receive you. When you come my operation will be done and then Sasha's. Emma, you will have your hands full. But I will not be extravagant. Only the few first days after the operation when it hurts so much I will need your presence terribly much. And then the easiness about Sasha being with you will help my reconvalescence.

Write me what you think about all that.

I thank you. I kiss you

Emmy

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 1936 between Jan. 1 and 24] Walberswick [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 1 p. ; 21 × 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Jove Cottage, Walberswick, Suffolk, Sunday

15427

Dearest Emma:

Never think I lose interest in the affairs of your most beloved self -- for I often wonder if my correspondential lapses aren't enough to convey that most erroneous impression! We were so relieved and cheered to hear that the lectures had been received so well, and that we might even dare hope plans could be evolved for keeping you going over here without so much distress. May the next news be even better, and may this year, for once in a way, bring you a little of your tremendous due!

We were awfully disappointed in the failure of our original wish to have you with us, though naturally were imaginative as to the many difficulties; but with all that I might probably have yielded to an impulse to urge you again if we had not had another spell with our damned invariably recurrent ailments. Jack was taken ill Christmas week and is still in rotten shape. It would be that way, just as I have resolved that, for the sake of the cash it would put in hand, I must get back to America for a while to do that book on Tennessee. I finally borrowed on my advance so that I at least have my fare certain; so I hope to complete the present novel within the next three or four weeks, then come up to London for a few days, and sail. This means, let us hope, seeing you truly! Moves after that include, if all functions as expected, six months to do the book in (a very short one), then perhaps France for two months (the plan for last year never having been executed) for the material for next novel, then back here. It will seem a marvelous bit of luck if you have found it feasible to actually settle here by then! (I mean when I return!)

I so have your view of the Mussolini business -- but I usually do share it! Yours being one of the few in the world not based on special pleadings but going clear through the logic of these situations and taking into account this obvious data of past behaviour which is ignored so often because of one cowardice or another! However myself I have not a particle of faith in the League of Nations and as all that would result in any event would be an opportunist measure, I would as soon have had the Hoare Laval plan go through as have the situation actually existing. It seems to me, and I imagine you may think the same, that nothing but an internationalism of action such as is represented in the boycott by workers you mention will ever have the slightest genuine influence on war. The League of Nations stands for the prevention of conflict only in name -- its entourage is entirely persons who dodge all the fundamental issues involved in securing world peace. I have wondered the British labour party could be so taken in in expecting results from it. The Egyptian crisis throws hypocrisies into relief. How much more one could respect the public if it were even able to be honestly ruthless in self-interest, but everything has to be self-righteously adorned whatever the motive.

We do, do, do trust that the drains on your strength haven't caused the cold to hang on and on still, as they well may. And if we do hang on to Jove Cottage you are coming some day, please.

Dearest Emma, Jack's sends with my wish his too for that New Year which will be different! Blessings on all your plans and more important, on the achievements. Evelyn

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029293

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 2, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Michael Sadler. —
1 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4384
10 & 12 ORANGE STREET · LEICESTER SQUARE · LONDON · W.C.2
TELEPHONE WHITEHALL 1027

January 2nd 1936

Dear Miss Goldman,

The following are the American books on Constable's list which might be suitable for mention in your lectures on American literature, if not in one of your more specifically sociological talks:-

WAITING FOR NOTHING by Tom Kromer (wrapper enclosed)

SOMEBODY IN BOOTS by Nelson Algren (you have a copy from Vanguard)

JOHN DEB PASCOE: ~~HA HATTAN TRANSFER~~ ~~NINETEEN NINETEEN~~ ~~FORTYSECOND PARALLEL~~
also(non-fiction) IN ALL COUNTRIES

THEODORE DREISER: All his works; booklet herewith.

PAUL MORGAN: NO QUARTER GIVEN

Morgan was the winner of the Harper Novel prize with his first work "The Fault of Angels"

ROBERT NATHAN: ROAD OF AGES

GEORGE SANTAYANA: THE LAST PURITAN (Choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club in America)

We also publish Santayana's philosophical books.

SIESTA by Berry Fleming.

If you would compare these titles with the list that you already have and find that there are any of which you would like to see copies, please let me know.

Miss Emma Goldman,
20 Beechcroft Court
N.W. 11.

Yours sincerely,

Michael Sadler.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029179

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 2 [London to C.W.] Daniel, [London] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 25 × 20 cm.
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4222

Jan 2nd 36.

Dear Mr Daniel. You promised me to look into the possibility of a reduction in the price of MY DISILLUSIONMENT. But the price of the recent dozen copies sent me from your office is still 4/. You see I cannot hope to get more at my meetings than 5/. And I would like to get a few pennies out of the sales. As you well know I had nothing out of the British edition. I dare say neither had you. It does seem to me however that more will be sold at 5/ than at six while I am lecturing in England. And that would leave us both a fraction more than if the book were resting peaceful in your stock. So do try to make ~~some~~ some reduction for me, please.

The announcements of my forthcoming lectures in this city will be done soon and I will send you some. Would you care to let me have some addresses of people you think might be interested in SOVIET LITERATURE, TWO COMMUNISMS? BOLSHEVIST AND ANARCHIST, and MUSSOLINI?, HITLER AND STALIN. Cards will be sent to everybody of your friends or acquaintances.

As always, I will be delighted to spend an hour with you again when I will bring the addresses where books are to be shipped.

Cordially.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023052

[Letter, 1936] Jan. 2, New York? [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Mildred Mesirov]. — 2 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Mildred

Jan. 2 [1936]

Bo

Emma dear:

You may visualize me as approaching you with my head bowed in shame and a yard and a half of sack cloth over my hair. I don't know why I don't write letters; I mean to, and then nothing happens to bring it to pass. I worked awfully hard during Nov. and Dec. Finally nailed that bastard MacFadden for a serial and 600 dollars, and they've asked for another one. For that, I'll take another yard of sack cloth. It's nothing to brag about, but I do like checks for 600 dollars. Now that you know the kind of slit I am-- or maybe you always suspected?

I'm so glad these goddamned holidays have joined all our yesterdays. I had two house guests over the period and I nearly went nuts-- nutsier than usual. The constant impact of other personalities at close range is something to make you tear your hair. Well, that's one thing I do know you comprehend. And the drinking-- and the indiscriminate petting-- oh my God!

Did I tell you that Rose Levinson Blum and I are buddies? She's a swell gal and she loves you very much, and that makes me love her very much. She's a life saver in this town-- tons of sparkle and vitality. She's much to be thankful for.

I'm so glad you're keeping busy but I don't at all like your plans for next summer. I'd anticipated coming to Canada and spending some time with you. Well, of course there's some chance of my coming to St. Tropez and spending some time with you there-- but not much. People who've returned from the continent tell me it's the saddest place in the world. I don't know how they arrive at that conclusion, for every place is sad now-- and getting sadder. Fascism encroaches more and more heavily here. In France-- well, what's going to be there? A quite intelligent man said to me the other day, having just come home from there-- that fascism would be a salvation for France. That's mad-- the French are too great individualists to accept it-- I hope. The god awful part of this thing is that even those few people who are aware of what's happening in the world are unable to do more than launch a straw in their wind against it. Money, Emma! the intelligent have no money to fight the millions launched in capital's last stand. Pennies are raised here and there-- and it breaks your heart to see what effort and energy are expended in the raising of it. Then the lack of organization-- a few people here, a few there-- all disorganized. If only there were some way of making the workers conscious, and of convincing them of the necessity of standing together. Their lack of adequate knowledge--oh, it's so sad and so sickening. Tell me something about the radical organizations in France. How are things there-- I know you won't approve the communist group-- but are they strong? You can't tell here. I've heard such contradictory statements.. Tell me, Emma,-- if it's a choice

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023052

[Letter, 1936] Jan. 2, New York? [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Mildred Mesirov].— 2 p.; 25 x 20 cm.

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between communism- and nothing, couldn't you concede that the former is better. It's never the same thing in two countries, anyway. It shouldn't be.

We've been organizing a radical theater here. They opened New Years eve with the "Black Pit"-did you see that here? It was in NY. It's a grand picture of the West Virginia coal miners, and tells the story of the gradual disintegration of a decent fellow who's served in the pen for participation in a strike. Now, when he gets out, he tries desperately for work, and is gradually forced to become a stool pigeon against the union members and organizers. It's a cruel bitter deadly thing- as damning a condemnation of this system as anything you'll ever see. All the trade unions are backing it- and liberals and every shade of radical. It seems to me that there is a greater unification of radical forces here on the horizon than ever before. The younger socialists are rapidly repudiating the party. You can see them groping around for an allegiance. The Communists are throwing their weight behind the Farmer labor party which is in the making. One senses that they are all reaching out to each other. Whatever comes of that will be good I'm sure, because no one group can impose a complete platform on the others. Getting together is the most important thing in the world at this time.

What are Charlotte and Bonnie doing, really? They seem to have gone in for dilettantism in a big way- and how anachronistic that sounds. That means simply closing your eyes to reality- like playing with paper dolls when a robot's menacing. Well, I like them anyway- though I can't understand escapism.

Stella's having a grand time on her mountain- or was when I last heard from her. Perhaps they're back in NY now- they were threatening it. Are they?

Darling, I promise I'll do better from now on. I should, because the nicest things that come in the mail are letters from you- and why should I deprive myself of them by laziness?- You know, no tickles, no laundry. My dearest love to you, Emma- and sincerest wishes from us all for a satisfying year ahead.- and if kisses could be enclosed in letters we'd send you a million of them.

Always with affection-

Harry

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023203

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 2, Paris [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Mollie [Steimer].—
1 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Paris--January 2nd 1936.

Dear Emma,

Thanks for your very beautiful New Years letter. It was a great pleasure to read it. You certainly have the gift of expression! ! ! You moved us so that we were just like two(2) kids ready to cry... yes to cry for joy that we have such a great friend in such a wonderful soul as you are.

Glad to know about the invitation to ~~the~~ lecture before the NATIONAL LABOR COLLEGES, and that you feel more encouraged now. A la bonheur!

Re appeal for our comrades in Russia in the N.Y. TIMES, I have transmitted your suggestion to the secretary of the Fund.

Personally, I do not think it advisable, Emma dear. Though I know your good intentions. Yet, I feel that while the Bolsheviks are our staunchest enemies, the American capitalists whom the New York TIMES represents, ARE NO BETTER. For the life of me, I cannot see what we ANARCHISTS can gain from an appeal made in such a paper! Publicity? Yes, but very injurious publicity indeed. ----- If an agent of the G.P.U. would show such a clipping to our comrades in prison or exile, the latter, would never forgive our action.

An appeal in the NATION, would be fine. However, in transmitting your letter to the Fund, I shall say nothing about my personal opinion -- for as you know, I am no more a member -- and will ask them to answer you as soon as possible.

I haven't yet seen the physician Senya spoke to you about. Fact is, I have decided not to see any doctor for a while but just follow the advise of Fuller to be quiet, rest as much as possible and not take any medecin at all. Will do this for 2 months, and will see the result.

two of us.

Here is a good warm hug for you from the

Lovingly

Mollie

The Emma Goldman Papers

861114129

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 2, Paris [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / M[ollie Steimer].—
1 p.; 26 × 20 cm.

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Copy

5340

Paris--January 2nd 1936.

Dear Emma,

Thanks for your very beautiful New Years letter. It was a great pleasure to read it. You certainly have the gift of expression! ! ! You moved us so that we were just like two(2) kids ready to cry... yes to cry for joy that we have such a great friend in such a wonderful soul as you are.

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two of us.

Here is a good warm hug for you from the

Lovingly

M.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022064

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 3, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 4 p.; 23 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London. Jan. 3rd 36.

SG Be

Dearest Sasha. If I do not write you my weekly letter to day I'd have to wait until Monday. You see, I am going out to "able crouches daughter, Mary Oliver. You remember Mabel of course. She is the one who actually was instrumental in getting me back to A. And then died. Her daughter is living near London. She is very ill and has no one of her own near. She begged me to come out and stay over night. Gerd knows I am myself in a pretty rotten condition. My cold is again worse, it is all lodged in my nose and head, and I would rather creep into bed and tuck up. In addition I do not find much in Mary. But she is Mabel's daughter, unhappily married and without a soul of her own from America. So I must go though I have no idea what good my presence for one night will do her. Besides having to go to Mary Auntie has arranged an interview with one of the editors of the Sunday Referee for 5,30 this afternoon. She has interested him in the proposition of serial articles of L.L.L. I don't believe anything will come of it, but I must meet the man. That's for to day. Tomorrow Pierre Ramus daughter who is in London begged to see me. And Sunday I must go to Leicester to lecture. So you see my dear, if I do not write you while I have couple of hours, you'll get only a postal until Monday. And I do want to write you.

I wrote Emmy the 26th. The letter should have reached her the latest the 29th. Since she did not have it when you both wrote the 30th I am inclined to think it was delayed because of the heavy holiday mail. I cannot imagine a plain letter being lost. Besides, the British postal service is certainly among the most dependable. Even when the address is wrong the carrier locates the party thus I got a letter without the number on Beechcroft Court and without the c/o the K.S. Still it does not seem plausible for ordinary mail in France to get lost. Though it might. Still, I hope the letter has reached Emmy by this time. I inclose a copy I made which please give A. And tell her I will answer her last letter next week some time. I have no more copies of the report I wrote about my doings and expectations here. But Doris is making me copies. When I get them I will send one to A. for more copies to be typed.

Speaking of loss of mail, you have mixed up what I wrote you about the Nation. I did not say I have sent you some. I wrote that two copies had only arrived on the 28th. In as much as I have to read my A. papers before I send them to you the mailing is often delayed. But a package of Times, the two Nations and all sorts of clippings are already packed and I will take it to the P.O. when I leave the house. The papers also contain a folder that was printed for the organizations we are trying to reach. Unfortunately it contains a letter which I did not see before it was printed, a letter from the Leeds Workers Circle written in a literal Jewish translation. And our comrades did not have the sense to change or edit the letter. Well, it does not much matter. Inclosed I am sending you a beautiful letter from Maurice Bronwe which came too late for the folder. But I am having a stensiled letter made out of it and it will be included in the folder.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022064

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 3, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. —
4 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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2

Be

I am also inclosing copies of the letters we have sent out. I hope they will bring some results. Nothing further so far from South Wales or Plymouth. The holidays set us back. As you can imagine I am most impatient to have the dates fixed. In London the first meeting was postponed from the 9th to the 16th, and now until the 22nd. After Sunday I do not speak again until the 19th when the 20th, 22nd and 30th of Jan. I hope Feb and March will soon be definitely fixed. It not only takes postage stamps to move the English, it also requires super human patience. But one must grit ones teeth and go on.

Dear, you must have forgotten that I wrote you ages ago that Jeanne Levey had received the underwear sent with mods. And recently I wrote you that she has sent you two pairs of warm pyjamas instead. She sent them as samples to St Tropez. I suppose the package will be forwarded to you. I hope you will have no trouble in getting them. Even if there should be a small duty which do not exist for sample goods, it will pay because Jeanne must have sent the best quality that would cost a fortune in France. The funny thing about your underwear is that they were actually 42. The fifty was only for the quality of the wool. Now could we guess that. They looked so long and big it never occurred to me to suggest you should try them on. But it seemed queer for Jeanne who is so accurate to send fifty size when I had written her that you need forty two. Yes, she wrote me she had met Stein But she said nothing about having gotten scoused. Leave it to Mods to spread himself. The wonder to me is that he can stand so many dispatons in his condition. Speaking of your pyjamas, Suzanne Compaux left here for Paris yesterday. I gave her along 2 pairs of pure woolen socks and a warm flannel shirt for you. She promised to send them on at once. Having suffered more from the cold here than I have for a long time I can feel more with you about your misery in cold places. The socks and your shirt with your pullover should help to keep you warm.

There is trouble at this end. Simon Koldfosky has been ailing for some time. Last Friday he took to his bed. Sunday the doctor ordered him to the hospital where all sort of tests are being taken and all his inner organs arrayed. You can imagine the state of Liza. She does not eat or sleep, and she counts the hours between visits to the hospital. In addition she works awfully hard to ~~make~~ help with their income. She makes curtains and by working about eight hours a day, in the house of course, she earns ganze £2. Some wages they pay here. Although Simon is in the hospital since Monday we do not yet know what is really the matter. We hope to know in a few days. Well there is gloom in the house. Of course I try to relieve Liza all I can, with the kitchen at least. But my angel Liza is a good Jewish mother without ever having had children. She hates to let me do anything and worries that I do not attend to myself. Amazing how much like my own Melane Liza is, even in looks to some extent, and in her tragic nature to suffer everybodys pain. I hope Simon has nothing

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022064

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 3, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].—
4 p.; 23 x 18 cm.

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3

SG Be

serious the matter with him. they really cannot afford the luxury of illness on 4£ a week which is all that he earns. Besides, it would kill Liza if anything happened to him. Talk about idolation. I rarely saw such worship and concecration. All I can say that yous gentlemen are lucky dogs.

I also had a letter from Sandström. He says nuth nothing about Rodskas business. but he wrotes the frost has frozen the geraniums. My goodness, now that they began to look like something after the frost of 29. we will again have to plant new ones. I wish Ann would write. funny girl, she never does. So I know less than in former times whats doing on our place. I do not think Ann sleeps in Don Esprit. but she must be spending the days there when the weather is good. I'll have to write her again. It seems the Sandströms have not yet seen her. Some combination, the French and the English in their attitude to outsiders I don't know who is more loath to meet neighbors.

I don't know what to make of the News Chronicle. I have not yet heard from the ditor whether he will bring the article or not. I'll wait until next Monday and then call him up. but I have a feeling that he will refuse it. else why does he not write or call me on the phone? I have lost all desire to write since nothing of ours is accepted.

So I know about that Tchekhov character Landau of the 26 misfortunes. Just three years ago when I was here he bombarded me to help him to enter England. Well, nothing could be done except that the Jewish comrades said if he did get here they would place him somewhere. I never heard any hing more about the case until you began getting letters from him. I knew that you wrote Dr Moltz, but I was sure that he could and would do nothing. You must not forget dear that it is a great responsibility to vouch for a man so utterly helpless than Landau. If Dr M. could have sent him ~~xxxxxx~~ with an accredited invitation he would have been responsible for L. for the rest of his life. As to work you know yourself how utterly impossible it is to find employment in the States. yes, it is frightful that the poor man had also to be run over in addition to his other woes. But his is pretty much a hopeless case, one of the many I fear. I really don't know what might be done about him. half of our comrades in Paris are without work. Senia who is now "the bloated plutocrat" must spend his fortune for Lollie besides helping some of the comrades. I don't know how generous L. is, I do not believe that is his strong trait. The Meyerowitches have lost the last they had in some kind of a venture. Here there is not soul one might approach. The poverty is appalling. Remains A. But as Landau is unknown one cannot expect any collections to be taken for him. Send me L's address I will mail him couple of dollars though as you know neither you or I can boast of being flushed.

This reminds me dearest that you must not wait until you are completely blank. I will send you a signed check Monday in a registered letter which I want you to have for

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022064

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 3, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].—
4 p.; 23 x 18 cm.

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4

Be

Some emergency which is sure to arise, I simply cannot stand the thought that you may again as last year wait until you are completely on the rocks. As I wrote you I have about \$16 dollar with the savings, so you can still draw some of it if you are pressed. ~~Meanwhile~~ Meanwhile you may wake up, or some other miracle may happen and we "will get something" in toches.

Sanctions is a dead letter. No one even wants to be reminded about it. It died an agonized death without anybody knowing the real cause of it. I suppose you read the editorials in the Manchester Guardian. It is about the most informative things are in the air and some explosion may take place any moment but one cannot worry about it or one might go mad.

No, dear Bluestein is not the man from St Louis. The name of the other was Bluestone and he has left our ranks long ago. The New York Bluestein is an old comrade whom I am sure you would recognize if you saw him. I did when I met him in Montreal. I think he is on the executive of the International Ladies Garment Workers. Actually he is with the Dress Makers Union. I will not have many copies more than the hundred paid for to send him because the 25 I received from Toronto are for fifty copies of your Memoirs. As matters stand now I must send hundred to Bluestein, fifty to Toronto and 25 to Los Angeles for which the comrades sent the full price, \$1.25 a copy. That will leave me 75 copies outside of the thirty I still have from the first batch. I may send 25 to Jeanne because I know she will get a good price for them, maybe even \$2. Or I could send them to Bluestein. I will see. In any event I am going to suggest to our people to try and sell the Memoirs at \$1.50, or \$1.75. It is not at all too much when one considers the postage and duty added to the fifty cents per copy I am paying Daniel.

Imagine I had a letter from Renée Clair Sec. to day saying she René Clair before leaving for Paris had instructed him "to answer your letter. Unfortunately M. R.C. will not be back until next month. But if there is anything I can do for you I am at your disposal". I cannot imagine what letter she had in mind. She had answered my last letter to the effect that she would arrange an interview with her husband. The whole thing seems phony to me. Still, I will write the man to let me know when R.C. gets back. I certainly have no intention of wasting time on seeing the Sec.

I have to be off now my dear. So must say good by for to day, and until Monday. Give my love to Barry. I wish you had means to take her to that doctor in Paris who cured Janine's boils and a severe stomach condition of a friend of Janine's and several other rather remarkable cures, all by means of prolonged inner dashes. We might also help our army. Maybe you will still win the grande prize. I keep hoping all the time.

not read.

with much love.

Emma

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881022065

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4 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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London, Jan. 3rd '36.

Dearest Sasha. If I do not write you my weekly letter to day I'd have to wait until Monday. You see, I am going out to "able" Crouches daughter, Mary Oliver. You remember Mabel of course, she is the one who actually was instrumental in getting me back to A. And then died. Her daughter is living near London. She is very ill and has no one of her own near. She begged me to come out and stay over night. Gaud knows I am myself in a pretty rotten condition. My cold is again worse, it is all lodged in my nose and head, and I would rather creep into bed and tuck up. In addition I do not find much in Mary. But she is Mabel's daughter, unhappily married and without a soul of her own from America. So I must go though I have no idea what good my presence for one night will do her. Besides having to go to Mary Auntie has arranged an interview with one of the editors of the Sunday Referee for 5.30 this afternoon. She has interested him in the proposition of serial articles of L.M.L. I don't believe anything will come of it, but I must meet the man. That's for to day. Tomorrow Pierre Ramus daughter who is in London begged to see me, and Sunday I must go to Leicester to lecture. so you see my dear, if I do not write you while I have couple of hours, you'll get only a postal until Monday. and I do want to write you.

I wrote Mary on the 28th. The letter should have reached her the latest the 29th. since she did not have it when you both wrote the 30th I am inclined to think it was delayed because of the heavy holiday mail. I cannot imagine a plain letter being lost. As, the British postal service is certainly among the most dependable. Even when the address is wrong the carrier locates the party thus I got a letter without the number on Rochester Court and without the o/o the L.S. Still it does not seem plausible for ordinary mail in France to get lost. Though it might. Still, I hope the letter has reached Mary by this time. I inclose a copy I made which please give A. and tell her I will answer her letter next week some time. I have no more copies of the report I wrote about my doings and expectations here. But Doris is making me copies. when I get them I will send one to A. for more copies to be typed.

Speaking of loss of mail, you have mixed up what I wrote you about the Nation. I did not say I have sent you some. I wrote that two copies had only arrived on the 28th. In as much as I have to read my A. papers before I send them to you the mailing is often delayed. But a package of Times, the two Nations and all sorts of clippings are already packed and I will take it to the P.O. when I leave the house. The papers also contain a folder that was printed for the organizations we are trying to reach. Unfortunately it contains a letter which I did not see before it was printed. A letter from the Leeds Workers Circle written in a literal Jewish translation. and our comrades did not have the sense to change or edit the letter. Well, it does not much matter. Inclosed I am sending you a beautiful letter from Maurice Brown which came too late for the folder. But I am having a stencilled letter made out of it and it will be included in the folder.

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2

I am also inclosing copies of the letters we have sent out. I hope they will bring some results. Nothing further so far from South Wales or Plymouth. The holidays set us back. As you can imagine I am most impatient to have the dates fixed. In London the first meeting was postponed from the 9th to the 16th, and now until the 22nd. After Sunday I do not speak again until the 19th then the 20th, 22nd and 30th of Jan. I hope Feb and March will soon be definitely fixed. It not only takes postage stamps to move the English, it also requires super human patience. But one must grit ones teeth and go on.

Now, you must have forgotten that I wrote you ages ago that Jeanne Levey had received the underwear sent with Mods. And recently I wrote you that she had sent you two pairs of warm pyjamas instead. She sent them as samples to St Tropez. I suppose the package will be forwarded to you. I hope you will have no trouble in getting them. Even if there should be a small duty which do not exist for sample goods, it will pay because Jeanne must have sent the best quality that would cost a fortune in France. The funny thing about your underwear is that they were actually 42. The fifty was only for the quality of the wool. How could we guess that. They looked so long and big it never occurred to me to suggest you should try them on. But it seemed queer for Jeanne who is so accurate to send fifty size when I had written her that you need forty two. Oh, she wrote me she had met Stein But she said nothing about having gotten scused. Leave it to Mods to spread himself. The wonder to me is that he can stand so many dispatons in his condition. Speaking of your pyjamas, Suzanne Campaux left here for Paris yesterday. I gave her a long pair of pure woolen socks and a warm flannel shirt for you. She promised to send them on at once. Living suffered more from the cold here than I have for a long time I can feel more with you about your misery in cold places. The socks and your shirt with your pullover should help to keep you warm.

There is trouble at this end. Simion Koldfosky has been ailing for some time. Last Friday he took to his bed. Sunday the doctor ordered him to the hospital where all sorts of tests are being taken and all his inner organs X-rayed. You can imagine the state of Liza. She does not eat or sleep, and she counts the hours between visits to the hospital. In addition she works awfully hard to ~~make~~ help with their income. She makes curtains and by working about eight hours a day, in the house of course, she earns 22 francs. Some wages they pay here. Although Simion is in the hospital since Monday we do not yet know what is really the matter. We hope to know in a few days. Well there is gloom in the house. Of course I try to relieve Liza all I can, with the kitchen at least. But my angel Liza is a good Jewish mother without ever having had children. She hates to let me do anything and worries that I do not attend to myself. Amazing how much like my own Helene Liza is, even in looks to some extent. And in her tragic nature to suffer everybodys pain. I hope Simion has nothing

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3

serious the matter with him. They really cannot afford the luxury of illness on 42 a week which is all that he earns. Besides, it would kill him if anything happened to him. Talk about idolation. I rarely saw such worship and concetration. All I can say that your gentlemen are lucky dogs.

I also had a letter from Sandström. He says nothing about Modakas business. But he writes the frost has frozen the geraniums. My goodness, now that they began to look like something after the frost of 29. we will again have to plant new ones. I wish Ann would write. Sunny girl, she never does. So I know less than in former times whats doing on our place. I do not think Ann sleeps in bon esprit. But she must be spending the days there when the weather is good. I'll have to write her again. It seems the Sandströms have not yet seen her. Some combination, the French and the English in their attitude to outsiders. I don't know who is more loath to meet neighbors.

I don't know what to make of the News Chronicle. I have not yet heard from the editor whether he will bring the article or not. I'll wait until next Monday and then call him up. But I have a feeling that he will refuse it. Alas why does he not write or call me on the phone? I have lost all desire to write since nothing of ours is accepted.

So I know about that Rohakhov character Landau of the 26 misfortunes. Just three years ago when I was here he bombarded me to help him to enter England. Well, nothing could be done except that the Jewish comrades said if he did get here they would place him somewhere. I never heard any thing more about the case until you began getting letters from him. I knew that you wrote Mr Holtz, but I was sure that he could and would do nothing. You must not forget dear that it is a great responsibility to vouch for a man so utterly helpless than Landau. If Mr H. could have sent him ~~any~~ with an accredited invitation he would have been responsible for him for the rest of his life. As to work you know yourself how utterly impossible it is to find employment in the States. Yes, it is frightful that the poor man had also to be run over in addition to his other woes. But his is pretty much a hopeless case, one of the many I fear. I really don't know what might be done about him. Half of our comrades in Paris are without work. Sania who is now "the bloated plutocrat" must spend a fortune for Mollie besides helping some of the comrades. I don't know how generous Sania is, I do not believe that is his strong trait. The Meyerowitches have lost the least they had in some kind of a venture. Here there is not a soul one might approach. The poverty is appalling. Remains A. But as Landau is unknown one cannot expect any collections to be taken for him. Send me L's address I will mail him couple of dollars though as you know neither you or I can boast of being flushed.

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No, dear Bluestein is not the man from St Louis. The name of the other was Bluestone and he has left our ranks long ago. The New York Bluestein is an old comrade whom I am sure you would recognize if you saw him. I did when I met him in Montreal. I think he is on the executive of the International Ladies Garment Workers. Actually he is with the Dress Makers Union. I will not have many copies more than the hundred paid for to send him because the \$5 I received from Toronto are for fifty copies of your memoirs. As matters stand now I must send hundred to Bluestein, fifty to Toronto and 25 to Los Angeles for which the comrades sent the full price, at \$1.25 a copy. That will leave me 75 copies outside of the thirty I still have from the first batch. I may send 25 to Jeanne because I know she will get a good price for them, maybe even ~~xxxx~~ \$2. Or I could send them to Bluestein. I will see. In any event I am going to suggest to our people to try and sell the memoirs at \$1.50, or \$1.75. It is not at all too much when one considers the postage and duty added to the fifty cents per copy I am paying Daniel.

Imagine I had a letter from Renée Claire Sec. to day saying Mme René Clari before leaving for Paris had instructed him "to answer your letter. Unfortunately M. R.C will not be back until next month. But if there is any thing I can do for you I am at your disposal". I cannot imagine what letter she had in mind. She had answered my last letter to the effect that she would arrange an interview with her husband. The whole thing seems phony to me. Still, I will write the man to let me know when R.C. gets back. I certainly have no intention of wasting time on seeing the Sec.

I have to be off now my dear. So must say good by for to day, and until Monday. Give my love to Emmy. I wish you had means to take her to that doctor in Paris who cured Senias boils and a severe stomach condition of a friend of Senias and several other rather remarkable cures, all by means of prolonged inner dushes. He might also help our army. Maybe you will still win the grande prix. I keep hoping all the time.

With much love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022063

[Letter] 193[6] Jan. 3, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Nice, Jan. 3 1936

Dearest Em,

On the first of the month I sat down to write to you -- wanted you to have a line from me on the first day of the year. But the weather was bad, and rather grey and cold in the house, so I could not write. But I hope you are not anxious if you fail now and then to hear from me, dear. It does not mean anything except that I am not in a writing mood.

But it is funny here in this ménage --- one of us is always sure to be more or less of a patient, at least one of us. Since I returned from St. Tr. I did not feel very well for a few weeks; just one damned thing after another, though none of them serious. Emy felt pretty good then. Now, for the last couple of weeks I am all right, and now E. is on the bum. In fact, she has been for several days in bed. The same old thing, and ~~xxxxxxxx~~ she gets panicky and her nerves make it worse. Constipation -- she has had no proper passage for a week or more, and feels of course oppressed in the stomach and bowels, and those noises as if of water in her stomach, etc. As I say, she gets panicky and yesterday she has been rolling on the floor and having spells of weakness, etc. I had given her that Garfield tea or whatever it is called; it usually works on me. Then her Krichen Salt, and that oil, and again a bottle of limonade I gave her and pills against constipation, and nothing had the least effect, and even an enema hardly did any good. Well, finally I called that French doctor to whom Nelly once recommended her, and he came yesterday afternoon. Look like Mayrowitch and seems to be a good doctor. He knows her condition from before and his diagnosis is about the same as was Dr. Filler's of the Aser. Hospital in Paris. Mostly, he said, weakened muscles of the bowels which are not strong enough to evacuate. Needs relaxing, rest etc. and he prescribed a special composition for an enema for this morning.

Well, last night E. assured me repeatedly that she is about to die, and so I consoled ~~by~~ her by telling her to make her will and that I would see to it that she gets a decent burial in some sunny spot on the French Riviera, and she was sure that when I wake up in the morning I would ~~xxx~~ find a corpse in bed. I also proposed that she state in writing that she is about to die of natural causes, so that the police do not suspect me of murder. Anyhow, all this cheered her considerably and this morning she felt somewhat better, though no passage yet, in spite of that bottle of limonade and 14 shit pills (though the regular dose is about 6).

Then the letter carrier came up with some letters, and there were two registered ones, and when the letter carrier went away Emy rushed in to tell me that she had signed THREE slips and received only ~~xx~~ TWO registered letters for it. We thought that the letter ~~xxx~~ carrier (who is a new man and not pleasant looking) either failed to deliver the third letter or deliberately cheated us out of one package, no doubt of something containing money!

Well, excitement! E. ran into the street to find the letter carrier, searched for him, but could not find him. So she quickly put on her coat and took an auto-bus to the main postoffice where the letter carrier is bound to return at noon.

Well, when she returned several hours later she brought word that everything was in order and nothing missing. She did indeed sign three times and received only

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Two letters, but the explanation is that one of the letters was a registered one that demanded a receipt, so that letter had to be signed for twice (once in the letter carrier's book and again on a special slip). The other signature was for a money order for 100 fr. sent her by her mother.

So everything was all right, after all, and now E. is quietly in bed, but Zenta Meyer is still waiting in vain for her, and even the emolument did not help her to "get a move on", as she says.

I am still giving her the pills and then she is to get that special enema, and I think she will find relief by and by. At any rate she does not speak any more of dying tonight.

Well, the other letter was contained a check from Kapp for \$100. One hundred. There was, as usual, no letter with it, therefore I don't know whether it is the last money that Kapp has or not. Probably that's all there is, or he would have sent everything, I assume. It was sent from N.Y. on Dec. 24th.

Also received a very nice letter from Milly, who is in Towanda for the holidays. Says both she and R. enjoyed the letter I sent them in appreciation of R's article in the P.A.S.

I also had a Xmas card from Pitsie and one from the Neelia couple. Nice of them.

Am quite rich now, for the other day the St. Louis group sent me through Mandebear a birthday gift of \$25, and the Toronto group sent per Sinkin \$20., which came in the form of 297 francs.

Now, dear, your postal of Dec. 31 arrived last evening. I am glad you had the New Year's party at the Searchingers and hope you enjoyed it. Too bad about S. Kold. I hope he will soon be well again. Also that you will have good news from the News Chronicle editor. Every little helps, you know.

Yes, also had a greeting from Arthur Ross and family. He wrote "Nellie is with us", but I don't know whether he meant that she is staying with him. I have an idea she is in some hotel.

Enough for this time. Must see what the patient is doing.

Hope you are feeling well, dearest Em and that things will go better this year, for all of us.

Love to you.

P.S. TOGETHER with the \$100. received from Kapp today, the total he sent amounts to \$400 (four hundred.) I assume that is all he has. Would he not send everything at the end of the year?

S.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924217

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 3, Corwen, Wales [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / John C[owper] Powys. — 2 p. ; 20 x 25 cm.
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But my feeling is that your best chance will be under the auspices of some ethical society — and I will say that religious society, rather than, of a political party, is as clear of Communist influence!

I know that my brother
(Llewellyn, of "Chydol")
East Chaldon, Dorchester,
Dorset, has published
several little books under
the auspices of the
Rationalist Press whose
clientèle must, I take
it, be sturdy militant
adherents of anti-religious
people all over England.
Now I cannot help thinking
that there must be groups
of vigorous Rationalists, of
the working-class type, with
a sprinkling from other
classes, all over the
country in the bigger
cities — & it might
be that in connection
with Rationalism and
in touch with the
Rationalist Press there is
an opening for
lectures of your daring
& original type?

I will write to Llewellyn, if you thought there were
any chance in this direction, and get the address
of the Rationalist Press who've published some of
the anti-religious propaganda and then you could
go to their office and make enquiries as to whether
there is any lecturing bureau in connection with
their anti-religious propaganda.

Well my dear Emma
it's sad to me that I
shall not meet you
have the greatest
pleasure in
any
of
the
world

16211
Cae Coed
Corwen
Merionethshire
N. Wales

Jan 3 1936

My dear Emma Goldman
I was so
& pleased to
a letter from
so interested
that you had
become a nation
fellow-countryman
mine!

But as to your
I would I could
of more help than
looks as if I could
You see I never
excited at the
when I was about
& then by hiring

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would be no change of any kind necessary in the subject-matter of your lectures, for your attitude in general outlines would suit them well enough & they'd be most of them I expect sturdy followers of the older individualists who would appreciate your ethical ideals. I don't know enough about the lecture-bill in

When I never could get more than a handful - literally about half a dozen at most! - of my personal friends to attend - gave free-lance lectures over here. It was for the official Oxford & Cambridge University Extension that I used to speak, for years over the country, but I couldn't have got that sort of work if I hadn't had an English University degree. I know there was a London Lecture-Bureau once called "Christie's" that sent lectures out; because the Government "War-Aims" people during the war I recall, advised me to go to them if I wanted independent lecture-work in England; but I

England (and I rather doubt if such a thing exists!) to know what would happen if you got an energetic manager and put forth a few bells in the bigger towns and announced your lectures. I should have thought the prestige & dramatic interest of your well-known name - but I really do not know how well you are known here comparatively - with American money - does not

never did apply to them. Whether this Christie's Bureau will exist I can't tell. No, I fear Rebecca West is right when she says that the middle-classes & the intelligent over here aren't lecture-goers - but as you say I make it this doesn't apply at all to the more intelligent working-people. But of course in that quarter you'd come up against the lively opposition of the Communist class who I fancy are among the most active & enterprising in working-class circles. One suggestion however does occur to me to make - though there will be anything in it I can't tell - but it's an idea - a that is this

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In bed, January 4th, 1926

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I don't want to wait any longer with a letter to you. I never received your letter. What has happened with it? Hope it was not lost. Well, dear, as usual, my release now longer than a month, came to a climax I never had known before - I sat there lonely and alone one possibility of getting better! Bed, took me several days "amped" bed with a slight improvement. We had to call for my doctor, I became shorter having taken salt, 10 pills, 2 enemas, 10 lins made prgative, there was no visit to tante Meyer this for more than 10 days. And then these pains! I thought it was the end, this time. My new doctor came to me and nice as usual. He said, "I can do something anybody could; rest, light food relax." I have really luck to have such a wonderful doctor who would never charge a cent, that at least is something. One feels in case of necessity there is somebody to declare one dead without any

So, dearest, our Sash is really fine. He is stronger than those last week (when I was fine!) and has a good appetite. Well, of course he has anything he wants to, since in the morning I get up for 2 hours and cook nice things for him. But he helps wonderfully, and is busy (which is for him good too, dear). He is in the best of spirits.

I did not write for a long time to anybody. My dear, this is the first moment that I am able to write. I have the typewriter on a tray on my lap.

I am so glad that you had a nice New Year. One gets gloomy all alone, that's sure. But, I guess you see a lot of people. Today I read in the Herald that R. Clair left for U.S.A. So, then, probably he must have been busy in getting ready when you wanted to see him. Did his wife go too? Nothing in the newspaper about that. He becomes famous now, I mean for wider circles. They spoke nicely of him as a man who believes in liberty, especially in his work. He must be a nice fellow. Did you have ~~any~~ a chance to talk to his wife ever? I saw her she looks very cute and charming, but I don't know her personally.

The Sarastrooms wrote a while ago. They are in a very bad condition. But who is not? They, of course, always lived only and alone for themselves and have nobody. You know, Emma, Mrs. S. should have one friend in St. Tropez after all these years, after all. It is NOT the same thing as it is with you that you have nothing to talk to these women. That is another question. But, it is, I suppose, because she did not make any friends there. After all they not always are so hard up. I am very sorry for them. He lost his position as a conseiller for a factory. Well, I wonder how they will go on.

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1. The first name of the person who is the subject of the report is [redacted].

The Emma Goldman Papers

870920175

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 6, London [to] Es[landa Robeson, London] / [Emma Goldman]. —
1 p. ; 30 x 29 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4915

Jan. 6th 36.

Dearest Essie.

I wrote you Dec. 16th in reply to yours of the 24th of Nov. But as I am not sure whether the letter reached you in time before you left Calif to sail back here. I am therefore writing again first to tell you that I am remaining in England until the spring. I shall be in and out of London of course. But I do want very much to see you and Paul. Perhaps you can both squeeze in an hour before Paul's concert tour. My address, in case my letter did not reach you is c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky, 20, Beechcroft Court N.W. 11. My Telephone Speedwell 71 35.

I am lecturing in London, the 20th 22nd and 30th. I free until then. The 19th I am speaking in Southend on Sea. Fortunately the meeting is in the evening. Not for worlds would I miss hearing Paul again at his concert in Albert Hall. I need his inspiring voice in the London drabness. By the way, Essie dear could you arrange to have some seats for me. I feel sure you will not mind my making so bold with friends like you and Paul.

I want to know how you left you boy. I know from Stella that your mother lived not very far from her old place, Charlton Street.

Please let me hear from you when you have settled down in your apt.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920203

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 6, London [to M.T. Stark] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 23 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4965

Jan 6th 36.

Dear friend.

In reply to the good news of your sailing contained in your letter of Nov 28th, I dashed off a letter to you and ran dated Dec. 15th. I hoped it would reach you before the end of the old year. But in case it has not I inclose the copy of that letter. You will gather from it that I am very delighted indeed to know that you want to see me and spend a little time with me in this city. You bet I am looking forward to it.

I just learned through the American Express that the Manhattan is due the 9th and that it docks at Plymouth. Funny, I was here a month ago and had four well attended lectures.

My address is c/o Mrs E. Koldofsky, 20, Beecheroff Court London, N.W. 11. My Telephone Speedwell, 71 35. I will be waiting for ~~xxxx~~ wire to know when you will arrive in London and the Hotel you intend going to. As I said in my letter of ~~xxxx~~ Dec. 15th I would be happy to meet your train, unless you arrive late at night, or at an unearthly hour in the morning, and mainly if you want me to.

I hope you have enjoyed your crossing. I shall "pray" for decent weather while you are in London.

Cordially.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022066

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 6, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 1 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Nice, Jan. 6th, 36

Dearest Ed,

Nothing special to report since I wrote you last, on Friday, I believe. I have not heard from you since, and so I assume that with you also there has not been anything of interest to write about. Or may be you are busy. It is OK, in any case.

The doctor does not seem to have done E. any good. She is still in bed mostly. Feels better during the day sometimes, then at night very bad. The thing must take its course, I suppose. I am trying orange juice on her, besides the other things she took.

Weather has been rainy here most of the time. Yesterday somewhat better but today rainy and chilly again. Yet in London it must be much worse, and I see that the bad weather spell is making its rounds all over the world. In the U.S., I understand, there has been terrific cold, storms, etc.

Here all is quiet, as usual. I have been wondering where and how I could get some work -- translations or something. Does not look as if there is the least chance of it, and I don't have any hope of magazines or publishers accepting anything I might write.

No word from Ann Ward, which means that the Esquire also does not want anything from me. Also she would have written. And she herself must have a hell of a time. I wrote her about New Year's, but of course there can be no reply yet. However, I don't expect anything promising when she does reply.

Speaking of translations, have you heard anything from about the Rudolf translation. I wonder how it is progressing. I had a letter recently from Willy, but she does not refer to the translation by Jones. She wrote that R. was in Los Angeles and that his meetings everywhere were very fine and even satisfactory financially. But she is worried as to how long they will be permitted to remain in the U.S.

Just now (Monday A.M.) there arrived a bundle from you -- two Nations in it, clippings, etc. Also the green-cover booklet issued by the Coma. in London. Looks very neat, but the proof-reading should have been better. This little pamphlet, however, should be sent out as broadly as possible, might help.

By the way, dear, as I wrote you in my last, I got a check of \$100. from Kapp. Now, I think I ought to pay that dentist in St. Tr. I have never paid him for that upper set. He had made two of them, and neither was much good, but he claimed the trouble is with my too sensitive gums. Anyhow, I have not paid him yet. Don't you think I should send him a check (450 fr.). Else there might be unpleasantness when we are again in St. Tr. He never sent me a bill, but that may be because I wrote him, soon after I returned from St. Tr., that the second set is also not good. But I think I ought to pay up anyhow.

Well, I want to send this out before they take the mail out on the corner. So enough for today. No letters came today, from anyone. I hope you are feeling well, dear girl. Love to you. And how is Kold? I trust he is recovering. Give them my best.

Affect.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022067

[Letter, 1936] Jan. 6, Nice [to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Nice, Jan. 6th

Dear, after I mailed you a short letter today, yours of the 5th was received.

By the way, my letter to you this morning I addressed to 20, Beecheroff Court, but I think I did not put down the c/o K. I hope you will get it anyhow.

Dear, I don't know why you think it "not plausible" that letters get lost here. Don't you remember the several letters last year that got lost? Well, at that time there was a letter carrier strike, and may be now some of these men are sabotaging.

Anyhow, your letter to E. was never received. I don't think it is still delayed. They had a new man here since Anna and may be the letter was somehow lost.

Now about the underwear re Levey, I do think now that you wrote me about it. Seems I had forgotten. But the underwear WAS tried on. I did not put it on, but I tried it on by measuring it on my length, and it was way too big and too long for me. Anyhow, whatever their size was, they DID NOT FIT me and I could not have worn them. Well, that is OK now anyhow, and I hope that the bundle sent to St. Tr. will soon show up.

Incidentally, Minna Lowensohn wrote me several weeks ago that she sent me a package. I don't know what is in it. May be it is delayed yet because of the holiday rush. ... Also, the things you sent by Suzanne should soon be here. Will let you know when anything comes.

You wrote some time ago that Soukhovline was to be in Nice in Dec. I don't know whether he was or not, but he did not call here. May be he did not go to Nice after all.

Well, now you have to nurse the daughter of Mrs. Orouh -- a if you have not enough on hand! And yourself with a bad cold. You must take care of yourself, dear, in that London weather. I guess I could not stand it there for a week.

About the Nation, it is OK. I thought you meant that you had sent them. Of course you should read them before sending them to me. I got the Manch. Guardian from Lavers and I sent them to Baron. Today the bundle of Times, Nations etc. arrived.

Yes, the letter of Maurice Browne is very fine and should be used. The copies you enclosed of the letters you send out, are very good.

I am sorry to hear about the condition of Senion K. I hope it will not prove serious and by this time you and Lisa must certainly know what the diagnosis is. I hope it will be well.

Yes dear, I agree with you that Landau is a Pechvogel. He expects to get a considerable amount from the company in which that automobile was insured. He says his lawyer told him he has a good case. But it will take considerable time before the case will come up. In the meantime Landau has been ordered by the Paris police to leave the country! I had a desperate letter from him. But what can he do? People are now expelled from France every day. First, they refuse foreigners a working permit, and then they expel you BECAUSE you cannot support yourself and are liable to become a public charge. Some logic!

His address: M. Landau, 40, rue d'Angoulême, Paris (XI).

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022067

[Letter, 1936] Jan. 6, Nice [to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].—
2 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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Will you please get some copies of that Browne letter. E. is in bed again and not able to do anything.

No, dear, you need not send any check at present. I wrote you already that I received a check for \$100. from Kapp. So I am OK at present.

You will see by the newspaper picture I sent you this morning that René Clair and wife are gone to the U.S. He is to manage some picture in Hollywood. I am sure he would not have been interested in my scenario of N.M.

Well, dear, I hope that you will take care of your cough and cold. It is all right to have flu on the Riviera, but in London such a thing is not so harmless. So, be good to yourself!

Must close now, dear, may catch the postman before he takes out the mail from the letter box on the corner. Raining all day here today. Yesterday was rather nice -- till evening, anyhow.

Affect.

Will send copies
later on 100
soon as ready

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022068

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 7, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].—
3 p.; 23 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Jan 7th 36.

Dearest Mash. I found your letter of the 3rd when I got back from Leicester. But I was all in from the strain of the trip. As a matter of fact Leicester is only two hours from London. But the comrade who was instrumental in getting the secular society to invite me took it into his head to take me out twenty miles from Leicester to his people home. Well, the hall in Leicester is about a mile from the station. It being Sunday no bus or car could be found, and it did not occur to the people who met me to suggest a taxi. So I had to walk from and back to the station. That is not all. From Leicester to Muncatoj, by the way George Elliott birth place, took an hour, then another mile or so to walk. Then a whole house of people who came to see the animal and asked questions until one at night. Then sleep in a blood freezing room. Then up again at nine. Then changing a bus and two street cars until I finally got to the station to take the train for London. I arrived at 3, A.M. tired as a dog. That's why I did not write you yesterday.

The only redeeming future about my escapade was that I won the heart of the secularists, by the way it is a historic organisation and hall. The greatest Englishmen and various refugees had lectured there. Mumley, Kropotkin and ever so many others. Any how I came unknown and left with the assurance that I would be asked again. The munificent fee was a guinea and fare. But I rather thin it was worth while. More than that was the discovery of a whole family of anarchists, the son who brought me out, the father and mother, old anarchists. Proletarians in the true sense of the word, but like Edmonds well informed and very fine. They have a splendid library among the many books your Bolshevik Myth, my essays, disillusionment and L.M.L. Their dream was to meet us both. So I could not blame young Smith for conspiring to get me out to his parents. They had all looked forward to meeting me. Now only half their dream is fulfilled. The other half are you whom they had hoped to know some day. They felt very sad when I told them that you were barred from all countries. The young chap hopes to come to the South of France on a hike. He is looking forward to meet you. Anyhow it was a comfort to know there are such types of anarchists still alive in England. But gee it was a strain to walk miles before and after the lecture in penetrating dampness.

I am terribly sorry about Emma's renewed attack. I wish we had the means for you to take her to that doctor who has cured Senia from his boils, and several others from stomach and ~~int~~ intestinal troubles. He is a Russian and has his own system of inner douches or something. He evidently gets results. It's awful to be poor. I hope that French doctor relieved Emma somewhat. Poor kid she does get panicky. But she has suffered so much it is no wonder she imagines death around the corner. By the way, you say no thing about her having received my letter of the 26th of last month. I wonder why it got lost. Perhaps I made a blunder in the city. Such tricks do happen to this leimener gellim. Thus

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022068

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 7, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].—
3 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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I addressed Jeanne Avey to New York instead of Chicago. The letter came back about six weeks later. I cannot imagine any other reason for the loss of my letter to Jeanne except perhaps my own meshugene complexes. Well, I will write her again in a day or two and inclose the copy of that letter. Jeanne will give her my love and my hope that this may reach you when she is up and doing again.

well, dush, as I expected the article was returned "for reasons of policy we cannot bring your article". It makes me so mad to have lost so much time for nothing at all. But that is nothing new with us, is it? Its hardly worth ever trying again. But I know that we will probably go on trying if only the slightest hope would be held out. Now else would men go on if he did not try again and again. But meanwhile it is rotten. That's all I can say.

I am so glad Kap sent the money and that the St Louis committee remembered you. That must have been some doing when he was home for his Christmas holiday. Whoever it was, it was thought full of the St L. group. With all others would show such concern. No, dearest, the hundred you received are not the last. From what Harry K. wrote me last summer there is at least another hundred. He wrote then that \$200 had been subscribed almost at the first gathering of the committee. And that Kap had assured him that another five hundred would surely be raised during the summer. I suppose nothing came of that. But the first five hundred already being in the hands of Kap you should receive another hundred any how. Kap is certainly a queer sort never to write a line. No matter how busy one is one should always find time for a few lines. Its downright thoughtlessness I think. Anyhow I feel relieved you have some cash on hand. I was going to send you a signed check. But now it can wait until you are less "flushed" with money. Imagine that Alec Cohen never replied to my letter about the money he had undertaken to raise for you. What is it that changes people so. We had always posed as such a great friend of yours. Awful how dis integrated people become.

So, if E. is much better ask her to make me some copies of the inclosed letter. ~~Not that~~ if she cannot do it will you try on your own machine. It will save me no end of typing to have copies so I can just add a few words to our friends in A. Instead of having to repeat the same thing all over and over again.

Inclosed are two letters from Mollie. It is too bad that she and Genie left the fund. Nothing will come of it now. Of course Mollie did well to withdraw. Excitement and much talk are poison for her. But at least Genie should have remained. In May Mollie could not say enough about Genies girl. You see how long the love lasted. True Fanny is a bit hard and matter of fact, and Mollie is fanatical and intolerant of anyone who is not hundred percent an anarchist. I dare say Mollies terrible illness has accentuated the friction. Anyhow it is too bad. You will also be interested in Mollies

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022068

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 7, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p.; 23 × 19 cm.

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opposition to my writing an appeal for our people in the times. It's alright for the Moscow gang to get away with murder and for its adherents to lie and vilify us. But it is not "consistent" for us to expose the gang and the methods in a paper like the Times which reaches hundreds of thousands. Naturally, if our people in concentration camps would object to an appeal in the Times I will not bother. Fact is I have no assurance that the Times would take my letter or print an appeal. But I really have no patience with Mollie's narrow stand. However I would not argue with her now. She is too ill. Besides it would not ~~in~~ change her. She was wild about sanctions largely because the communists were for it. She would not admit it to herself that she is influenced by their loud mouthed activities. Thus she naively wrote me why the comrades here do not advertise in the LEFT Press, meaning of course the Daily Worker. The London Daily Herald is anything but left. It is on par with some of the ~~most~~ rat papers, yellow to the core only pretending labor interests. Well, I have long given up arguing with Mollie, and now I certainly would not do it. She has too many fine qualities to bother about her narrow and uninformed attitude to world affairs.

Nothing of importance from this end to day. I am waiting to hear from Plymouth and South Wales. The holidays interfered with speedy replies. Besides, South Wales has to circularize forty branches of the A.L.C. That will take time. And the Plymouth "Free Society" meets only this evening. I hope to have word sometime before the week is over. I am also waiting for word from the organisations we sent letters to.

I had a beautiful letter from Powys in response to mine. He agrees with Rebecca West about the professional British middle class. That it does not attend lectures. He advised the Nationalist societies. His brother Alwyn writes for the Nationalist publishing group and he offers to write them about me. Of course I will try them. But I do not believe anything will come of it. The Nationalists are as narrow and hidebound as the Christians they will hardly want me. Powys also writes if I had a manager it might be worth trying independent meetings. If I had no, independent lectures for the present are hopeless. I must try organisations. It is the only channel in England until I become known. I will see what response we receive.

Goodby dearest for to day. I still feel the fatigue from yesterday in my old bones.

with love.

Emma

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023165

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 8, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 23 x 18 cm.

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London Jan. 8th 36.

My dear Emmy. To day was a real feast, two letters from Sasha and a page from you. I wrote our Masha yesterday, so he will only get a few lines from your me in your letter. Mainly because a comrade from Plymouth has sent him a gift which I hope will make you both rich. He also gave me sweepstake ticket. Surely one of us will win. Like hell. But it was nice of the comrade to do such a thing. I inclose his letter which you may also read of course, then give to Sasha. And I inclose the copy of the lost letter. Perhaps it was lost because I addressed it "The Emmy Berkman." I cannot imagine any other reason. Well, I am going to send this letter registered because of the sweepstake ticket. So it is sure to reach you.

My dearest, I feel sick over the news of your new attack. I wish I knew what could be done to bring you relief. I use to think much of 't due to your high strong state. But now that you are alone with Sasha, without many people, without hours of typing, I had hoped you would have peace from your awful suffering. I wrote Sasha if we were not so poor I should strongly urge him to take you to that Russian doctor who cured Paula and several other people we know. He has a new system of inner douches which seem to work like magic. I am very much in favor of trying him. But where to get the means that is the question. Perhaps Sasha will win the big stakes. Then he must take you to Paris.

My dearie your suggestion of inviting S. to meet me in Paris and stay with me for awhile is very sweet of you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023165

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 8, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 23 x 18 cm.

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I do not have to assure you that I would love to have Sasha
with me in Paris. But many reasons make this impossible.
First, I do not intend to leave England in March. Even if I will
have no further dates after Plymouth and South Wales I want to
pass a month in the British Museum to study up the English stage
and drama which I will need for my winters work should I find
enough encouragement to bring me back in the autumn, or go to
Canada. Also there is still Holland hanging fire. I mean it is
still possible that I may get an invitation from there from some
philosophic society. In any event I do not intend to be back in
France before May. And then I shall want to go to Bon Esprit.
Secondly, I have no intention of taking an apt in Paris. I thought of
that once I fell in England. Thirdly I will return much poorer
from here than I did from Canada last May. All, in all Paris for
any length of time is out of the question.

However, there is the summer when Sasha can come
to Bon Esprit, and you for an occasional visit if not for any length
of time. No use making plans so long in advance. As I said, if we had
had money I should prefer to see you go to Paris with Sasha and
consult Semias doctor. True you have seen many and no one has
helped. But that was also the case with Semis. For years the poor
man suffered agonies from boils. The last eight months he has
been entirely free from that. So why may the same ~~man~~ doctor not
also help you? I only wish he could do something for our unfortunate
Mollie whose suffering grows worse instead of better. But her
trouble has nothing to do with the stomach or intestines. Yours
has. Its heal to the poor. Not that one cares for wealth. But

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023165

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 8, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 23 × 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

...and one, that I am a ...
...it is hardly necessary to emphasize that I would be ...
if I could help you back to health. Indeed I realize how important
once physical well-being is, I never could have survived my life
if I had not been fairly well most of the years.

However, I know you are a brave kid and you will
not despair in your present attack as you did not less courage
on similar occasions. Besides, I have faith in your love for our
sasha. I know it is strong enough to overcome ill health and
all other misfortunes. So you must stamp your foot three times
and say, "I will, I will, I will get well. You have no idea what
power the mind has over our physical and emotional state. True, not
many people have a mind. You not only have that but you are also
a pretty stubborn lady. You have a will. So you must use both
to concentrate on getting well. Try it dearie.

Auntie does not seem very happy here. I do not
think she has written much. I hope to see her Friday. We have
both been invited by a friend of Auntie's to dinner.

With love,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924223

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 8, London [to] John [Cowper] Powys, [Corwen, Wales] / [Emma Goldman]. -- 3 p. ; 25 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

20, Beechcroft Court, London, N.W. 11

Jan. 8th 36.

Dear John Powys.

The spirit of your kind letter quite makes up for your inability to help make me "famous" in this country. There is certainly more fact than fiction in the old biblical saying that man does not live by bread alone. One needs to feel that a few people in the world sympathise with ones struggle. One needs to have the assurance of fellowship and understanding. So, you will believe me when I say that your letter has warmed my heart. It has made me more determined to struggle on in my new country if only for the sake of its worth while men and women among whom you take a large place in my estimation and affection. Thank you loads.

Christie's were tried for me ten years ago. They were willing to book me on Missia. But as I would not discuss it on any platform nothing came of the matter. And I am sure they would not book me now. Moreover I should not care to go under Christie's auspices because I would have no chance to reach the workers. Not that I have ever discriminated against anybody. So long as people came to my own meetings to hear me I did not question their social status. But to go under ultra respectable management would stifle me. I had such an experience during my return to the States on a ninety days grace. Pond was my manager. He evidently thought I was an acrobat, or comedian. For he charged \$2.50 admission, was into terrific expenses and completely

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ruined the most marvelous chances I had to reach thousands of people besides securing myself materially for several years. No, I would never again go under management. It is not for me.

And independent manager, yes. Alas that requires some capital which I haven't got. Thanks a lot for offering to write the nationalist people. In America these good folk spent their time disposing of the heavenly deities quite indifferent to the earthly lords. I do not underestimate the importance of freeing people from religious superstition. It is only that I consider the fetishes now bidding humanity more vicious and enslaving. Would the Rationalists, do you think care about the times I am presenting? I am not certain whether I have already sent you the lists of my subjects. I am taking the liberty to inclose two printed cards and also a folder my very small committee has gotten out. You will be better able to judge whether the Rationalists would care ~~tax~~ about any of them. Perhaps you would then write them, or send me a note of introduction and perhaps a list of their branches which your brother may know. I will not go to them, but the secretary of my committee will send them our notices.

Last Sunday I spoke for the Secular Society in Leicester. And I was again convinced that the people do attend lectures and that they are most responsive. Rebecca West and you are right none the less. The British intelligentsia and middle class seem to know it all. They resent anyone, especially from America to tell them that there still is a thing or two between heaven and hell of which they are densely ignorant. Well, I have worked all my life

The Emma Goldman Papers

870924223

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 8, London [to] John [Cowper] Powys, [Corwen, Wales] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 25 × 18 cm.

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3.

Some day the British intelligentsia may find itself in the same predicament as some of the Russian intelligentsia. These foolishly thought that they can stem the tide of the Revolution. But the tide rushed over them. Babbling in Communism as the British and A. intelligentsia is doing does not mean that these good people realize what Revolution really means. Nor do they want to learn from the experience of their Russian confreres.

It is alright though. If my efforts to reach the masses in England will bring even small results I shall persevere. My friends in the States always used to say, "K.C. is like a cat. Drop her from any height and she will fall on her paws". So it is not likely that the indifference of the British intelligentsia and the nice things the Communists spread about me will effect my fighting spirit. Certainly not if added to my dear friends in America and the few in England I can also count you.

I am deeply sorry that you are feeling badly. I hope it is only due to the wretched weather we have been having. I have myself been handicapped by a severe cold. I hope yours is better and that you will soon be on deck again.

Cordially.

P.S. Please write me to my own address.

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029257

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 9 [London to Victor] Gollancz, London / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Telephone Speedwell 71 35

20, Breckcroft Court,
N.W.11

Jan 9th 36.

Dear Mr Gollancz
14 Henrietta Street
London W.C.2.

Dear Mr Gollancz.

Among my lectures on this visit to England is
THE REVOLT OF YOUTH. It occurred to me that you maybe good enough
to let me have Vera Brittain's THE TESTAMENT OF YOUTH. I should
like to read it with a view of including it in my lecture and
also to urge my audience to purchase it.

I am also preparing a lecture on post war
American Literature. A number of A. publishers among them Messrs
Knopf, The Viking, Vanguard, McBride, Covici Friede and others
have sent me their publications. I wonder whether you have gotten
out some of the writers issued in the States. If so will you
send me a list and I will compare it with the work sent me.
Naturally, I think that the British firms should be given credit
of any of the American authors they have published.

Yours sincerely,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029258

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 9 [London to] Wishart & Co., London / [Emma Goldman]. —
1 p. ; 24 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Telephone Speedwell 71,35.

20, Bedfordcroft Court, N.W. 11

Jan 9th 36.

Dear Mr Wishart. Two years ago you were good enough to send me a
copy of your publication SOVIET LITERATURE. I made much use of it
while in Canada. Now I am to deliver the lecture in this city,
naturally I want to refer to this work. Unfortunately I left
my copy ~~in~~ at my home in the South of France. I wonder whether
you would be good enough to lend me another copy which I would
return directly I have made some notes on it to include in my
forthcoming lecture. /

I am sorry to say that MUSSOLINI RED, AND
B.L.C. ~~Does not sell as well as I had~~ does not sell as well as I had
hoped. I rather think that 5/ for so small a book is too high for
the audiences I reach, mostly workers of course. Would you consider
a reduction on the price?

Yours sincerely

Wishart & Company Publishers
9, John Street
London.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022072

[Letter, 1936] Jan. 9 [Nice to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p.; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Jan. 9th

36

Dear Girl,

Your last letter, of the 7th, came in quick time, this morning, with all the inclosures.

That letter of the 26th to Mary has never arrived. The copy of your circular letter-report that you enclosed in the last letter, I now see for the first time. Sure, this letter will save you time, and so I shall make some copies for you today.

I made for you some copies of yesterday of the Maurice Browne letter. I'll enclose them in this letter or send them separately.

Yes, she has a bad stage of it this time; I think the worst in years. Some morning she gets up a bit better, but then feels worse again and goes to bed. No, the French doctor, who may be pretty good, is not able to do anything for her except prescribe some opium, etc. It seems that the Paris diagnosis was right -- some of her bowels, may be the big intestine, gets crooked now and then, and so nothing passes. But of late she has been having very severe and steady pain, apparently as if her stomach has descended and is pressing on the bowels or on some other organ. Anyhow she has been pretty bad of late, with an occasional relief from pain for a few hours. But I don't see what can be done. Yes, if we had money -- but what is the use of talking about it? For we haven't and are not likely to ever have any.

Well, dear, your energy and vitality are to me a source of constant wonder and admiration. The things you manage to do, the numbers of people to see, parties to attend, and at the same time read and prepare lectures and -- not to forget, to write long letters! It is simply astounding.

I enjoyed reading about your experience visiting the Smiths and the success you had at the Secularists. That is fine, and it is good to know that there are in Engl. such comrades as the Smiths.

That about St. Louis may have been Ben's doing, but Handehear wrote me that it was at the time Rudolf was in the city and that he ~~must~~ gave a talk about my birthday at that social. Anyhow, it was very decent of them.

As to Alex Gohn, well, he always was a very decent fellow and I am inclined to believe he has remained as he was. He may have intended to arrange something and probably found no interest in the matter. I am inclined to think that it is always a great mist as to start anything, particularly in N.Y., where every day brings new things, and then postpone it for a further date. This is what was done in the case of my birthday affair. The result was that the affair actually took the form of a kind of small family gathering, with but a handful of people present, and there was not even any announcements of it in the P.A.S., except in a few small lines a day before the social.

If Kapp had \$500. when the thing started, then it means they got nothing more in all the months that followed. At any rate, so far I got from Kapp \$400, and I doubt if there is much more, if any. I am sure that something went wrong

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with the whole matter, especially since Harry K. and even Minna entirely avoid the subject in their letters, and that in view of the fact even that I had asked Minna to tell me the entire story of the undertaking. Well, anyhow, I consider it now a closed chapter. But I referred to Alex soon. What I meant is that every one has his own life and interests and his own work. On the side of all that one may do some other work also, but after all one's own life and work is the most vital thing to one. And things come and go, and new interests come up all the time, and why should one keep on remembering things and persons that have happened long ago? It is really requiring too much.

About Mollie and Senya. Yes, I am afraid that it is bad for the Russian Fund that Mollie and Senya left it. But Mollie did well to leave it, and I told her so. She must avoid all fuss and friction. And as to Senya, I think he has of late been too busy to give his time to the Fund. But the worst is that there seems to be developing friction between Senya and Jacques Dubinsky. The latter is a fine and devoted worker. I don't know anything about Senya. But Mollie mentioned in St. Tr. that at first Senya had made on her a very good impression and that later it appeared that she was only echoing Senya.

About Mollie and the statement you want to write to the N.Y. Times re Russ. persecuted. Well, I don't think an appeal in the Times would do any good, but a statement regarding the persecution of Anarchists, seeing that the Socialist statement completely ignored it, is in place. The time is past when Russia was to be treated differently than Italy or Germany. I would expose Stalin in the N.Y. Times the same as I should expose Hitler, if they would give me a chance.

As to Mollie saying that our comrades in exile etc. in Russia would object to a statement in their behalf in a capitalist paper -- that is very likely. But our work cannot be controlled by the attitude of comrades in Russia, for the latter are not in a position to judge. There are too much torn away from the world and events to be able to judge the situation.

As to the so-called Lefts, that is the liberal elements--- I have no use for that brand in the U.S., where I know them. They are a very dangerous element they will go with the crowd that is liable to succeed. Now they are Bolshevizing, but most of them would not want America to become Bolshevik -- if they know what is going on in Russia. In any case, they'd be the first to be put to the wall by the triumphant Bolsheviks, in the U.S. as in Russia.

As to the liberals in England -- I don't know much about them, but I am inclined to believe they are of the same brand as their American brethren.

Tell, dear, it is clear that you have not a very easy field to hoe in England. The field is too small. In the U.S. Unless a mass movement -- revolutionary Anarchist -- can be created, we shall only have a few followers here and there. We have failed to create a mass movement in the U.S. -- it was only fellow travelers, as they call it in Russia now, sympathizers that we have -- because a mass movement must have an immediate, constant, daily active interest in the work of the movement. That we lack, and that we will have to create if we mean to play any role in the social life, on a vital scale. Now that is to be done, that's another question, and a very difficult one.

I wonder how many copies you need of that Brownie letter. I think I'll make you a few more, and then I'll make some of the long letter-report. E. is again in bed, but you no doubt need that letter quickly. Affect.

S.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022071

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 10? London to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

What an event dearest Ash to get two letters in one day from you. I wrote you yesterday. So I am going to write you only a short note to day. First you will be touched by the gift and the letter an old comrade in Plymouth has sent me. He had given me a sweep stake ticket when I was there as a contribution to my work he said. He told me he would also send me one from you. I have not written you about the matter before because I was waiting to hear from him. His letter and your ticket came yesterday. I have already written him to thank him for you. But it will make him very happy to also get a letter from you. So please write him and send back the letter.

Of course, it is certain that I will win nothing. But maybe you will get something! Now I wish you would be relieved from material stress, and also be able to take me to that Russian socialist in Paris. Well, lets cross our fingers. I took down the number of your ticket and here is mine NK 28607. I will send the letter to my with the ticket inclosed. Surely it will not be lost. Of course I know that letters get lost, especially in France. But I thought it was only when money is expected inside. One is utterly helpless in the face of the miserable slipshot ways of the French. More and more I'm begining to like the Britishers. Their exactness in everything, their real and not merely surface politeness, their willingness to be of help to strangers. The other day a man in my compartment not only took off my bag from the shelf but he actually took it to the door and handed it to me on the platform. Have you ever known a Frenchman to do that and as to the comrades I have met in Plymouth ~~and Leicester and London~~ and over their families, I must say I never met with so much warmth, hospitality and kindness anywhere since America. I am begining to think that I was wrong in judging the English by the excoriated middle class intellectuals I had met. Even the notion that Britishers were not responsive to the meeting was wrong. The other evening I attended what is called here the Promenade concerts to which Oscar Scheringer had sent me tickets about two thousand people all standing through the evening occupied the entire orchestra. Well, they just went wild over each number. And both at the meetings in Plymouth and Leicester there was great response. I had a number of the members of the Labor Party, ardent defenders of the League of Nations and sanctions. You can imagine it was a hornets nest. But more than half of the audience waxed hot over my exposition of both frauds. I guess I will yet end up as a regular British "patriot" I don't think it would happen with the French though I love France.

Dearest I forgot to suggest yesterday that you should write Mike and Simon Goldofsky a letter. He was operated Monday. It was not harmful at all. Mike was told it was a "growth". I hope it is not malignant. For there is no end to operations from that. It maybe a glacial condition like nodules. Simon is feeling all right. Mike went to his today. I know it would please her very much to get a line from you and also Simon. They think very highly of you. Love Mike.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022071

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 10? London to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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dear Mary Oliver does not need me to nurse her. she has a private nurse. but she is in a gilded cage and hasn't the energy or fortitude to get out of it. what she does all day in that cage and with not a sympathetic person of her own is more than I can say. I would go mad. It was really her loneliness that made me respond to her request to come for a night. you see that strange husband of hers was away. so she could invite Kathleen Woodward and me. we are the only people Mary has. by the way, Kathleen is a remarkable character. I wrote you I think that she comes from the worse slums in London. And she pulled herself out by her own will power and determination. she does ghosting for a living and to support her mother. I am sorry I did not give you JIPPING STREET the story of her own life. It is amazing what human beings can do if they have the mettle for it.

About the dentist. I would send him only half of the debt. will you not have to pay your quarterly rent soon? If you must do that and also pay the dentist in full you will again be blank. so why not send him half he really deserves nothing because like all your dentist he too has not been satisfactory. perhaps your gum condition is to blame. when he should have told you not to expect a perfect job. ~~xxxxx~~ send him half with the assurance you'll send the balance later.

Alright about the book, you can have one when the time comes.

Goodby dear heart. Affectionately.

aj
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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023162

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 10? London to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. —
2 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Dear Mr. Maychen.

Why does it surprise you that I understand and feel your suffering? In the first place I nursed enough physical misery to have some sense about it. In the second place I do not believe one needs to be in pain oneself to feel with another being who is suffering. It only requires the capacity to put oneself in the place of another, or ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ to be sufficiently sensitised and attuned to ~~xxxxxxxx~~ human sorrow. I hope I am capable of that, besides, to feel with one whom we care about is really no particular virtue or deserving of praise. What surprises me my dear is that you should find my letters of some help. It were different if I had sent you good and cheering news, or amusing accounts of "my" fellow countrymen and women. They are certainly a strange and often funny lot these English. They are most hospitable and at the same time of icy indifference. They are the most noninvasive people loving and hugging their personal freedom to the extreme and yet use their aristocracy and rich as few other people. They are truly democratic and yet part in servile reverence for their king and nobility. I would never have believed it if I were not here that the death of a king will so impress most people. Actually I heard one of the announcers last night and the cringing sentiments made me sick to my stomach. From now on every gentleman and woman is expected to wear black the rush to the shops for black clothes is tremendous. By the way I was told that seven years ago when the king was near death a store keeper imported thousands of pairs of black silk stockings, at the time the king failed to go the men lost a fortune. Now everybody is manufacturing stockings will work day and night on black silk hose. The king's death will do more good than his life. It will give some unemployed work for a few weeks. For as you know business is business, what a farce all this display and pretense is. Yet 99/100 believe in it, want it and participate in it. Yet here is your friend Emma, old fool that she is trying to put some sense in the empty heads of the English. Not that they are more empty than the heads and hearts of other countries.

I feel a little relieved over your condition because you have such a kind doctor. Even if he does not help you much it is comfort to know that you are not in the hands of some charlatan who will also do nothing except fleece you and Sasha out of the last sou. As to going to the hospital for observation, as I wrote Sasha the one in Nice will not add to your particular joy, unless your suffering has become truly unbearable perhaps you will wait a little while. Maybe some miracle will happen and Sasha will be able to take you to Paris to see Denis's doctor when we might meet here and return to the South together when you will have improved. I hope fervently you are friends again with Tante Meyer and that the worst is over. As to Sasha being patient, I expected no less else. It is not our wish, quite unlike most human beings.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023162

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 10? London to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. —
2 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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Last Sunday afternoon, your and Sasha's ears must have burned for
I thought most intently about you both. I was at Paul Robeson's con-
cert. He sang as magnificently as ever though he was a little
hoarse and I did not like one of the songs in Russian. It did not
seem to bring out the power and richness of his throat. But outside
of that he completely lifted me out of myself. I thought how
wonderful it would have been if you and Sasha could have been with
me. I have not yet seen the Robesons because they landed back from
the States the 17th. and Paul is leaving for an extended concert
tour tomorrow to be gone eight weeks. I did not want to take his
time when he was so rushed. If I am still here in March
I will see the Robesons then.

The coming Sunday I will also have a treat and
I will be wishing for you my two dears to be with me. A musical
friend sent me tickets for the Kreisler Concert. These will
be the only real treats since I came here. The theatres are prohi-
bitive and not very good and I find really music much more soothing
to my disturbed nerves.

My dearest, we need not worry about next summer.
You will do as you please of course, come or not come to Hon. Reprist
and stay only a day or as long as you like. I myself have no firm
idea as yet what will become of me. So why plan in advance. The
main thing is your health and your feeling that you must never, never
never do anything out of duty to Sasha or to me. For duty is
a blood freezing thing. It is love that counts, mutual understand-
ing in giving and taking when we are free to do so.

Dearie it is no use sending a dress to Liza
It would cost duty and she may not like it. She is very sensitive
in receiving gifts. In fact I have to quarrel with her all the
time. She gives so gladly and out of the fullness of her heart. But
she is a perfect nuisance when it comes to accepting anything. But
she gave me a verbal thing because I bought her a nice pull over
for Christmas which she needed badly. And when she came back
with her from the hospital yesterday and found flowers everywhere
she nearly pulled my head off. So I am awfully about the dress. If
it could be sent with someone and I thought it was her to give it
give it to her. Perhaps Suzanne will come here for Easter, in that
case you might send it to her and ask her to bring it to me. But
it is not very important. Perhaps it is black. For Liza also believ-
in mourning her king.

My dearest child. Please do get well soon.
I cannot tell you how wretched I feel to know you will not be to
too poor to help. But I can wish intensely for your recovery.
Maybe that will help.

Devoted love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022090

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 10? Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. —
2 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Sunday am.
Hello new Year's Greetings. I'm
just a few lines, so you will
not worry over my silence.

Pouring rain here — for
days, so that it is
a cross impossible to go out
to mail a letter. Neither
of us been in the city now
for days.

E. is about the same —
one half-day better, the
other worse — has to stay
mostly in bed. Her
doctor is attending to her.

Last evening rec'd your
letter. It is terrible about
the condition of the Kold.
I do hope he will soon
be recovering. It must be

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881022090

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 10? Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].—
2 p.; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

2

awful for poor Liza
I hope you are in
better, dear, & that you
will soon have some
news from those
groups & societies.
You are fighting hard
I can feel & feel
you ought to have
success in the long
run. Don't mind
breast, dear. Move
away, when this
flat gets warmer.
Hugs to all &
love. affects

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023161

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 10?] Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].—
2 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Nice, Samedi -----

Dearest Emma:

Yes, of course does your letter help. The understanding in it fills me with quietness. Because, you know, dear, as sweet as my doctor is: "Ce n'est rien ma Petite", makes me so wild, you have no idea.

Well, how strange. Here are you, a woman, who is not a doctor, after all, understanding, KNOWING there there IS something wrong with me. Reasoning that no human being in life would suffer as I do and those last weeks, my dear, are of a bad sort. Well, I gave up to go to him. Your letter, understanding, helpful, helps me morally more than all his talk about "Vous n'allez pas mourir si vite".

Well, Emma, dear. Situation is:

When I was bad before (I don't mean bad the other way, you know), it stopped after a month or so. Since the Falperines left I am in steady trouble. And --- even WITH passage I am on a certain spot (where the stomach lies) not better.

The strange part is now, dear, that I never get hungry, more even, I am always full. Whereas how bad I was I was terribly hungry always, only that I preferred not to eat. But, don't you remember how eager I was when it came to a meal? That has stopped altogether.

I have decided, dearest, to live on liquids, which I do. No bread, of course. Soup, and quashed Compotes. My coffee in the morning. I live like that for about a month. It does not help so far, very much only that my passage begins to be regular, but not the relieve in the stomach. Well, I am thin, very much so, but that all is nothing. I must try TRY TRY. again and again and again.

Don't you know, every morning I stamp down with that foot of mine! "Emmy, Emma says you are going to be better, she is so strong, she is right. And then, after one hour I am played out. I have to go to the goddam bed. And there, of course, I have to do something, mending or anything. To take away the feeling in the side.

Well, Emma, darling. You can be a good comfort. It seems to me you are at your heights when it comes to console. That is very true. Indeed, your letter HELPED me, and you will write me again, please. Encouragingly and that you are convinced it will be better.

Now as to Paris. Dearest -- how do you think would I accept that cost? NEVER!!!! When You and Sasha are so poor. I would not do that-- dearest Emma, I will wait, wait, wait and do ANYTHING to heal before. Well, I know that I will always suffer to a certain extent - but to that I am used. But that all, is impossible and then one cannot eternally live on soup and suffer on top of it.

So we will wait. I am brave. Believe me, dear Emma. I do my house as usual. I have my steel corset on, in order not to strain my stomach. I do nice things for our darling.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

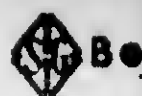
881023161

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 10?] Nice [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 2 p.; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

- 2 -

as usual. Be quite sure about that..... That I will do as long as my feet will permit.



Emma, dearest, the dress is green. I never again will dye things. I did so last year and the thing went to pieces. No, then, I will not send it. I leave it here in the wardrobe. We will see later on about it. There are surely plenty of people we can give it to.

Emma, I know an English woman who is befriended with a French business man in Lyons. Well, this man delivered the silk (blue) for the lingerie of Princess Marina... Well, she told me that this man was ordered to produce a certain color, and only for her marriage. For her and bride maids. Then the machine had to be stopped and this same color had not to be produced any more. And for that the Princess Marina had to pay: one meter 4000 Francs. So.

If I had one meter cost, I really could pay her. So it is, isn't it?

Well, Emma all that in person. I wonder if your lectures are affected and I fear they are. Now, everything must be busy with the burial... It is very interesting to see how things are going on there. Life is strange, sometimes.

So, dearest, I must close.

Give auntie my best greetings. She saw me also in a terrible state. Yes, I know that. My whole nervousness comes from that, dear, not opposite. Believe me that. I am ---- very desperate about that business. Dear Emma, for me, who is otherwise energetic, such a life is a double torture. Without an accomplishment of any kind, life is just a burden.

And even, you know, if I could do good typing, and my household and look after things, finally to make myself useful, I feel that I was not a parasite to society. But to feel that I am handicapped makes me very, very desperate.....

Molly, that poor kid, seems to be in not a better spirit than I. Isn't it awful, Emma. My heavens, your friends are a nice lot of sick people!!!

Oh, yes, Emma. IF EVER (what I do not hope!!!) it has to be that I need a good examination again because there IS a change with me) IF!!! Then I would WISH ONLY TO BE EXAMINED WITH YOU AS GUIDE. IF POSSIBLE, dear. Mit Hand und Fuss. You are perfectly right that these Stink-Hospitalier mich nicht sehen werden. For that money we better live. No, I am patient, dear. Have confidence. I'll wait and hope. But, dear, do write me again.....

My weight now is 49 kilo. Well, dear I cannot say I feel very strong either. That all makes me rather miserable too, you know. But, all will be well, will it not? I would even welcome death to such a life, frankly spoken.....

With love and thanks,

your EMMA

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870919143

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 10, London [to] Angelica [Balabanoff, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

London Jan 10th '36.

.11643

Dearest Angelica. Your letter lifted a stone from my heart. I was so anxious about you, how you stood the voyage, and how you feel since you landed. I cannot tell you how delighted I am to finally hear from you. I also got a letter from Roger saying he had met you and he was arranging a dinner for you to meet some of the friends. I hope it came off satisfactorily. I am sure you will have more dates to fill than time will permit you. America still gives free lance work a chance. Still, it will take a little time. So you must not be impatient.

By all means keep your room in the hotel. A private room will cost just as much and you will not have half the comforts, or the freedom. Besides, a hotel makes a better impression. It is sad that we should have to pay so much attention to external matters. But it cannot be helped. So you had better stick to the room.

Yes, my dear I have written George Goldes. It is not yet time to get a reply. If and when I do I will send it to you. I do not think it should be necessary to start with legal metyods to make George share with you from what he is undoubtedly going to make on the Mussolini book. It is rotten of him to have used your material without giving you credit. The next best thing is to give you a part of the money. I believe George can be made to understand that he will be exposed in the radical press if he does not act decently by you. Of course, now that he has finally landed in the New Masses he may have become as unscrupulous as the rest on that paper. Still, he will not want a scandal. Rogers and a few others can make him see the injustice of his act. I am writing Roger about it.

Henry G. Alsberg 1823 Lamont Street, N.W. Washington D.C.

will reach Henry. I know he gets to New York week ends. So you had better write him and give him my address. Stella is not in New York city. Her address is Mrs Stella Ballantine, Bearsville Ulster County New York. She too will come into New York to see you.

About myself ~~xxxxxxxx~~ there is really not much to say. The struggle is bitter. But I do feel a little more encouraged than three years ago. I find a greater willingness among labor and socialist groups to listen to others than their own social views. Thus the National Labor Colleges in South Wales, formerly rigidly marxian ready to hear me. A tour through South Wales is now being organized. The only other more or less advanced groups are the dramatic societies. I have some dates to speak for them. But it is all very small and hasty, not enough to earn my living expenses. Still, if I can break through this time I will make England my headquarters for six or seven months in the year.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870919143

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 10, London [to] Angelica [Balabanoff, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

2

11644

I do not blame you for realizing only now what America gave me. Now should you or any other European friend understand the field I had there and my yearning for it? No one in Europe, even those who heard me have even the faintest notion about me. For, I have not been the same since my deportation. After all, one cannot always give out without taking in some inspiration. True ones faith must come from within oneself. Still, even the strongest of us need some outside force to keep one going. I have received nothing from Europe, hence also failed to give as much as I could so easily give in the States. I realized this even more during my ninety days two years ago. I felt twenty years off my back, more inspired full of energy and vitality. Now I have again fallen back into a state of hopelessness and despair. Of course I do not stop. I would die if I did that, but it is like climbing the Rocky Mountains. So you see my dearest, America might just as well have imprisoned me for life, or killed me altogether for all the good I can do abroad.

If you will have any interviews send me some copies. The clipping you sent me was stupid. As you can imagine I did not say such foolish things. But one must expect that from the American papers.

With all my heart I wish you success in your quest, many lecture dates that might enable you not only to reach many people and raise money for the German and Italian victims. But also to give you a few comforts. You must try to remain in America as long as possible. I am sure it ought not to be difficult in your case. Europe seems hopeless to me. It is worn out by its traditions, stagnant, disintegrated. America has young blood, it is willing to risk to venture, it has greater revolutionary possibilities. In fact, it is only America that are worth watching. I am barred from both. I hope may be able to remain in America even if you cannot get back to Russia, or would be gagged and useless there. So you must try hard to remain. I shall miss seeing you my dearest. But I shall take comfort that you will be given a hearing, and that you will renew your own life.

Devoted love

I am definitely remaining in England until the spring. So write me c/o Mrs L. Koldofsky, 20, Beechcroft Court, London N.W.
If you meet any of my friends give them my greeting.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860521178

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 10, London [to] Leon [Malmed, Albany, N.Y.] / Emma [Goldman].— 1 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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EMMA GOLDMAN LECTURE COMMITTEE

Hon. Sec. R. BARR.
108, CONINGHAM ROAD,
LONDON W. 12.

20, Beechcroft Court London W. 11
Jan. 10th 36. 193

Dear Leon. The new struggle here has increased my correspondence until I feel completely swamped. While in Canada I had three four stenographers to help me. Here I have no one. I used to have an old comrade, Doris Hook. But I cannot afford to pay her now. Besides, she works later every evening. The result is I must keep at the machine long hours every day, besides seeing people and supervising the organization of lecture dates. This is by way of explanation you should not think I have forgotten you.

From the enclosed little account about my doings here you will gather that I am doing a third attempt to establish myself in England. I just can not stop spending the rest of my years in France with a gag in my throat. So I must leave nothing undone to break through here. I know it will not be easy. But when did I ever have it very easy. Anyhow, I am remaining here until the spring. And if I come get dates ahead for the fall I will come back from St Tropez. In any event I shall have to sell mon Esprit. Either Sasha or I have means of support or an outlook of earning some. And if I can strike root here there is no sense in keeping the place in the South of France that one can only enjoy during four five months in the year. Fortunately I never clung to possessions. True, I love the little place in St Tropez. But life is too bitter to cling to such sentiments.

I am sending you a lot of material that will interest you. Eventually some of the fine tributes paid me may bring fruit. I mean in the sense that I will become known in this country. I did a foolish thing to leave it ten years ago. I am sure I would be established by this time and have a field created for the work I can do. Now, I have not so many years before me. Not years in which one can expect to be in possession of all ones worth while faculties.

I am sorry dear you have such a struggle and for nothing else but mere living. It is too bad. But it is the fate of tens of millions.

Affectionately

Emma

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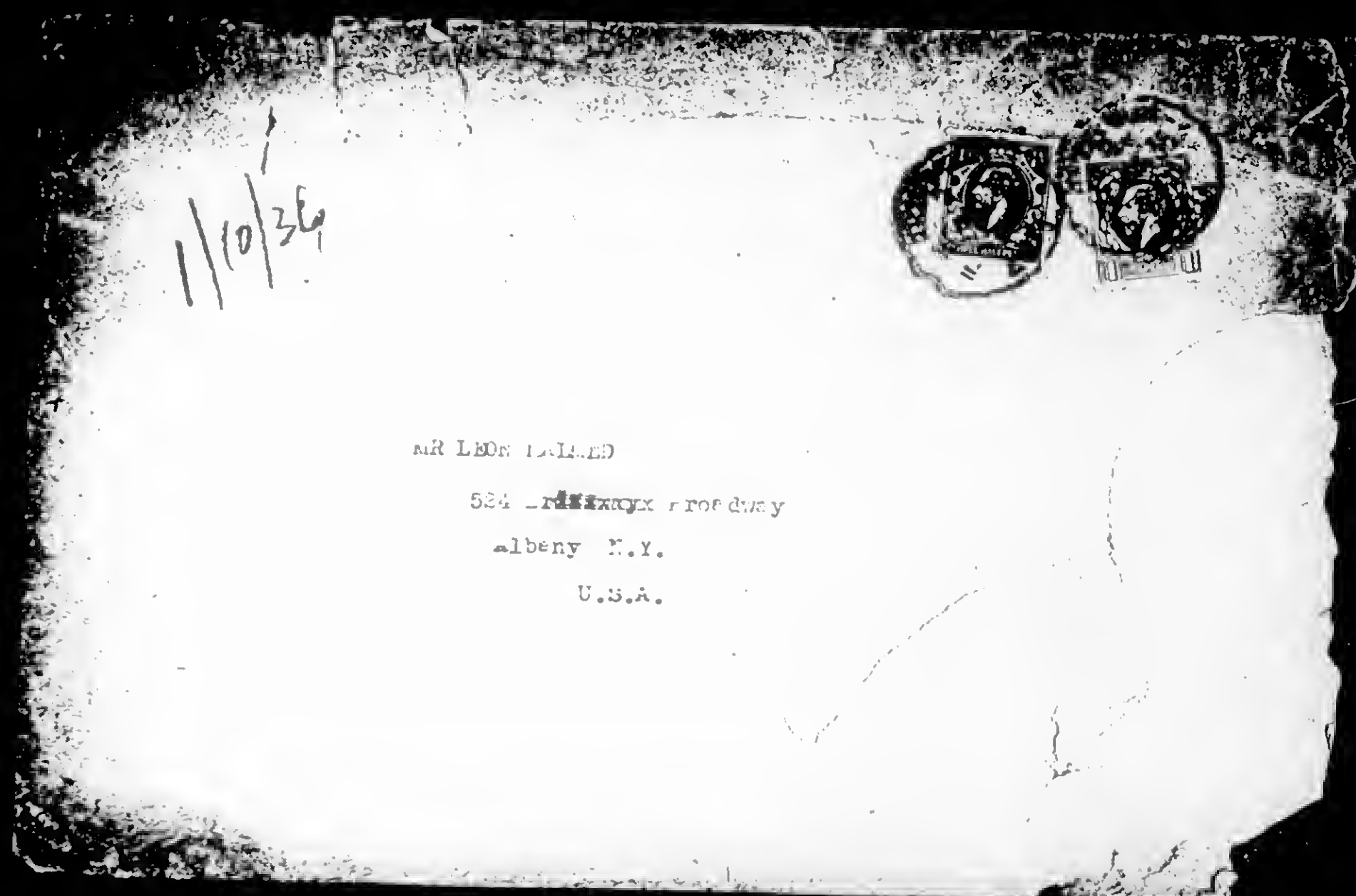
292

The Emma Goldman Papers

860521177

[Envelope] 1936 Jan. 10, London [to] Leon Malmed, Albany, N.Y. / E[mma]
G[oldman]. — 2 p. ; 13 × 20 cm.

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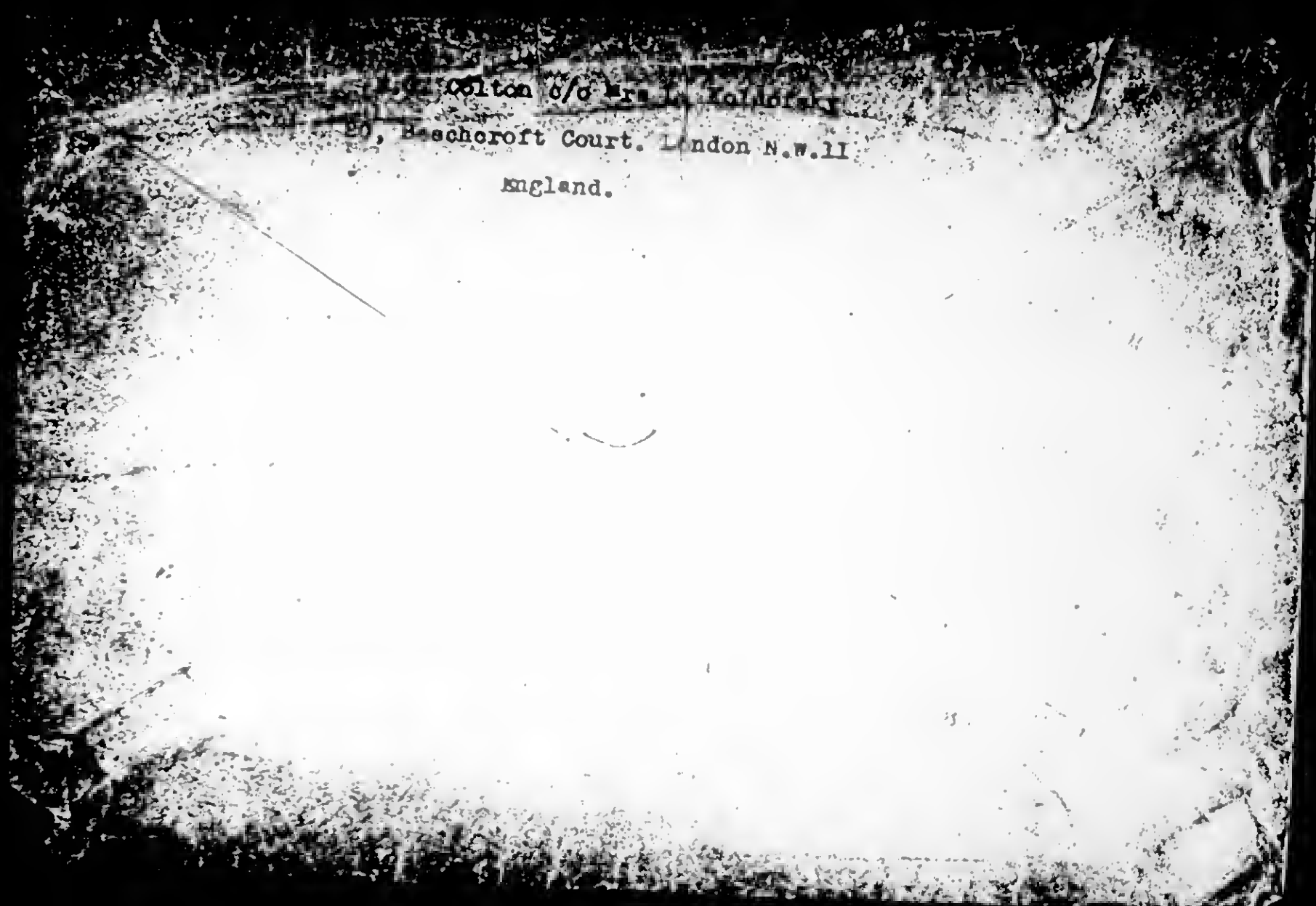
293

300521177

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Envelope] 1936 Jan. 10, London [to] Leon Malmed, Albany, N.Y. / E[mma]
G[oldman].— 2 p. ; 13 × 20 cm.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

811022180

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 10, Madison, Wis. [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Thelma Goldman. — 2 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

431 Hawthorne Court
Madison, Wisconsin
January 10, 1936

My dear Emma:

I did not intend writing you when father dictated the enclosed letter to you as I thought that he had conveyed what I wanted him to well enough without my added word. But this evening I had a very interesting experience which I thought you might want to know about and so I am adding this.

Prof. Alexander Meiklejohn is back on the campus, on leave from his adult education work for a semester, and I am taking a course with him in Pragmatism vs. Idealism. Tonight he invited some eight of us up to his room and one of the boys read a series of letters written to his father over a period of 30 years by a man who started out as an ethical culture teacher in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, went to Butte, Montana to teach and to fill the pulpit of a Unitarian minister, eventually turned socialist, and remained throughout his life, despite terrific financial pressure, an idealist. The man succeeded in becoming mayor of Butte from which he descended, thru the force of pressure groups opposed to him, to sustaining himself by doing housework for friends who tried to find some means of keeping him alive. You may remember him: he was Lewis J. Duncan, and it was largely as the result of defending your right to speak in Butte that he incurred such well-organized pressure against him, which resulted in his losing what standing he had, and what security he had. I am enclosing the portion of the letter which dealt with you, because I knew that you would want to know of his experience. *He was not yet mayor at the time of your visit.*

After the reading of the letters we got into a discussion of the recent supreme court decisions regarding the AAA and the NRA, and certain of the students who are radical, not communists, thought that we could very well do without a supreme court, and had various methods to suggest whereby the authority of 9 justices, appointed by political methods, ruled by their own prejudices, should decide on the fate of the nation. Their other argument was that a constitution written 150 years ago could not possibly serve the nation in 1936 when the issues were so different. Of course you realize the fallacy in their arguments—for one thing the constitution is not static, etc., etc. At any rate, it seemed to me as I listened to the argument that the question to face was whether the difficulties they objected to were not inherent in any form of government, and if that being the case, whether we were rather to decide on the question of any government vs. anarchism, than one form of government vs. another form. They granted my first argument, but unfortunately I could not get them to even face the possibility of the second. If I had had the wits of my father I should have been able to launch into a thorough-going exposition of the plausibility of anarchism. Unfortunately I couldn't. At any rate, I felt it better to leave the question in their minds, rather than spoil the effect by my weak attempts at presenting the other side. Prof. Meiklejohn was very partial to me, tho he upholds some vague form of cooperative commonwealth which he has not blue-printed, and which, for all I know, might be anarchistic.

He is a grand person, by far the best teacher I have ever had in the University of Wisconsin, not excluding your Prof. Ross or even

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The Emma Goldman Papers

811022180

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 10, Madison, Wis. [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Thelma Goldman. — 2 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Prof. Perlman and Commons, under whom I am studying. I always tell Mr. Weiklejohn that he would make a grand anarchist, and he accepts the compliment, but does nothing about it.

At any rate, I thought you might be interested in the meeting, and in the quotation which follows from Mr. Duncan's letter. On the whole I cannot say much for the college education which I have gotten. It has been extremely valuable to study with Prof. Perlman, and with Weiklejohn, but these persons are rare, and I am glad that I shall finally graduate this June, and be able to begin working at something I want to do--providing, of course, I find a job. Incidentally, I want to do workers' education. The field is pretty limited, in that steady jobs are rare; the movement is either in its infancy or condemned to perpetual minuteness. I shall try to find a place, before I try any other field.

The following is the letter:

Butte--- June 20, 1908
"I have just been going thru another crisis which will probably still further reduce the income. You may have seen press references to the fact that I took up the battle for freedom of speech over Emma Goldman. It was a merry war with the G. A. R., which withdrew its invitation to deliver the Memorial Address this year, and with the press, which, of course, burned incense before the capitalistic fetich mistakenly called liberty--American liberty--which allows freedom only to such people as will keep still about the sort of liberty contemplated in the foundation and incorporated in the constitution of our nation.

"My battle was partially successful. Miss Goldman is being heard without police interference but under a boycott on the part of the press and public and corporation influences which keeps the many--all but the bravest souls--away from her meetings and which compels her to small and obscure halls. My fight has alienated many of my church people too and cost me some subscriptions. How far this loss will be made up by accessions from the workingmen remains to be seen. I am not sanguine about it. The men are afraid of losing their jobs and even those who fear not are so impoverished by the five months shut down and the irregular employment since mines reopened, they have little to give to support a preacher except their good will."

Lewis J. Duncan

It was after this that the man found it impossible to make a living in Butte and thus began the gradual downward progress of his life. I do not want you to think that the man attributes it to supporting your cause. He maintained up till his last letters, in 1928, when he was 70, that he never could have acted otherwise in any of the deeds of his life, than the way he did. If it hadn't been you it would have been something else. It was a pitiful and tragic, and at the same time the most inspiring tale or a life that I could imagine. I do not know whether he is alive today or not--probably not.

I hope that some day I shall see you again--I wish that I might come over next summer--I wish that you needed a secretary. But ofcourse there is a lot to be done here (tho I shall be a most inadequate fighter).

We still date things in Madison "before and after Emma's visit". Much love and luck to you and to the others,

Thelma Goldman

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881010072

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 10, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Nellie [Harris].—
2 p.; 26 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Jan 10th 1936

PHONE, CALEDONIA 8-8300

24888

FIREPROOF

HOTEL LATHAM

TWENTY EIGHTH ST. AT FIFTH AVE

NEW YORK

Emma Daryl -
Arthur told me of your
anxiety & trouble in
the last few months.
by return from Calif.
I do pray for you
for not having written
st. Simply was I did not
have a word from you
in London & I did not
know your address.
Sasha will tell you
what a time I had
& how I rushed to get
away. I have had time
of despair worry &
anxiety & like a Sick
Dog. I wanted to be
alone in my misery.

Will Auntie also write to me. This I'm afraid
for I am such a Sinner. Please.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881010072

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 10, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Nellie [Harris]. — 2 p.; 26 × 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

I only wanted to worry
you if I had any success
well I think things are
going to be a success
any way I'm hanging on
& full of hope!
I hated Hollywood - & the
climate, fogs & earthquakes
I am back in New York.
After 2. journeys - on
a freighter, I intend to
stay here & make this
my home. Arthur is
having a dreadful time
I am terribly worried
about him

Do send me a line to
tell me how you are
I hope Sasha - is quite
recovered by this
I wrote them both. to
Boulvard Cessole. Nice.
With love
Always
Nellie

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920007

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 11, London [to S.] Tamarind, [Leeds, England] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p.; 24 x 19 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4535

20 B. Chancery Court London, N.W.11

Jan 11th 36.

Dear Friend,

Please excuse the delay in acknowledging your kind letter of 4th Jan. I have been swamped with work and an ever growing correspondence. When too I had hoped you'd get in touch with me when you attend the Conference of the WORKER'S GIRL in London.

However, though my reply is belated my appreciation is none the less very deep. Please thank the rest of the friends from your branch for their kind solidarity spirit.

You have probably received our folder and lists of subjects sent out by my committee about my further efforts in England. It is too early to be able to say what the result will be, except that I may go back to Plymouth for a series of drama and social lectures, and that I may also tour the National Labor Colleges in South Wales. Sunday the 13th I speak in Southend-on-sea on The Revolt of Youth. The 20th in West End, the twenty 22nd on Soviet Literature in the Trade Union Club Rooms, and the 30th in Northampton.

The inclosed letter will interst you.

Please remember me most kindly to Mrs Tamarind and your family. Also best greetings to Mr Goldberg
affectionately.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870925220

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 11, London [to Alfred] Döblin / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 19 × 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

15708

Jan. 11th 36.

Dear Mr Döblin.

Our mutual friend Augustineouchy kindly sent me your work, LONDON WITH NIGHT UNBORN. I read it with much interest. I have just written Couchy to see you and find out if the book has already appeared in English. If not I would try to interest an American or British publisher provided you want me to look after it. I am not sure the publishers in England would feel that your work would appeal to a large English reading public. You know yourself that these people do not care so much for the quality of a book as they do for the financial returns it would bring. Still I might try if you wish me to.

Would you please send me your authorization, your conditions as to percentage and anything else that might help me with the attempt to find a publisher. Of course, if I do I should also want the right of translation. My friend Alexander Berkman, himself a writer of first order and a very brilliant translator would render the book into English. Augustineouchy can tell you all about me. All this maybe superfluous if the work has already appeared. If not you will be good enough to let me know soon.

Hoping that your wife has quite recovered from her knee trouble you told us about when I met you at the Select.

Cordially

20 Berchcroft Court
London N.W. 11

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300

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029058

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 11 [London to] Geoffrey Whitworth, London / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

2037

Telephone Speedwell 71 35.

20, Beechcroft Court N.W. 11.

Jan. 11th 36.

Mr Geoffrey Whitworth
Director
British Drama League
9, Fitzroy Square.
London W1.

Dear Mr Whitworth. You may remember my talking to you about ways and means to gain access to the London Theatres for the purpose of study. I talked to Mr Maurice Browne about the same matter. He suggested that a line from you to Mr Horace Collins Sec. of the Society of Westend Theatres would most likely secure me a pass. Mr Browne assured me that he himself would be delighted to speak with Mr Collins in my behalf. But he does not feel in good graces with the Westend theatre managers.

Would you kindly help me reach Mr Collins? Since I am remaining in England until the spring I feel I ought to learn something about the ~~theatre~~ theatre and British drama. The latter is not difficult since the British Museum and ~~your~~ Drama League Library are accessible to me. Not so the theatre. If it is not too troublesome perhaps you will be good enough to send me a line to Mr Collins.

Sincerely.

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023141

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 11 [London to] Augustin [Souchy] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 23 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Jan 11.

1936

Dear Augustine,

You will have to forgive the long delay of acknowledging the receipt of Dr Doebline's book *ARDON WIRD NICHT GELASSEN*. I have been frightfully busy trying to get a hearing here which is like carrying large stones up the Swiss Alps. It ~~means~~ has meant seeing masses of people, keeping at my machine many hours a day writing to everybody who might be of help, and doing so many other odd jobs. The result so far you will glean from the inclosed copy of a short statement I have prepared for our American comrades and my personal friends. It looks a little more hopeful than on my former visits. Provided the Plymouth and South Wales propositions really ~~xxx~~ materialize, so far I have nothing fixed. The holidays have of course interfered. Still I should have heard from the two places by this time. My dates in this city this month are the 19th, 20th, 22nd and thirtieth.

I have read Dr Doebline's novel and consider it most interesting. I am not quite clear whether that is an old work, or since the frightful Hitler regime. And I would like to know whether it was already done in English. I am not sure of course, but I have a feeling that a publisher maybe found either in the States or this country, if it has not already been published. As I do not have Dr Doebline's address I am inclosing a note to him. If he would like me to try my luck with publishers I should of course want the right of translation as well as the rights of placing the book. Perhaps you will give him the inclosed personally and have a talk with him. You may tell him that Alexander Berkman is among the very great translators and he would do the job if I can find a publisher.

I wonder if you have any new data on Germany. Though I read the London papers, the Manchester Guardian, the New York Sunday Times and the New York Nation I find nothing much about the continued frightfulness in Germany except about the pitiful condition of the Jews. If you have anything please send it to me and I will return. Perhaps ~~xxx~~ Das Tagebuch, or even the Weltbühne. Anything.

If you care to show Dr Doebline the folder and other material pertaining to my work here do so.

Be a good comrad and write me soon even if I have been so tardy.

Love to Theresa and Folke.

Affectionately.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029290

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 11 [London to Michael] Sadle[r, London] / [Emma Goldman]. --
2 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

telephone speedwell 71 35.

20 Beechcroft Court N.W. 11

Jan 11th.

6

Dear Mr Sadlen,

Thanks a lot for your letter of the 3rd inst.

I have compared the books sent me from the States with your list.

I do have WAITING FOR NOTHING, and SOMEBODY IN BOOTS. I do not have

the rest. Of course, I have read nearly all of Dreisers. I therefore

do not need to trouble you about his works. Has he written

anything since the AMERICAN Tragedy. I do not mean his book on

Russia which is shallow, nor do I care for A GALLERY OF WOMEN.

Of Dos Passos I have read only THE FORTY SECOND PARALLEL. If

you will be good enough to send me his other works, and also

those of Morgan, Nathan, Fleming and the novel by Santayana, I know

his philosophic works, I will greatly appreciate your kindness.

My field for thirty five years has been the United States. In England I am hardly known although I have been here many times and have lived in London 2 years. I therefore find it most difficult to contact people or organizations for bookings, whatever engagements I have so far filled and am going to the next two months have been on the drama and social topics. No one has so far chosen a literary theme except in Leeds where the German literature had been selected. I wonder whether you could suggest how one might contact the literary societies in England. I am most anxious to present American literature, post war of course which I consider by far more vital than either the

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029290

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 11 [London to Michael] Sadle[r, London] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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4381

British, or Continental.

I will be thankful for any suggestion you may care to
make.

You maybe interested in the inclosed material.

Cordially.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022073

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 11 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Sat., Jan. 11, 36

Dearest Em,

Your registered address to E. arrived all OK, and I reply at once.

Yes, it is very fine of that comrade Braund to send you and me each a sweepstake ticket. Very thoughtful. Will enclose line for him, and also one for Lise.

As to winning, we don't seem to have much luck with it. I usually buy a couple of National Lottery tickets here -- tenth parts, at 11 fr. apiece -- and last time I actually won. But as it was only a tenth part, and as it won only the 100 fr. prize, I got for my share only 10 fr. So I was still one franc out on my winning ticket!

Well, let's hope we shall both have better luck with this sweepstake ticket. I wonder when the raffling will come off.

Dear, you must have a hell of a time with the weather there. I see by the papers that terrific storms sweep England. And the U.S. had fearful frost. Here of course it is much better, though the general atmospheric conditions affect this part of the world also. We have been having floods and more rain than I have ever seen here. But today it seems to be a regular Spring morning. Wonder if it will keep on.

But this weather keeps people away from the Riviera and conditions are getting worse, economically, all through France. I see that every month the unemployed situation grows worse. On the average about one thousand unemployed MORE every week, with many business failures. Incidentally, beginning yesterday ALL the cinemas in Nice are closed -- a strike of the boasses against high taxes. They publish that, whereas ordinary business pays about two percent of its income as taxes, the film places are made to pay TWENTY percent!

Yesterday I sent you, imprimé and registered ~~separ~~ copies of that short Browne letter as well as copies of your report-letter. Let me know if you need more.

E. feels a bit better this morning and means to make a few more copies. My machine is not good for copies, it is all worn out and most of the letters I have to go over TWICE before they show on the paper.

Yesterday E. had an awful day -- pain in the stomach, etc. Her condition seems to be getting worse. Physies have hardly any effect, and after an enema she gets bound up worse than ever. That would not be so bad, but that she constantly has the feeling that her bowels want to move but cannot. As a result there is apparently a hard pressure of the stomach on the bowels. And pain. It is most likely that her stomach is again descended, as it was found to be at that operation in Paris.

Well, I had to phone again to her doctor yesterday, but he does not seem to know what to do. He said she would have to go to a hospital if things don't get better, to stay there for observation. Of course he means some public hospital, for we cannot pay in a place like the Victoria hospital here.

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Your suggestion about trying the Soma factor in Paris -- well, that would be
OK but it is out of the question. She could not go alone, and we have to
each make as a trip for both of us would require. Not only a trip, but
remaining in Paris for some time, treatment, etc., etc. You know how such
things involve various small expenses. No use thinking of it.

I am having her try mental effort and may be that will help a bit. I myself,
as you know, am a great believer in the power of the mind over the body, but
E. says she "could better practice that mental stuff if she was not bothered
by her stomach in that practice". Fortunately she does not lose her sense
of humor, but there are days when one is just desperate and her love also does
not seem able to help matters. However, she is now taking castor oil and her
regular ail and so it may help some.

Well, dear, I hate to be writing to you about sickness -- in general I never
like to talk about sickness, whether my own or that of other people. I really
believe that such talk creates in the course of time a habit and an at-
mosphere of 'illness'. So of course I discourage her talking about her condition.
Not that it helps much!

Well, dear, I want to write a few other letters this morning, so I shall
be short today. Nothing special to write about anyhow. That book *Seven Women
Against the World* arrived some time ago. I have read the chapter about you
and it is nothing but a compilation from your own autobiography. I assure
that the other chapters are also of the same type, but I am going to read
them of course. Do you want me to forward the book to Stella?

Take care of yourself, dear girl and I hope the weather will soon get better
there.

E. told me you wrote her that Auntie does not seem happy there and has not
done much work. I wonder what encouragement she has from the publishers.
She has a story to tell, though she needs a good deal of editing. And she
seems to have written a lot even before she went to London. I wonder what
about her place in Venice. ~~Shaxman~~ Has she given up her business there or just
closed temporarily?

Loves to you.

By the way, yesterday I got a letter from Landau again, telling me he moved
to some little village near Paris. I wonder whether you wrote him already
and whether his mail will be forwarded. His new address is

M. Landau, 55 rue des
Rulsecaux
& Meudon Val Fleury
(S. & O.) France

I see Brand's
letter has his address.
So I'll write him
direct.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023058

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 12, London [to] Mark [Mratchny, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Jan 12th 36.

Dear Mark. It is kind of you and Johanna to write me though I have
be so tardy in acknowledging your letters. Believe me my dear
it is no indifference, nor have my affections for you both changed.
It is that I find the struggle to get a hearing in this cold and
forbidding country so exhausting and exasperating. Yet I must
keep on. For, it is really a question of life and death to me whether
I will have to end ~~my~~ the years left me gagged and fettered in
France, or take root in England. At least I am not haunted by the
spectre of expulsion in this country. In addition I might if I
continue the desperate struggle, gain ground. If only we had even
a semblance of a movement, or a few comrades still active and wide
awake. There is no movement in England. There are a few very
fine comrades, intelligent workmen, most in the provinces, not
in London. It is sad when one reflects the men and women who once
were the banner bearers of anarchism. Without help my task is
doubly hard. Just to contact people I must spend from six to eight
hours at the machine. as I simply cannot afford a secretary, and
there is no one here to do it out of love, or interest in what
I have to give. The upshot of all of this is that I had to reduce
my American mail to a minimum.

As to writing for the Freie Arb Stimme, I cannot do
it Mark dear. Maybe later when I will have gotten into the swing
and have travelled some in England I will be able to write some
impressions. It would be futile to write about the political sit
uation which you can read in ever paper. and about labor conditions
I must first get in touch with them to write about. If you care
bring the inclosed statement. It does not only tell of ~~the situation~~
what I am doing, or hoping to do. It also has general interest
So why not bring it? It is the best I can do now. I am also sending
other material but that is for your and Johanna's edification. You
will see one gets plenty of praise. But that's where it remains.

And you my dears how are you. what are you doing Johan
Johanna. and how does America strike you? More and more I find that
I belong nowhere so much as in the states. Europe is appallingly
poor and stagnant. It has no vitality left for adventure, either
in life or ideas. I see only two countries that have endless poss
ibilities Russia and the U.S. and I am barred from both. You can
see why I cling to England. ~~It is a straw~~ it is a straw for one who
drowning in the raging sea of a mad world.

Goodby my dears. Do not give me up as a lost cause
and write even if I do not always reply at once. With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022074

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 12, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 5 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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24 Jan 1936
London, Sunday Jan. 12th 36.

Dearest Ash. For a change I have this afternoon to myself. I do have some people and my secretary at five and six o/c. Still I am free until then. So, I will begin a letter to you. I may have something to add tomorrow. So I will mail it then.

Your letter of the 9th also got through in two days. Funny how some take so much time, and others get through quickly. As to my letter to Amy of Dec. 26th. It is absolutely correct. I am so mixed up about it I will soon begin to believe that I have not written it at all. Of course, I HAVE WRITTEN IT. I AM POSITIVE ABOUT IT, because I inclosed the copy of my statement what puzzles me is that I failed to make a copy of my letter to E. which I had always done. You see, I am no longer sure that I made one, or that I included it in my registered letter to E. Well, we'll have to make up our minds that it got lost. I will have to make up for it by writing her more often. If I thought it would make her be more friendly with Ante Mayer I would write her every day. It is too horrible that the poor kid must suffer so much. What a fake the best of medical science is about its progress when it has remained in the dark about so many ailments. Amy, Mollie and similar cases, the doctors know nothing what to do about them. Not to speak of cancer. With all the research not one step forward has been made. By the way, Sophie Breslau, a brilliant singer died of cancer at the age of 43. I know of her I am sure. I met her first when Orloff was living at the home of her parents in Breslau and his wife. They were old socialists. Sophie died at the height of her metropolitan success. It is too bad.

Liza went to the hospital to see Simon. His trouble also seems mysterious. He was operated, not on hernia as was thought, but some growth in the groin. I have a feeling it was malignant, which means cancerous. But the doctors to appease Liza say it was nothing at all. They have taken X-rays and tests. But they do not disclose their findings. He is feeling better but is very weak and there is no saying how long he will have to remain in the hospital. Meanwhile Liza is near a break down. She is of a worryin nature. In the two months I have never heard her laugh heartily. Of course she has much to worry about. Between the two they have barely earned for their weekly expenses. Not one penny laid by for an emergency like the present. True, it only costs £2 a week in the hospital. But at least another pound for extras. He is being paid his salary, lump sum £4, a ridiculous sum for a man who is on a daily and its most important contributor. But if he should be ill long the too will stop. And Liza working eight hours a day cannot make more than £23 a week. So she has enough to fret about even if she were not of the type that is on the rack all the time. I had a long talk with her to day about myself. I told her unless she let me pay more than £1.10 a week I would move out. The actual cost of my food is more than a pound. And my electric bill is high. I have to keep the stove going all day. Anyhow, it was different when Simon was well. Now I can no longer

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consent to be fed for the measely sum of £2 rent included. Of course I have been bying things. I buy my own coffees and seltzer and fruit for the house. still it is not enough. so Liza will have to consent to my adding £2 a week. I won't feel comfortable other wise.

my earnings here since my arrival would make you weep. In all £16,12. of that the comrades gave me only £2 and the money they had sent me towards my fare. whatever they have raised went for expences of halls and printing. the new printing and postage will amount to far more than they have got. so, I could not expect anything from them for the lectures in London. it is only what I get in the provinces that keeps me going. I am here two months, that means I have averaged £2 and a few shillings a week. of course I had to draw from my so-called capital. but it is alright, since my living would certainly have cost more in France. Here I can at least be active.

Dear heart what would I do if my vitality and energy would leave me? I simply could not go on. I have so little of a personal nature in my life that I must be active to fill the void. I am grateful that I still have my health and that my energy grows with my activity. but I am not fool enough to think I will create a movement even if I succeed in establishing myself in England. This would require years and some means. for you know yourself that propaganda ~~xxxxx~~ is an expensive pleasure. I am positiv I could rouse interest in the provinces if I had money to send Barr down, rent our own halls, distribute cards. We have a few comrades nearly in every provincial town it seems. I met three in Leeds. They did not impress me like Edmonds and his group or the Smiths, but they would help. I am sure if I had someone to do the preliminary work. that. Just it, I haven't. And our people, the few there are are pityfully poor, mostly unemployed. London is the worst. the old comrades are absolutely antedeluvian. Far from doing the freedom group good they drive the few youngsters in our ranks away. the only one who is a tremendous worker and has a young spirit is Ralph Barr. He works for ten. I don't know what I should have done without him. but what can one man do in a cow of a city like London? I feel cert'in if I cannot get a hearing in the provinces it will be useless to come back here. London itself is hopeless. I am somewhat anxious about Plymouth. I have had no word from the dramatic society that as to arrange six lectures. Of course the comrades there will go through with their end. but the material end must come from the drama group. I dare say the holidays have delayed everything. I shall probably hear from Plymouth this week. Next Sunday I speak in a town nearby SOUTHEND - SEA. The 20th in the Westend, Jewish crowd. The 22nd on Soviet literature. I had to insist that admission should be one shilling since British workers will hardly come to a literary topic. the 30th I have the last meeting of this month in London. At Hammersmith, that once used to be the strong hold of William Morris, Rockwell and many anarchists. It surely needs reviving.

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Yes, dear heart the struggle is often beyond me. But I was never more determined to break through than I am now. You see it means either England for part of the year, or a living death in France for the whole year, even years. Especially as I do not want to go back to Canada. The struggle there is by no means less intense. Besides, I do not want to go away to far from you, and I do not want to be anywhere near Frank. It must be England, if I die in the attempt.

Dearest I am so glad you agree with me about a statement in the New York Times. I did not really mean an appeal so much as an exposure of the colossal, Soviet fake. I consider it silly of Mollie to object to that. But as I said I will not argue you with that poor sick child. The trouble with the statement is, I have no specific cases to mention. Mollie sent me three whose names are not to be mentioned. What good is that? So, I am at a loss what to do. I have not yet heard from the other members of the fund. As to Fanny, she is a bit hard. How else would she have fallen for Senia? For he really is hard as nails and adamant to the extreme. He is a zealot about Anarcho-Syndicalism as Urshinov was about dictatorship. Did I ever write you that Senia opposed my getting a credential from the I. A. A. to enable me to collect money in Canada ~~because~~ because "Senia is not an out and out Syndic-list". The foolish man did not realize that the I. A. A. exists only on paper and is absolutely unknown. Or that I would have made it known and could have raised a lot of money in canvassing labor organizations. He is a hard end so is Fanny. But there is something in their favor. They are both most efficient people. Naturally they have no patience with anything that is not thorough. And Senia is very lax though absolutely honest and sincere. There are not many people like you my dear who are efficient and yet know how to work with people. Senia does not, and Fanny is entirely influenced by him, naturally, since she is new in our ranks and knows damned little about our ideas. In any event it is too bad that Mollie and Senia left the fund. I fear it will not live long without them. Yes, poor Senia works like a galley slave and the worry about Mollie is no small matter. Its tragic about the two. Now when he earns a decent living and is establishing himself as a first rate artist they cannot enjoy life. One is so helpless in Mollie's case like in Emmys. Yes, dear keep Mollie's letters. I do not need them.

Whatever copies of the Broome letter Emmy made will do because I had ~~many~~ hundred copies mimeographed. I needed them and would not wait any longer. The statement would mean no end of saving time for me. So make me as many as you can without ~~ir~~ tiring yourself too much. And of course I must not type until she is better. Boris made me eight copies last week and she will make more as soon as her drive lets up.

Dearie, I can tell you how your fund started. Stella wrote me to Montreal that Minna had ~~assured her~~

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told her she had a plan to raise five thousand dollars for you for the 18th of May. It was in April I believe. The idea seemed doubly absurd because of the shortness of time and the lack of money among our comrades and friends in America. I do not wish to suggest that Minna conceived the idea because of the appeal that had been started for the proposed book I was to write. I wouldn't have cared if there had been no response whatever for me, if I thought Minna's scheme feasible. But as it was ~~xxx~~ so near May I wrote Minna suggesting that a birthday fund she had in mind should be raised for your birthday Nov 21st. Presently I received a letter from Minna asking me to write a letter to the committee meetings which would take place in three days from date of her letter to organize something for your birthday. You bet I dispatched that letter and I know it reached the committee in time. ~~xxx~~ That was a day or two before my sailing. I next heard from both Harry and Minna that the committee had been formed, that among them were members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and that five hundred dollars had been subscribed. Harry added that ~~xxx~~ assured him another five hundred would be raised during the summer and that ~~xxx~~ Cohen had undertaken to raise five hundred. In addition a large affair was being planned for the 21st. I never learned whether Minna herself was on that committee. I knew that Harry was but his function seems to have been ~~xxx~~ only to countersign the checks ~~xxx~~ signed. That is all about the matter. I am as puzzled as you why the intention of an affair had not been carried out. Of course you are right my dear, so many things happen in America especially in trade union ranks that the best of our comrades either forget or grow lax about their good intentions. Harry did write me that the decision of the Supreme Court in re the code was likely to break the back bone of the I.L.G.W.U. So it may well be that ~~xxx~~ and others of the ~~xxx~~ fund committee belonging to that organization were kept on the run, saving what they thought was a sinking ship. They must have had good results because the organization seems to be stronger and more powerful than ever.

About being remembered, sure I do not expect that. I know too well how short lived human memory is. I do however think it irresponsible to undertake something and hold out hope, and then fall down on the job. As far as the affair is concerned that was to be arranged for the 21st of Nov. It was not any consideration of money, but of the moral effect on the young generation that knows nothing about your or my work. I hoped for that more than for the money. But as you say it is a closed matter. Anyhow I have given you the history of the whole business. Minna certainly meant well

On the 9th you should have had the things Suzanne took along for you. True, she was ill while she was here and still in a bad condition when she left. She may be bedridden and unable to take the parcel to the P.O. I hope though she has sent somebody to mail it. I want you to have the woolen socks and the shirt. By the way, Bishop Holmes had a very serious attack of flu. When I last phoned he was better. Flu and pneumonia are wide spread in London. Its the danger of the winter months.

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Real human people that and feel
the moved in a dreamen way.

You will see by the enclosed card the difficulties I have to face. Our people cannot even get out a card. I wanted a special card of the Soviet literature lecture because I have a lot of thousands of people who would never drag themselves to Whitechapel, the Jewish district. Or, at least the literary topic placed on top. I wanted it stated that tickets can be gotten at the door. Marr gives his address when he is out all day, lives at the end of London and has no phone. Imagine people being expected to write for tickets. It is too stupid. Well I cannot afford the expense of a lecture, besides it is getting too late. So I'm going to cut off the bottom of the card and write that ~~admission~~ tickets can be gotten at the door. But I fear the Soviet Literature lecture will be a fizzle. It is just sickening. Of course in the future I will have to prepare copy for cards myself. No further news now. With love. Love to E. Hope she is better.

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3

Yes, dear heart the struggle is often beyond me. But I was never more determined to break through than I am now. You see, it means either England for part of the year, or a living death in France for the whole year, even years. Especially as I do not want to go back to Canada. The struggle there is by no means less intense. Besides, I do not want to go away to far from you, and I do not want to be anywhere near a rank. It must be England if I die in the attempt.

Dearest I am so glad you agree with me about a statement in the New York Times. I did not really mean an appeal so much as an exposure of the colossal Soviet fake. I consider it silly of Mollie to object to that. But as I said I will not argue with that poor sick child. The trouble with the statement is I have no specific cases to mention. Mollie sent me three whose names are not to be mentioned. What good is that? So, I am at a loss what to do. I have not yet heard from the other members of the Fund. As to Fanny, she is a bit hard. How else would she have fallen for Senia? For he really is hard as nails, and adamant to the extreme. He is a zealot about Anarcho Syndicalism as Arshinov was about dictatorship. Did I ever write you that Senia opposed my getting a credential from the I. A. A. to enable me to collect money in Canada ~~because~~ because "I am not and out and out Syndicalist". The fool! I did not realize that the I. A. A. exists only on paper and is absolutely unknown. Or that I would have made it known and could have raised a lot of money in canvassing labor organizations. He is a hard and so is Fanny. But there is something in their favor. They are both most efficient people. Naturally, they have no patience with anything that is not thorough. And Senia is very lax though absolutely honest and sincere. There are not many people like you my dear who is efficient, and yet knows how to work with people. Senia does not, and Fanny is entirely influenced by him, naturally, since she is new in our ranks and knows damned little about our ideas. In any event it is too bad that Mollie and Senia left the Fund. I fear it will not live long without them. Yes, poor Senia works like a galley slave and the worry about Mollie is no small matter. Its tragic about the two. Now when he earns a decent living and is establishing himself as a first rate artist they cannot enjoy life. One is so helpless in Mollie's case like in Emma's. Yes, dear Mollie's letters. I do not need them.

Whatever copies of the Broome letter Amy made will do because I had ~~many~~ hundred copies mimeographed. I needed them and could not wait any longer. The statement would mean no end of saving time for me. So make me as many as you can without ~~it~~ tiring yourself too much. And of course I must not type until she is better. Doris made me eight copies last week and she will make more as soon as her drive lets up.

Charlie, I can tell you how your Fund started. Stella wrote me to Montreal that Minna had ~~assured~~ her

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022075

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 12, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. —
5 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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4
told her she had a plan to raise five thousand dollars for you
for the 10th of May. It was in April I believe. The idea seemed
doubly absurd because of the shortness of time, and the lack of
money among our comrades and friends in America. I do not wish to
suggest that Minna conceived the idea because of the appeal that
had been started for the proposed book I was to write. I wouldn't
have cared if there had been no response whatever for me, if I tho
thought Minna's scheme feasible. But as it was ~~xxx~~ so near May I
wrote Minna suggesting that whatever fund she had in mind should
be raised for your birthday Nov 21st. Presently, I received a letter
from Minna asking me to write a letter to the committee meeting
which would take place in three days from date of her letter
to organize something for your birthday. You bot I dispatched the
letter and I know it reached the committee in time. ~~xxx~~ That was
a day or two before my sailing. I next heard from both Harry and
Minna that the committee had been formed, that among them were
members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and that
five hundred dollars had been subscribed. Harry added that Kap
assured him another five hundred would be raised during the summer
and that ~~xxx~~ Cohen had undertaken to raise five hundred. In addit
ion a large affair was being planned for the 21st. I never learned
whether Minna herself was on that committee. I knew that Harry wa
out his function seems to have been ~~xxx~~ only to countersign the
checks Kap signed. That is all about the matter. I am as puzzled
as you why the intention of an affair had not been carried out.
Of course you are right my dear, so many things happen in America
especially in trade union ranks that the best of our comrades
either forget or grow lax about their good intentions. Harry did
write me that the decision of the Supreme Court in re the code
was likely to break the back bone of the I.L.O.W.U. So it may well
be that Kap and others of the ~~xxx~~ fund committee belonging to
that organization were kept on the run, ~~xxx~~ saving what they thought
was a sinking ship. They must have had good results because the
organization seems to be stronger and more powerful than ever.

About being remembered, sure I do not expect that.
I know too well how short lived human memory is. I do, however, think
it irresponsible to undertake something and hold out hope and then
fall down on the job. As far as the affair is concerned that was
to be arranged for the 21st of Nov. It was not any consideration
of money. But of the moral effect on the young generation that knows
nothing about your or my work. I hoped for that more than for the
money. But as you say, it is a closed matter. Anyhow I have given
you the history of the whole business. Minna certainly means well

On the 9th you should have had the things Suzanne took
along for you. True, she was ill while she was here and still in
a bad condition when she left. She may be bedridden and unable
to take the parcel to the P.O. I hope though she has sent somebody
to mail it. I want you to have the woolen socks and the shirt.
By the way, Bisham Holmes had a very serious attack of flu. When I
last phoned he was better. Flu and pneumonia are wide spread in London
its the dampness really because it has not been cold

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316

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022075

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 12, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 5 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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I mean really
~~Unfortunately~~, I still hack and sneeze but my cough is a little better.

Auntie spent the evening with me last ~~time~~ night. She too had a beastly cold. The poor dear was invited to England her fare paid and then she had to get out of the house to make room for an unexpected visitor to the woman who had invited her. Since that time Auntie has been living in rooming houses, using up three shilling worth of gas a day to keep warm, and eating the appalling English restaurant food. She is most unhappy, but determined to hold out until she has found a publisher for her book and perhaps some paper to buy the serial rights. She knows a lot of editors. But in England that means damned little. Auntie left cheered up after two ~~high~~ whisky sodas. I had bought a bottle for Christmas. We drank to your health and E's.

Will add something tomorrow. By the way Senia sends me the Posledni so you need not send me clippings. I suppose the Herald Tribune carried the news of Louis Bryant's death. The last time I saw her was at the Sclot when two drunken Corsican soldiers carried her out of the coffee. What a horrible end. More and more I come to think it is criminal for young middle class American, or English girls to enter radical ranks. They go to pieces. And even when they do not reach the gutter as Louis did their life is empty. They receive nothing from the particular ranks they enter, they certainly give nothing to them, and they become unfit for ordinary human relations as wives or mothers. They are altogether misfits. Of course, Lincoln Steffens was right when he said about Louis she was never a Communist, she only ~~was~~ *got* with a Communist. That is unfortunately true of the majority of girls who hear they sleep with Communists or Anarchists. It is very sad I think.

Monday. This morning your parcel came. Thanks my dear and E. for the copies of my statement and the Browne letter. I have plenty of the latter now. My own you can do another set when you get time. I have about twenty American letters to answer. So, you can see how much time and energy you will have me.

You will see by the inclosed card the difficulties I have to face. Our people cannot even get out a card. I wanted a special card of the Soviet literature lecture because I have a lot of addresses of people who would never drag themselves to Whitechapel, the Jewish district, or, at least the literary topic placed on top. I wanted it stated that tickets can be gotten at the door. ~~Merr~~ gives his address when he is out all day, lives at the end of London and has no phone. Imagine people being expected to write for tickets. It is too stupid. Well I cannot afford the expense of a new card, besides it is getting too late. So am going to cut off the bottom of the card and write that ~~admission~~ tickets can be gotten at the door. But I fear the Soviet literature lecture will be a fizzle. It's just sickening. Of course in the future I will have to prepare copy for cards myself. No fun news now. With love. Love to E. Hope she is better.

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317

The Emma Goldman Papers

880726489

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 13, Bristol [England to Emma] Goldman, [London] / J[oseph] Hol-
loway. — 1 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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Founded in 1911

23203

BRISTOL PLAYGOERS CLUB

at the
QUEENS HALL
BERKELEY SQUARE

Please reply to:-

14 Richmond Hill.
Bristol. 8. 13/1/36.

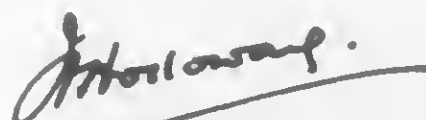
Dear Miss Goldman,

I must first apologise for the delay in
replying to your letter of Dec 31st.

It certainly was to our Club that you
lectured in 1926 on "The Plays of Eugene O'Neill"
and we have pleasant recollections both of the
address and the discussion which followed.

Unfortunately our programme for the
remainder of our season is already completed so
that we shall not be able to avail ourselves of
your visit on this occasion.

Yours faithfully,


Hon Secretary.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924219

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 14, Corwen, Wales [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / John Cowper
Powys. — 2 p. ; 20 x 26 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

16215

usual swiny
or scrupulousness
with this return of
my ancient enemy!

But I'll tell
you what Hewden
says — I
don't see how to
reply to this scrawl
till I write again
in a day or
two!

Yrs as ever
John Cowper Powys

to Cae Coed
Corwen

Merionethshire

Jan 14 1936

Dear Emma Goldman

Excuse my
delay in replying
to your most kind
& to me most
interesting letter
of Jan 8 — I've
been in bed for the
last ten days with
my old dirodinal
trouble, but now
I'm better again
tho' still a bit off

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924219

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 14, Corwen, Wales [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / John Cowper Powys. — 2 p. ; 20 x 26 cm.
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16216

my normal energy &
spirit
I am so sorry you've
been so much laid
up with a cold
Yes, I've been
studying your
list of subjects &
I am more & more
telling whether there
Rationalists or not
like them or not
but I think they
would not
bother about
the title of the

particular lecture as
long as you wish
your name of lecture
given to
But we'll see!
I'll write now at
once to my brother
to get their address
& that of any branches
he may know of.
I don't feel very
convinced of anything
coming of it but
you never know!
& it's always wise to
pull all possible
rocks in these matters.
I must apologise
for the delay
but I've been in
less than my

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320

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022076

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 14, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 25 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Nice, Jan. 14th, 1936

Dearest Em,

Last evening arrived the package you sent per Suzanne Campaun. Two pair of woolen socks, very beautiful and soft; and a woolen shirt that fits wonderfully and is of fine make. Just the things I needed, dear, many thanks. But don't send anything else, dear girl, for I need nothing.

(The upper, black part of my ribbon is all worn out, so I must use the lower part, and that writes half black half red. Hope you won't find it hard to read. If you do, let me know, then I could make a carbon and send you that instead of the original.)

Heard again from Minna. Nothing special, works hard and long hours and earns much less than formerly. She says she had a package for me -- some ties and handkerchiefs -- but Fesser came to N.Y. and told her not to send it to me as I would have much bother with duty. So Minna decided not to send it. Just as well, since I need no ties anyhow and it does not pay to send handkerchiefs; they are cheap enough here. Though at times they seldom charge much for duty here. But there is no telling.

Did I mention in my last letters that Jeanne Leary wrote that she had sent me to St. Fr. a sample suit of underwear? I must have mentioned it, because I enclosed in my last letter to you a copy of my reply to Jeanne re Russia.

Anyhow, nothing heard from St. Fr. I wrote the other day to the Postmaster there and also asked Ann Sedgwick to see the post about it. But I don't even know whether Ann is in St. Fr. One never hears from her. Probably she is, though.

Jeanne also wrote that she sent pajamas to my Nice address. That did not come yet. Takes time.

Will send a note to Suzanne about the package having arrived.

How are you, dear? Did you get over that cold and sore throat? And how is Simon? I hope he is improving. Is he still in the hospital?

E. is somewhat better since yesterday and out of bed. But there is no telling about her. Often she gets up in the morning singing, and by noon is in bed again. She had to go yesterday to the police, as her carte d'identité expired in December. On the way there she had again a fainting spell. Don't know what is the matter with her. She complains all the time of a severe pressure -- as if of the stomach or the intestines. Even when she has a passage, that pressure continues. It may be that her stomach has descended, and the pressure is due to that.

Her doctor told me that she may have to be put in the hospital for observation and treatment. In the St. Roche hospital, of course -- the one in which I was treated for the boil, you know. A rotten place, and even at that one has to pay there unless one can bring from the Mairie a document to prove he is a pauper. (If a foreigner tries to get such a document, he is liable to be expelled as a public charge). It is supposed to be a "free"

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881022076

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Afoot.

P.S. Wednesday morning. Silly of me, but the letter I referred to (containing clippings and copy of my letter to Jeanne) xxx has not been mailed yet, so I send here everything together. Love. S.

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322

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022069

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 14, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Nice, Jan. 14th, 1936

Dearest Su,

Last evening arrived the package you sent per Suzanne Campaux. Two pair of woolen socks, very beautiful and soft; and a woolen shirt that fits wonderfully and is of fine make. Just the things I needed, dear, many thanks. But don't send anything else, dear girl, for I need nothing.

(The upper, BLACK part of my ribbon is all worn out, so I must use the lower part, and that writes half black half red. Hope you won't find it hard to read. If you do, let me know, then I could make a carbon and send you that instead of the original.)

Heard again from Minna. Nothing special, works hard and long hours and earns much less than formerly. She says she had a package for me -- some ties and handkerchiefs -- but Deceer came to N.Y. and told her not to send it to me as I would have much bother with duty. So Minna decided not to send it. Just as well, since I need no ties anyhow and it does not pay to send handkerchiefs; they are cheap enough here. Though at Xmas time they seldom charge much for duty here. But there is no telling.

Did I mention in my last letter that Jeanne Levy wrote that she had sent me to St.Tr. a couple suit of underwear? I must have mentioned it, because I enclosed in my last letter to you a copy of my reply to Jeanne re Russia.

Anyhow, nothing heard from St.Tr. I wrote the other day to the Postmaster there and also asked Ann Sedgwick to see the post about it. But I can't even know whether Ann is in St.Tr. One never hears from her. Probably she is, though.

Jeanne also wrote that she sent pajamas to my Nice address. That did not come yet. Takes time.

Will send a note to Suzanne about the package having arrived.

How are you, dear? Did you get over that cold and sore throat? And how is Benion? I hope he is improving. Is he still in the hospital?

E. is somewhat better since yesterday and out of bed. But there is no telling about her. Often she gets up in the morning singing, and by noon is in bed again. She had to go yesterday to the police, as her carte d'identité expired in December. On the way there she had again a fainting spell. Don't know what is the matter with her. She complains all the time of a severe pressure -- as if of the stomach on the intestines. Even when she has a passage, that pressure continues. It may be that her stomach has descended, and the pressure is due to that.

Her doctor told me that she may have to be put in the hospital for observation and treatment. In the St. Roche hospital, of course -- the one in which I was treated for the boil, you know. A rotten place, and even at that one has to pay there unless one can bring from the Mairie a document to prove he is a pauper. (If a foreigner tries to get such a document, he is liable to be expelled as a public charge). It is supposed to be a "free"

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-- 2 --

ainis, but they soaked me 100 fr. even for the wrong treatment I got there.

Anyhow, I don't think it is any use for her to go to the hospital. They would X ray her and oh rge exorbitantly for it, as they did already on a previous occasion. And their X ray, which they took of her, was so poor that the doctor said it was bad.

The best for her is rest, mostly in bed, which she is doing now. And she has been taking for about two weeks now nothing but soup and oranges. My bet that will help some.

Well, dear, it is really an imposition to worry you in this matter, for nothing can be done anyhow, except what she is doing.

The weather must be awful in England by what I read in the papers. Here we have had a lot of rain, but the cold seems to be broken now. The weather is mild, but grey and damp yet.

Of the general conditions in France you no doubt read in the press. Unemployment is growing. Last month the increase of it was eleven thousand, which is a big figure for France. Now the miners are considering a strike; their wages so low they can't exist. And all the cinemas in Nice closed last week because of the high taxes they have to pay. Now I see that the cinema in Paris also are to close. It is a strike of the ~~cinema~~ cinema proprietors against the Government. Symbolic of the rotten economic conditions, for otherwise the cinemas would have simply raised the prices of admission. Now they can't do it, because even as low as the prices were of late here in Nice, the places were empty. People earn so little that they cannot afford even a low-priced cinema.

Well, the year has certainly begun as rotten as the last ended. And there does not seem to be any chance for improvement in the near future.

Incidentally, it is strange ~~Wade~~ does not reply. He did not even acknowledge the music notes I sent him nor my last letters. Possibly he is laid out again. More likely, he has celebrated the New Year too generously. By the way, Jeanne in her letter did not even mention that she met ~~Wade~~ in N.Y.

Well, dear girl, I want merely to write you a few lines, just to let you know that the package arrived. Otherwise there is nothing special.

I hope you received those copies of the Browne letter as well as copies (sent TWICE to you) of your letter-report.

No. s'long, dear.

Affect.

P.S. Wednesday morning. Silly of me, but the letter I referred to (containing clippings and copy of my letter to Jeanne) ~~isxx~~ has not been mailed yet, so I send here everything together. Love. S.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023163

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 15? Nice to] Emma [Goldman, London] / [Emmy Eckstein]. — 2 p.; 24 x 18 cm.

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Saturday ---

Emma, my dear ---

I got yesterday your letter. It did me a lot of good. How miserable I was - well, we never can really understand the other one, so long we have not exactly the same. That is sure. But your understanding for my sickness always did me so good. You, being a healthy and strong nature, it seems extraordinary to me, that you never forget about my sufferings, and that - believe me - is to me a great thing.

I am, since this afternoon, just a bit better. Right away I copied your letter once more, and my dear, it was a treat! I felt myself growing useful, and better, and I just now finished it and want also to send you a few lines.

Emma, you know, may be you will not believe my description, because you know me as an exalted person. But - but..... I thought that this time it was my very end. And it was much worse than any pain I had to suffer during my operation etc.....

Between us, Emma for a whole month I did not visit Tanto Meyer in the true sense of the word. I felt, distinctly, that inside me there is a knot, tight, and this knot got hardened, Emma, oh, dear! Inside it boiled, because I had no passage, and it pressed against my body ---- so much so, that the tears, without weeping rolled down my face. Emma, the other night, I got up. I thought it was my end. So I wrote two letters and put them into Sasha's desk. One for Mother. The other for you.

My dear --- the doctor as well as Sasha (our sweet, fine staunch friend) did all they could. I took one after the other: 10 Pills, 1 limonade purgative, oel Krusen, Paraffine oil and other 10 Pills about, and FINALLY, yesterday Castor Oil. This, after 24 hours worked somewhat, and now ---- I fervently hope that by and by the probably imaginary knot will straighten out..... Emma, I do hardly eat since one month. I am weak, miserable, and I dare to tell you that, because it relieves me a bit.

But, it is really better, I think, and darling, I will write you in let us say 2 days how I am. Now I only will rush this letter to you with the copies, that you know I am better.....

Oh, Emma, what a human being can endure.... I am thin as I never have been in my life and look 10 years older and miss wie die Nacht, as you may imagine. But that all is nothing, if ONLY, Emma, pre, for me, the dreadful pain will not come back!!!

My doctor is nice, surely, he came to me and I went there, and he gave me a consolation. Not that that helped, but it is nice anyway. I s pose your letter helped me more than all his Gequatsche. "Ma Petite, tout va bien". Oh, dear, such a fool. Though, frankly spoken, I probably have an incurable thing, that sometimes is better.

*Emma, my dear ---
I got your letter. It did me a lot of good. How miserable I was - well, we never can really understand the other one, so long we have not exactly the same. That is sure. But your understanding for my sickness always did me so good. You, being a healthy and strong nature, it seems extraordinary to me, that you never forget about my sufferings, and that - believe me - is to me a great thing.*

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023163

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 15? Nice to] Emma [Goldman, London] / [Emmy Eckstein].—
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- 2

Emma, Sasha was and is wonderful. I was very surprised at his patience. With his patience I am otherwise not too spoiled, as you know. But, my dear, I never will forget his behavior during my illness.

I am sure, even, Emma, that you wouldn't have acted a jote differently from him. I knew that. And that I thought over when I went out this morning to buy for lunch..... How many, many people are there on this beautiful earth, who are sick and even sicker than I and have nobody to help, who they can, encourage them, to to speak of the material possibility of any care. I am so thankful for that, and nice in thinking of these. You know, Emma, I think suffering makes people mellow. I never thought so much about these unhappy creatures, left to their fates, so much than these days when Sasha helped me so wonderfully to get over my dilemma!

So, then, dear. I thank you once more, and once more, for that beautiful letter. I read it often, and again and again the phrase: "stamp with the feet and say I will get well". I liked the rhythm in your letter, the vitality and "not-giving-up" in your encouragement. It helped me morally a good lot.

Sasha is fine. Oh, dear, after all, if he is well, nothing matters, isn't it, Emma darling?

I understand the situation about your coming only directly to St. Tropez. You are right. Perfectly so. For that money you can better enjoy Bon Repit. Righte.

As to me, dear. I am very, very, happy if Sasha goes out, and will gladly come.

Dear Emma, I am really sick since the last time I came out. Then at Auntie's, my dear I was a Mudnik without an end. And then, I never get well, only for a month or so better.

But, as I say, Emma, darling. I will come with pleasure, and so farth. But thank, if you wouldn't be also nervous, terrible, if there would be inside of you always a nagging pain. I know you understand that.

But, all is better now. It will stay. Sasha has GOOD FOOD, darling. However I may feel, I cook nice things for him. That, at least I owe him. And our house is in order..... So, be at ease.

I liked the letter I just now copied for you. If you have anything to do for me, send it. I feel happy to do some work. Please send it, then.

I embrace you, EMMA

A.S.

Emma dear. I have a dress from my sister already more than a year ago. It is much too wide and long for me. Too small for you, of course. Would it fit Lisa Koldofsky, then I send it to you and you give it to her. Doesn't need to know it

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022077

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 16, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].—
2 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Jan. 16th 36.

Dearest Ash. I received your letter with G's inclosed and the return of the letter of our Plymouth comrade. Yes, it was very fine of him to give you and me the sweepstake tickets. It was especially decent of him because he makes a precarious living selling the I. sub rosa. You see it is prohibited in England. He has already sent me the receipt for my ticket. Now that you are in direct touch with him he will no doubt send your receipt to you. The drawing is in March. Our comrade keeps track of that too. Of course, I have no hope of either of us winning anything. You have, on occasions made the great winning of ten francs. I have not even succeeded that much. Before I left Paris Mollie, Benie, Manie, Benny and a few others bought a National for hundred francs. I gave Mollie twenty ten for you and ten for me. I never heard anything more about it. I guess there was nothing to report. Well, maybe you get something on the gift ticket. I should be satisfied and more than if any thing came to me.

Dearest things move here so slow I might lose patience. And you will admit I never was one. Really, I am nearly bug with waiting. Here it is the middle of Jan. and not a word from anybody. Nothing from Plymouth, or South Wales, or a single reply from the many letters sent out. Oh, yes, one from the Bristol playgoers to the effect that their syllabus until spring is full up. Maybe next autumn. I am afraid I rejoiced too soon. It is true that the English have to go through so many formalities in their organizations it takes endless time I was assured. Just the same I am beginning to doubt whether I will really make my headway here. Of course, I'll stick it out. But you can imagine I am not in a very cheerful mood.

Conditions in the house are also not conducive to much cheer. Liza by nature very sad has been in a most desperate state over Simon's condition. The many tests ~~xxxxx~~ he underwent disclosed dilatation of the heart and extreme anemia. After he leaves the hospital the real treatment will only begin. Radio and all kind of fancy things. It might not be so bad if they were not so poor. The physicians said Simon will not be able to do any kind of strenuous work for a long time. That means that Liza will have to be the sole supporter. What with nursing Simon and looking after the household ~~xxxxx~~ she could not possibly earn more than three pounds a week. And that is barely half of what they need now that J. will have large doctors bills. I wish I could help them. But I am too poor myself. And once Simon comes home it will be impossible to move about freely in the house, much less to have anybody call on me. I will need utmost rest. Anyhow everything looks pretty dark to me just now. This brings me to Landau, no dear I have not written him. I have to say for I cannot take on another one. And I know him from the day before. Once he will have my address he will poster me to distraction. I just cannot stand it now. Please send him 2x 2 for me. Its all I can do now. If I win the large stakes I will give him more. I am sorry for him if he has to wait for that. But one cannot take on more misery than one can bear.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022077

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 16, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].—
2 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

The inclosed card will show you one of my difficulties. It is heart breaking that our comrades cannot even get out a attractive card. The idea of expecting people to write for tickets which a shilling is charged. If at least Barr had a phone, but to expect people to go to the trouble of writing and spend money for postage. It is absurd. Yet Barr is the best we have in London. In fact the only one the others do nothing. So how can I expect results. Of course all these are small matters. Unfortunately life is made up of small things each affecting one like pin pricks. Well, enough of gloom. You have enough of your own. And I really should not add mine to it. But I could not write you at all if I waited for a cheerful mood.

The weather in London itself except for its continual drabness, rain and mist, has not been as bad as in the rest of the country. At no time was it very cold. I have already written you its the dampness that gets into every nerve and makes one so depressed. So, I do not think you could stand it. I am getting used to it.

Well, dear heart this is not much of a letter except belly aching. forgive me for that. What's the use having such a friend as you if one can not pour out ones troubles? So here you have it.

I have received the second batch of copies of my statement and the Browne letter. Thanks dear at. It will be enough for the present. Nothing seems to help here anyway. I thought I might try to get free access to the theatres to acquaint myself with what is being done in London. But it is impossible to break through even in that. Yesterday I saw Barry Jackson. He assured me I can have free access to his theatres any time. But for the rest, there is no chance. He himself has to buy tickets if he wants to see a new play. The theatre managers are niggardly and have no vision that it might be of help to them to have their work presented from the platform. Browne told me the same thing. King

I am going to see Stark to day. He had to go out of town on business so I had yet seen him. He is a jolly sort. It will do me good to get away from all the mournful surroundings.

I embrace you tenderly. *EG*

Embrace E. for me and tell her I will write her a separate letter.

Liz thanks you for your letter she will write you next week when Simon comes home.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022078

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 16, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

London Jan. 16th 36.

Dearest Sam. I received your letter with E's inclosed and the return of the letter of our Plymouth comrade. Yes, it was very fine of him to give you and me the sweepstake tickets. It was especially decent of him because he makes a precarious living selling the I.S. sub roses. You see it is prohibited in England. He has already sent me the receipt for my ticket. Now that you are in direct touch with him he will no doubt send your receipt to you. The drawing is in March. Our comrade keeps track of that too. Of course, I have no hope of either of us winning anything. You have on occasions made the great winning of ten francs. I have not even succeeded that much. Before I left Paris Mollie, Senia, Mania, Munny and a few others bought a National for hundred francs. I gave Mollie twenty ten for you and ten for me. Never heard anything more about it. I guess there was nothing to report. Well, maybe you got something on the gift ticket. I should be as satisfied and more than if any thing came to me.

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Conditions in the house are also not conducive to much cheer. Liza by nature very sad has been in a most desperate state over Simion's condition. The many tests ~~xxxxxx~~ he underwent disclosed dilatation of the heart and extreme anemia. After he leaves the hospital the real treatment will only begin. Radio and all kind of fancy things. It might not be so bad if they were not so poor. The physicians said Simion will not be able to do any kind of strenuous work for a long time. That means that Liza will have to be the sole supporter. What with nursing Simion and looking after the household ~~wifx~~ she could not possibly earn more than three pounds a week. And that is barely half of what they need now that S. will have large doctors bills. I wish I could help them. But I am too poor myself. And once Simion comes home it will be impossible to move about freely in the house, much less to have anybody call on me. He will need utmost rest. Anyhow everything looks pretty dark to me just now. This brings me to Landa, no dear I have not written him I have so many cares I cannot take on another one. And I know him from three years ago. Once he will have my address he will pester me to distraction. I just cannot stand it now. Please send him ~~xx~~ ~~xx~~ for me. Its all I can do now. If I win the large stakes I will give him more. I am sorry for him if he has to wait for that. But one cannot take on more misery than one can bear.

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I embrace you tenderly.

Embrace E. for me and tell her I will write her a separate letter.

Liza thanks you for your letter she will write you next week when Simon comes home.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115061

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 17, Scarboro Bluffs [Canada to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Dorothy [Rogers].— 3 p.; 26 x 21 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

5769

China Drive
Scarboro Bluffs,
Ontario.

Jan. 17th. 1936

Dearest Emma;

I delayed answering your letter thinking that I would have something to report from Mrs. Barrett's meeting. However, I must write without being able to do that. We were not able to find a night this week convenient for everybody, so the meeting will not take place until next week. I can give you an idea up to date as to the Publication Fund and then supplement it after the meeting.

We thought that people would be very willing to contribute to a return fund for you, by monthly payments. A few are; but the ones who could do the most prefer to wait until nearer the time for your return and then contribute a definite sum. We had \$120.00 (one hundred and ten, dollars pledged for the year, of which \$52.00 has been paid, and the rest I am sure will be. Other small sums come from time to time without any pledge. We held a bridge a few weeks ago. So far ~~\$120.00~~ \$16.85 has come from that I believe there is another \$5.00 yet to be handed in. Altogether I have received \$82.94. Of that, we sent \$25.00 to you and we have paid \$47.00 for the typewriter which was the total balance due on the machine. So you see all there is in the bank at present is \$10.00. There will be more coming in from time to time I am sure. I just have to remind some about their pledges and the money is forth-coming.

I hate to go into all these details with you but I think that frankness is best in the matter. As to lectures, I am afraid there is not much hope from the Birth Control league (I believe they call themselves the Health League) when I interviewed the lady on Maitland Street she said that those interested had formed this league very carefully. They had to be extremely careful whom they asked to join them and to speak for them as they did not wish to antagonise the authorities. She did not actually say so but I got the impression that she was afraid the authorities would object to you. I have not yet approached the Women's Press and business Clubs directly. I have asked different people who know the executives and the outlook does not seem very favourable. However direct contact in the early spring when they are preparing next fall's program may surprise us. Mrs Barrett seems sure that an engagement can be secured from Rabbi Eisendrath. Some of the Jewish people have contacts in Western towns. I have one or two in Winnipeg, that we might use. Ben has promised to see what he can do in Vancouver in the spring.

That is how things stand just now. I ~~MAXXMAXX~~ cannot say with any certainty that an adequate fund for a tour will be forthcoming. You know the necessities of such an undertaking better than I do. The distances to be covered are so great and expenses enormous; and the returns almost negligible. Mrs Barrett seems quite optimistic as far as Toronto is concerned. I think she believes that a series of lectures could be arranged privately here in town. Whether that could be done in other towns I don't know. It would mean a great deal of preliminary work and numerous contacts. I am putting things as unemotionally as possible and perhaps I sound very pessimistic. I am not that dear, and difficulties are made to

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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be overcome. but I dont want to fool either of us with over-enthusiasm.

If I could be sure of your return in the fall, and that I would be working with you again, life would seem infinitely more worth while than at present. Most of the time one lives in ones dreams, otherwise life would end.

Darling I think of you and all you have suffered and continue to suffer, and my puny affairs pale into insignificance. In spite of all that civilization has done to you, you still retain ~~XX~~ your faith and trust in human nature and you retain y ur Ideal undimmed. Your wonderful spirit, still undaunted, refuses to allow the years to quench its fire. You must still be in the fore-front of the fight. The tragedy is that there is only one of you. You should have been quintuplets. That is coming from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The group enjoyed hearing the letter you sent to Millie. We were also pleased to hear that you are receiving a more sympathetic hearing in England this time. Do ~~you~~ really think that the old land is waking up at last. I think that Canada has not only gone to sleep again but is really drugged with complacency. The funniest things are happening in Toronto. The Communist Party has moved into society. A Stalinist organization sends an engraved card asking workers to 65¢ dinner which is to be informal and at which "Mr. Timothy Buck" will speak. The Constitutional Labour people and the C.C.F. are trying to wobble away from the adulation and attention of the disbanding C.P. The Y.C.L. is disbanded and also the Worker's Unity League. So much will they do to gain soldiers for the defence of the Soviet Union.

There is to be a mass meeting called by the opposition anti-war conference on Sunday. I am going to do my best to speak for the group and put forward ~~our~~ stand against war. I hope I can do justice to the group. I have very little confidence in myself.

About the "Memoirs". I dont think that there will be much difficulty with the Canadian customs. Early last summer I sent to England for two copies of "Prison Memoirs", and Keell had them sent to me direct from the publishers. The parcel was opened by the officials, and I just had to pay sales tax on the books. One or two questions were asked but when assured that the book was written about American prisons and not Canadian there was no more objection raised. But to be on the safe side, could you send a parcel of five first to see what reception they get. Address them to me at the Bluffs. The customs officials are much more strict on parcels from the USA than from England. Joe is back from New York now so it would be difficult to arrange anything from there.

The anti-war work we have been doing lately has drawn us nearer to the Italian Group and we are going to try to work together oftener.

On Feb. 7th we are putting on a joint affair to make some money for the Russian prisoners. There will be a short one-act Italian play and also a very short one in English. We obtained the dialogue for the latter from a New York anarchist paper. I have written to the Modern School at Stelton asking if they have any short revolutionary plays, but they reply in the negative but have forwarded my letter. The IWW headquarters gave me the same reply and have sent my letter on to someone else. I am going to write to Marcus Graham. He might have something.

Would you ask the comrades who publish Freedom if they know where.

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We could obtain some one act plays, conveying an elementary revolutionary idea. We want something short and dramatic and not too controversial. I have a copy of "Gods of the Lightning" based on the Sacco-Vanzetti murder. But it is fairly long and more than we are capable of at present. I would like to do it for next ~~next~~ year sometime.

To get back again to Toronto. Dein read me part of your letter to her and I notice that you say the Nesbitts do not write to you. I know that Mr. Nesbitt is bitterly disappointed that ~~the~~ the Publication Fund has not been very successful. Then I think too that business has been very bad with him. They sold their house in Rosedale in the fall and he has gone out of business. The lease on his store was up and he did not renew it. There has been some talk of them going to the south-west states to live. But I hope that he will be at the meeting next week.

Mrs Laddon is back again now and she will be there. She went away for three months following the death of her husband last Sept. I have not seen her since her return but I have talked to her on the 'phone.

I think that I have given you all the news there is just now. I will write again next week

with all my love,

Dorothy

The Emma Goldman Papers

870924220

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 18, Corwen, Wales [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / John C[owper]
Powys. — 2 p. ; 20 x 26 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Yours dear behalf!
Ever your admirer
& rebellious friend
John C. Powys

P.S. Please make use
of my name to all
the extent of my
admiration for your
work & character &
of ~~Henrich's~~
Henrich's too
(its one "l") over
that lecturer of his
at Conway Hall!
We both wish you
most warmly all
good luck!

16217

7 Cae Coed
Corwen
Merionethshire

Jan 18 1936

Dear Emma Goldman
I've heard from

Henrich

The Nationalist Press

address is

5 Johnson's Court

Fleet St

London

"It is run", he says, "by
a grandson of the original
Watts - a friendly but
very business-like man
called F.C.C. Watts,
& your disciple Mr John
Rowland is working on
the staff and might be
able to help. She also
might find it useful
to get in touch with
an old Cambridge friend
or mine W.H. Henidge
(or Kerridge?)

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924220

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who I know
lectures at
Conway Hall and
might be able to
give good advice.
His address is
48 St Petersburg Place
London W.2.

I do well recollect having
a correspondence with
this Mr Howland when
I was in America.
I wish Howland's handwriting
was clearer for I
cannot make out whether
his friend's name is
W. H. Hendere or
W. H. Hendere but
if your Secretary surmised
that doubt full letter
(W. H. Hendere) I
dare say when he replied
his own writing will be
clearer than Howland's.

I dare say there is very
little in all this, 16218
of any use; but
you never know!
"Where you least expect
it", as Howland himself
always says,
"There strikes the hare!"
or there is no harm in
pulling every possible
rope!

Well my dear Emma Goldman
I pray your cold is
better. All this
country is now
covered with snow
& looks extremely
like "up-state" New York!

Well I won't
write more at this
moment; but I certainly
put into this scrawl
the best Welsh Magic
(Black or White) I
can conjure with on

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029292

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 18 [London to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Dan Rider.—
1 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

W a r r e n t s l e a g u e

4383

1 Roman Road,
Bedford Park, W.4.
Jan 18th. 1936.

Dear Emma Goldman,

Many thanks for sending me your list of lectures. I am truly sorry that I cannot attend any of them as my fight for poor tenants takes up every evening. I hope that they will be a success.

I am glad to find that you are still going strong, and have come to England again, and if possible I should like to shake hands and exchange smiles. I suppose you have seen our friends Jan and Cora Gordon. I have just hear from Jo Davidson, who is in America.

Good luck and all the best to you throughout this New Year.

Yours ever sincere,

Dan Rider,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870928186

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 21, London [to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p. ; 20 x 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

London Jan. 21st 36.

14682

Dearest Jeanne, I received all your letters. It is only that
our letters cross each other so often. I'm sorry to be friend with
you I must confess that I cannot understand the enthusiasm of our
friends the helpings. If Aaron really feels as he does about the
Russians how could he tell me that the people were in rags and
wretchedly shod? That he quarrelled with some of the leading men
assuring them that the unemployed in the States were better
dressed and fed than in Russia? How one of two things either he
told me the real facts, or he did so for my benefit and is giving
his real impression for your benefit and that of all his friends
in Chicago. Perhaps he and Julia are like so many people who come
out of Russia. They have two opinions, one for public and the other
for private use. In any event I find it strange and superficial
for people to bring out the glad tidings that the Russian masses
are contented. Why, Jeanne dear I should lose all my faith in the
Russian masses if I could actually believe that they are contented
for, anybody who can be contented even if he has more food than in
the past with such a rigid regime as the dictatorship must be
devoid of every bit of self respect and integrity. I refuse to
believe that the people in Russia have sunk so low. I see no
virtue in contentment of slaves. So, if what Aaron and Julia report
is really true then the crime of the regime in my eyes is even more
heinous. It has corrupted the masses and it has evidently
eradicated every bit of revolutionary feeling. But I do not believe
that they are contented. I do not mean to suggest that our friends
are feeling untrue. No doubt they have not members of the
party, or those who strongly sympathize with the party because they
are given advantages who have abused our friends of their contentment.

I have only Sunday come across a little article by
Ethel Mann, an English writer who travelled six thousand miles
in Russia. She is a great admirer of the regime and praises its
achievements to the highest. Yet she is honest enough to report
the ghastly conditions under which people outside of Moscow live.
I am sending it to Sasha and am asking him to send it to you.
When you get it let the helpings read it and then ask
them whether the people living in hovels have cause to be contented?
By the way, Sasha sent me a copy of his letter to you. It
is a splendid letter and I am heart and soul with it. With him
I say that even if everything our friends say were absolutely
true Russia yet remains a horrible fortress where every breath of
life and every thought are censored and where one can not trust
his closest kin. Nothing ~~more~~ would recompense me for the
loss of freedom and independent thinking.

For the rest the helpings are charming people
but perhaps not quite sensitive enough to the need of others though
they are no doubt ready to help if one calls their attention to some
needs. I don't see what made you think they would leave
S. or me a substantial gift. They did not ask me about how S. is
getting along, or about my own conditions. And I certainly could
not tell them any thing. Julia brought me a nice bag and gloves for
my riding and a beautiful Lucille brought me lovely roses

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I am writing you to day about the annuity, but it seems an
wild goose chase. As I wrote you in my last, granted it were
possible to raise the amount for one annuity how would that help
Jasha. And this is my main concern. It would be different if he
were well and could have for some work, but it is reasonably certain
in the no translation will come his way and no one wants
his or my writing. I tell you I feel shunted by Jasha's indifference
future. Not that the present is less sad, but as long as I have
something left from the fund he and I shall not suffer need.
Alas this will soon be exhausted. What then? I cannot tell you how
very unhappy the thought of it makes me.

If only K. were not ill. Lately she had one
of her worst attacks. She has been laid up for weeks. She should
be taken to Paris where she might get relief. I know a physician
who could help her, but she would not leave Jasha behind nor
would I want her too, and for both to go and stay in P. a few months
would mean a small fortune which we haven't got. It is certainly
heart breaking. Yet there is nothing I can think of to help her.

My optimism about my chances here was also some
what premature. Here it is the 21st of the month and not a word
from Plymouth where I was to return for three weeks or a month.
The English move in snail like fashion to try the patience of
a saint. And I have never been one though I have a lot of patience.
Perhaps Plymouth will yet carry out its good intentions. But for
the present I am again at sea. South Wales has replied. It will
make you weep when I tell you that they wrote the labor colleges
were so poor some branches could not pay more than 10/6, \$2.60
for a lecture and the railroad expenses and what is called here
hospitality. Isn't it enough to howl to be offered such pittance
after fifty five years struggle. Of course I will not refuse since
my main sin now is to break through the damned reserve. But how
is one to live under such poverty stricken conditions. Truth is
the highest fee given me so far were two guineas and that was consid-
ered a fortune. And, dear heart, if I were younger and had even
fifty dollars income a month I might establish myself in England.
I have neither. So I do not know what's going to happen. I have two
more lectures this month provided the Kings funeral will not inter-
fere. Talk about chauvinism. The British simply ooze with it.

Jasha's book will be ready for shipment next week.
I will send you fifty copies. Sell them as high as you can, and
not lower than \$1.50. ~~It will~~ It will help Jasha a great deal even
if it will be only a drop in the bucket. New York will get 100
Los Angeles 25 copies and Toronto 50. If all would be sold without
much delay and at a decent price it would go a long way to help J.

Yes, indeed darling I am certain if you and J.
were not so harassed you would help to the best of your resources.
I wish for your own sake that matters would improve. Does it
look more hopeful?

I am so glad you have that gathering for R. I

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3

14624

wonder what's going to be about their stay in A. It makes me shiver to think that they might have to come to this poverty stricken land where A. would not be able to do much of lecturing. Lucky if they will let him come in at all. What a world we are living in and how bitter is the struggle for all of us, especially those who cannot let go of their ideal or the pressing need to work for it.

Dearest one, I really feel I should not write you gloomy letters. Yet I do not want to stop writing altogether. Forgive me for imposing my troubles on you when I know you have plenty of your own.

Just what are the groups doing whom you helped with ~~workers~~? Here it means raising the dead because there is no movement and no one to work with. Its tragic this should be in the country where some of our greatest had taught and written about anarchism for fifty years.

My love to Jay. Love to the Helperines when you see them. Tell Lucille she is a bad girl to neglect me.

I embrace you tenderly darling Jeanne.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023012

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 21, London [to] Modest [Stein] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 23 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Jan 21st 36.

Dear Modest. I wrote you to your old address Dec. 16th. Since you did not answer I think the letter may not have reached you. Of course I know what a lazy correspondent you are. You do not even write Sasha as he informed me. Yet I wish you would even if you do neglect your second old friend. Sasha is having his hands full with Lenny. The poor kid has suffered a worse attack than she ever had. For weeks now she must keep much to her bed and is suffering a great deal. I wish she could go to Paris to see a very great Russian intestinal specialist who seems to have great success with just such cases as Lenny's. But as I wrote you in my letter of Dec 16th the committee that was to raise some money for a birthday fell down on the job and nothing came of it. So Sasha is in about the same condition as when you left. Indeed worse because he has nothing more to look forward to. I am in great anxiety about him. Yet do not know what to do.

The "great" fortune raised for me last spring is fast dwindling. And my chances here even if it were promising is not likely to bring enough for the most meagre living. People here are frightfully poor. You will appreciate when I tell you that most lecturers are not paid at all. They must have other means of support. I received in ten weeks the large sum of £16. Now with the utmost economy I need £3 a week. In other words I had to draw on my "capital". And whatever will be left I must hang onto for my return to St Tropez. It is a hell of a situation.

I hate to bother you with our trouble but I feel sure you want to know how we are getting on. So this is the way.

I wonder how you feel dear Modest. I know that you suffer under the severe cold and reading about it in the papers I

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[illegible]

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924224

[Letter, 193] 6 Jan 22, London [to] John [Cowper] Powys, [Corwen, Wales] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 28 x 20 cm.
Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the International Institute of Social History.
Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

16225

20 Mascheroff Court, London N.W.11

Mon 22nd 6

Dear John Powys.

Thanks a lot for your good letter and the suggestions contained therein. Please also thank your brother for his interest in my fate. I do not think writing to Mr John Rowland, or Mr Kenitz or Kerridge will do any good. But as you say, "one never knows". I might try but I would like to be able to present a note of introduction from you, or your brother. I find that in England, more than in the United States one is lost without some title, preferably of the nobility, or some form of introduction. In America the character given me by the press and the police far from alienating people brought them near. But here this sort of a character would hardly do, would it? So it must be something less disreputable. I really have no right to ask Mr Llewelyn Powys for a note of introduction because he knows about me only through you. But if you I feel freer with you especially since you have already shown yourself so gracious. If the men referred to are to act at all I think a note from you would act as an incentive. I hope I am not presuming too much in worrying you.

At best Mr Rowland and the other will not be able to do much for this season, most of the organisations having their syllabus made up until spring. I am more interested in advance bookings that would justify my return to England with

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16226

a view of my permanent stay. I will pull through somehow until this spring though the response to the letters sent out and from the cities where I had already been is most discouraging. It is not lack of interest or willingness to hear me. It is the appalling poverty. Thus some classes of the National Council of Labor colleges wrote that they could not pay more than 10/ for a lecture. I have never known such ghastly conditions in America, not even two years ago after 6 years unemployment. Of course, I will go to South Wales. The very poverty of the people there makes me want to go. But it is rather sad to face such situations after forty five years of insentive work to emancipate the workers, to bring the love of freedom and a sense of beauty into their dreary lives. As I said I will manage somehow until spring if only I can see my way clear for a more satisfactory return to England next autumn.

You say nothing about your cold. I hope it much better. My cough continues. But I feel much better otherwise physically at least.

Cordially

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022079

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 22, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 6 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London, Jan. 22nd 1936.

Dearest Ash, I could not write you yesterday after all. Liza went off early in the morning to bring Simion back from the hospital. So I had to sort of cheer up the apt with some flowers and wine etc, to make it look less sad than it usually is. Then too, I had to write a few American letters there being a fast steamer to day. It seems that fast steamers, British, American and French, the only ones I use do not go more than once a week. And my letters to Stella, Jeanne L. C.V. Cook and Modest were long overdue. So I wrote them yesterday. To day I set aside for you and some of my English correspondents.

First about Simion. He does not look so bad as I had expected though he lost weight. His condition is however nothing to brag about. The great trouble is that neither Simion or Liza can face pain. They are true Jews who easily lose their heads and see death lurking in every corner. But I am hoping that with the car Simion will be getting and the medical attend once given him free which otherwise the As could not afford will help improve. It is really for Liza I feel with because she has a heavy load to carry. Nursing, looking after her place and helping to earn a living is no joke. She looks all worn out. I only hope she herself should not have a break down. Needless to say I help in whatever way to relieve Liza. I do not let her bother about me, or go to any extra expenses. The crazy woman is adamant about not taking any more money from me for my board. So I will have to squeeze it somehow. Anyhow we will manage. If only Simion gets back his strength and his spirit. He is rather low in both.

Your old sailor is certainly a Pechva. Al. My coming here was delayed because of royal weddings and elections. And now the king had to die. Talk about a contradictory people. The British are surely the very height of it. They insist on their right of independence and privacy yet they lie prostrate before their king and royalty in general. You have no idea what is going on here since the king died. Can you imagine a whole people being ordered to wear black? It was not an order in the legal sense. But the instructions over the radio was that "every decent" Englishman and woman would show their loyalty to their "beloved" king by wearing mourning clothes. Even the Koldorsky's are lamenting the fact that they cannot afford black. Liza would certainly have rushed off to buy a black coat and hat. Liza is a darling but she follows English customs to the last degree. She has told me often "what is and is not done" in England. And as to every move to Tante Meyer of Royalty, well my Liza is a regular walking encyclopedia. But that by no means detracts from Liza's goodness and her many other fine qualities. Only it is amusing to see an ardent admirer of Russia also have such awe for the nobility. People are surely queer, aren't they my dear? Anyway, my letter tomorrow will probably be a flop. Certainly the middle class people the cards were sent to will not attend. The Jews are even worse than the Gentiles in their "schleckerel". And the workers will find 1/ too much. Some

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Rec. Each isn't it? Already Monday, my lecture in the M. tend was poorly attended though not because of the death of the king. It was because of a memorial meeting that took place the same evening for Baklatvili, the Communist who died a week ago. And the Communists who were at the lecture, I spoke on the two Communists ~~xxxx~~ again behaved like wild Indians. You know dear, our U. in America are ignorant. But I assure you that the English Jewish generation in this country are a horrible lot. ~~xxxxxxx~~ They have never acquired anything of whatever small portion of idealism their parents had. And they have imbibed the worse features of the English slums. They are both ignorant and coarse to the last degree. It is sheer torture to speak before them on any subject. I shall probably have no more meetings in the M. tend. Its wasted time and strength.

And it is I may not have many more lectures any where in this country. Plymouth simply does not budge, not a word from the drama group and Admonds and the other few will probably not be able to arrange some more lectures without the backing of the other. South Wales so far has only a few dates and they will be poverty stricken in every way. But not least we have no replies except a few refusals for this season in answer to about 150 letters sent out. The joke of it is that wherever I have spoken the enthusiasm has been very considerable and the assurance that I must come back. Thus last Sunday in Southend-on-Sea near London the League of Youth for whom I lectured insisted on two more lectures. In fact one man subscribed a guinea if "E.G." will come back for more talks. But in as much as Leeds and Plymouth said the same and have so far done nothing I suppose Southend will also do nothing. Its what I knew ten years ago if I were younger and had even a small income I could find an outlet here. It certainly would require years. And independent means. You see dear no lecturer is ever paid in England unless they are connected with university extension classes. All have so some other means of support or positions. And the poverty here is so appalling that the groups who would like to pay haven't the means. Imagine, the South Wales Labor Colleges wrote that some of their classes could not afford to pay more than ten shillings for a lecture. Of course they will also pay the "fare and give hospitality". Isn't it ~~xxxx~~ heart breaking? \$ 2.50 for a lecture. Perhaps it is the same in all of Europe. It certainly was in Germany then a tour of ten marks and fare expenses were all the comfort could pay. Of course I will go to South Wales. But you can see that without an income other than from lectures it will

Rec. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ hardly be worth while working ahead for heart call. It is also hopeless of placing anything in the way of articles.

There is some thing I did not write you about the last time. It is because I felt in my bones that it would only be raising hopes in which I myself had no faith. It is this. Auntie

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3

insisted on approaching the editor of the Sunday Referee with A.M.L. with a view of serial rights. I met the man and gave him my own copies. A few days later he called me up and also Auntie raving about the book. In fact he told Auntie it was the "greatest and most important autobiography of all times written by a woman." I donnot know whether he meant to imply that no one before has shown literary "greatness", or what. I was only interested in whether he ~~was~~ was impressed enough to buy the serial rights. He said he had marked a dozen episodes that he thought would make a marvelous series and that he had submitted them to his directors. I might say here that neither in news-paper offices or in any other large concern have the men in charge final jurisdiction. The directors alone decide. Well, it's already three weeks and not a word from either the editors or the board of directors. It means that the whole matter has fallen through as I had expected. But you know the stupidity of human nature. Though I expected nothing I spent three weeks in sickening suspense, hoping against hope that I might have something cheering to write you. I talked to Auntie last night and asked her to get in touch with the editor to send my copy of A.M.L. back. Now Auntie has another bug. She will go after the editor of the Express. I insisted she had better first see him about her own stuff. He is likely to take more much reader than mine.

Propose of Auntie's story. You know I had never read it at all. She read me a few chapters when she was in St Tropez. Well, last Friday I invited her to dinner to feed her up a bit (she has been living like a stray dog since before Christmas) and after I read about 175 pages. I must say I was disappointed. In the first place the MSS is in ~~awful~~ an awfully incoherent condition. Not even paragraphed, pages and pages of stuff without a stop. And then it seems she had taken out some of the high spots of her story which she had told me when I was in Venice. For instance, the way she had been lured by Uroch to Paris and had actually been raped by him. At least, that's the way she presented the story to me. The result is that her account of Uroch is absolutely flat. Other passages are not much more vivid. I think Auntie made a grievous mistake to let the man from the EXPRESS have her MSS in its present condition. I advised her against it. But she said the man asked that she let him have it as it is. I hope it will not jeopardize her chances. The longer I know Auntie the more lovable she grows. She is one of the most generous and large natures I have known. I am sure she has splendid material but as you said she needs an editor, not an ordinary either. But someone who would do the job with understanding and affection. Perhaps she will fare alright with the EXPRESS editor.

I feel most unhappy about Amy. But feeling and affections are lame ducks when one cannot be of some help. One thing seems useless to me to have a. go to the hospital. Yes, if it were something like the a. hospital, clean, cheerful and

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friendly. In such a place K. would gain much. But in that hell hole in Nice. I think she'd get worse. If the physicians comes to see her or she can go to him I think the hospital would prove superfluous even for observation. Maybe we get something from the sweeps then you would bring K. to Paris and we would meet there. Fine chance, eh? I mean the winning not the meeting.

I inclose an article by the English writer Ethel Menti whom I met three years ago. Though she raves about the great industrial ~~monsters~~ in Russia she is at least honest enough to tell the mention the black spots. Send it to Jeanne Levey after you have read it. I have written her to say she would get it so she might stick it under the nose of the Malperines. Another article which appeared in the ~~ADELPHI~~ has an article on concentration camps in Russia the most unscrupulous white wash that had yet been written by a non communist. I will send it to you with some of the Soviet publications that appear here. If you had any doubt about the spread of the rotten sham in Russia it will cure you of it. Now naive of us to hope to break through the conspiracy of lies. ~~xxxx~~ The interesting part about myself is the more such flagrant misrepresentations I read the more intense grows my desire to cry out against it. Out of what evil is my passionate desire to show up the fake when no one wants to hear it and there is no one who might help to reach those who would listen.

Despite, I hate to write gloomy letters to you or to tell you sad news. But you have probably heard already about the death of Dr Robinson. Stella wrote me about it and sent me a clipping. If I can find it I will inclose it. The man was anything but likeable. Still he did his work faithfully and he seemed to have mellowed the last few years.

I inclose a letter ~~xxx~~ received from Ann. The weather seems to have been very bad in St. Tropez. She probably did not make much use of Mon Esprit. I am writing her to let Marcel finish pruning the rest of the tree Molla left off. Else we will have no fruit whatever in the summer.

Goodby dearest. I wish I had cheerful news to send you. But I ain't. I cannot go to the A.O. to day else I would send you a signed check. I hate to let you go to the last sou I will do it Friday, tomorrow is my lecture so I will have no time.

I embrace you tenderly.

Dearest. Here is some good news. I have just received a letter from Harry K's letter just received. It is such a relief to hear that

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not feel hurt because Roy
wanted the safeguard of the
Bos what, but Roy had
suggested, should he dare
of L. H. L. will bring money
He was saved the trouble
But no more than you
can I keep money
I am certain of that
would know that you
need money to take
to Paris for a couple of months
Seneca's specialist he
would send the entire
balance. I wish you
could get him - you
self to write him. I told
me give him a hint
I will send oppenings in any
later another time. I hope this letter
will be too dear.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022080

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 22, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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London, Jan. 22nd 86.

Dearest Sam, I could not write you yesterday after all. Liza went off early in the morning to bring Simion back from the hospital, so I had to sort of cheer up the apt with some flowers and wine etc, to make it look less sad than it usually is. Then too, I had to write a few American letters there being a fast steamer to day. It seems that fast steamers, British, American and French, the only ones I use do not go more than once a week, and my letters to Stella, Jeanne L. C.V. Cook and Modest were long overdue, so I wrote them yesterday. To day I set aside for you and some of my English correspondents.

First about Simion. He does not look so bad as I had expected though he lost weight, his condition is however nothing to brag about. The great trouble is that neither Simion or Liza can face pain. They are true Jews who easily lose their heads and see death lurking in every corner. But I am hoping that with the car Simion will be getting and the medical attend once given him free which otherwise the as could not afford will help S. improve. It is really poor Liza I feel with because she has a heavy load to carry, nursing, looking after her place and helping to earn a living is no joke, she looks all worn out. I only hope she herself should not have a break down. Needless to say I help in whatever way to relieve Liza. I do not let her bother about me, or go to any extra expenses. The crazy woman is adamant about not taken any more money from me for my board. So I will have to squeeze it somehow. Anyhow we will manage. If only Simion gets back his strength and his spirit. He is rather low in both.

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Sech isn't it? Already Monday, my lecture in the Eastend was poorly attended though not because of the death of the king. It was because of a memorial meeting that took place the same evening for Jaklovsky, the Communist who died a week ago. And the Communists who were at the lecture, I spoke on the two Communisms ~~which~~ again behaved like wild Indians. You know dear, our C. in America are ignorant. But I assure you that the Angloish Jewish gang is by far more so. In fact the Jews, especially the new generation in this country are a horrible lot. ~~They~~ They have never acquired anything of whatever small portion of idealism their parents had, and they have imbibed the worse features of the English slums. They are both ignorant and coarse to the last degree. It is sheer torture to speak before them on any subject. I shall probably have no more meetings in the Eastend. Its wasted time and strength.

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There is something I did not write you about the last three weeks because I felt in my bones that it would only be raising hopes in which I myself had no faith. It is this. Until

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Propose of Auntie's story. You know I had never read it at all. She read me a few chapters when she was in at Tropez. Well, last Friday I invited her to dinner to feed her up a bit (she has been living like a stray dog since before Christmas) and after I read about 175 pages. I must say I was disappointed. In the first place the MSS is in awful an awfully incoherent condition. Not even paragraphed, pages and pages of stuff with out a stop. and then it seems she had taken out some of the high spots of her story which she had told me when I was in Venice. For instance the way she had been lured by Crotch to Paris and had actually been raped by him. At least, that's the way she presented the story to me. The result is that her account of Crotch is absolutely flat. Other passages are not much more vivid. I think Auntie made a grievous mistake to let the man from the EXPRESS have her MSS in its present condition. I advised her against it. But she said the man asked that she let him have it as it is. I hope it will not jeopardise her chances. The longer I know Auntie the more lovable she grows. She is one of the most generous and large natures I have known. I am sure she has splendid material but as you said she needs an editor, not an ordinary either. But someone who would do the job with understanding and affection. Perhaps she will fare alright with the EXPRESS editor.

I feel most unhappy about Amy. But feeling and affections are lone ducks when one cannot be of some help. One thing seems useless to me to have her go to the hospital. I.e., if it were something like the hospital, clean, cheerful and

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to see her or she can go to him I think the hospital would prove
superfluous even for observation. Maybe we get something from the
sweeps than you would bring ~~it~~ to Paris and we would meet there.
Fine chance, oh? I mean the winning not the meeting.

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whom I met three years ago. Though she raves about the great
industrial material in Russia she is at least honest enough to tel
the mention the black spots. Send it to Jeanne Levey after you
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might stick it under the nose of the Halperines. Another article
which appeared in the ~~...D...PHI~~ has an article on concentration
camps in Russia the most unscrupulous white wash that had yet
been written by a non Communist. I will send it to you with some
of the Soviet publications that appear here. If you had any doubt
about the spread of the rotten sham in Russia it will cure you
of it. Now naive of us to hope to break through the conspiracy
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flagrant misrepresentations I read the more intense grows my
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Dearie, I hate to write gloomy letters to
you or to tell you sad news. But you have probably heard already
about the death of Mr Robinson. Stella wrote me about it and sent
me a clipping. If I can find it I will inclose it. The man was
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seemed to have mellowed the last few years.

I inclose a letter ~~xxx~~ received from Ann. The
weather seems to have been very bad in St. Tropez. She probably
did not make much use of Bon Esprit. I am writing her to let
Marcel finish pruning the rest of the tree ~~xxxx~~ left off. Else we
will have no fruit whatever in the summer.

Goodby dearest. I wish I had cheerful news to
send you. But I ain't. I cannot go to the P.O. to day else I would
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I will do it Friday, tomorrow is my lecture so I will have no time.

I embrace you tenderly.

The Emma Goldman Papers

870930088

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 24, Vienna [to] E[mma] G[oldman, London] / [Max Nettlau]. — 2 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Wien, same address, Jan. 24. 36
Dear E. G., the enclosed is from your
friendly in Breslau. Address: Walter 15120
Hanke, Gabitzstrasse, 115
Breslau, III
rather Hanke
as I remember
Silesien (Germany)

you to cheer them up and it would be kind of
where above all the sentiments and the intellect,
the nerve and rhythm of life are now as systematically
broken and cast into other moulds, as if
men were just scrap iron fit and destined
to be moulded into cannon. It cannot be
worse in Russia and in Italy and we see now
better what the old radicals felt when they
stood up against fanaticism, we glorified
fanaticism ourselves and with a few pamphlets
in hand we preached the totalitarian of "our"
ideas just as they lashed theirs into their
victims and are allowed to continue still.
So help to keep them out of the poisoned air
by some good words, you really found a change
in England, as you wrote. From there and
from Spain new life must come, as France
and U. S. seem to be played out for some time
(perhaps to burst out later) — but new England
and Spain have the moral lead. To do all
your best work in England, getting more used
to English ways and absorbing the U. S. as much
as you can out of your thought. I mean, try to
have the patience to find the best ways and
methods for England. This is no doubt very
difficult, but very many see clear now about
Russia, Italy, Germany and the incompetence of the
U. S. — so they have a more open mind for new
possibilities, if we or anybody are able to show
them and to present them properly.

The Emma Goldman Papers

870930088

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 24, Vienna [to] E[mma] G[oldman, London] / [Max Nettlau].—
2 p.; 21 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

2) People are more critical now, have more experience and what we lay before them, must be up to the mark. Your last ¹⁵¹²¹ chapter in the books of disillusion contains so much which would be useful now. Social matters are generally known; economics are ignored as everybody and they are only what people wish them to be; but liberal intellect and libertarian ethics and a generous will and full hope — these are what can be raised by talent and effort.

But I only wanted to forward the letter which was sent to me for you.

Do not, please, mention my own name in writing to them. They know that they can reach me and, I hope, yourself, by writing here. Letters sent to them are possibly censored. No need to mention Vienna at all. What he writes to me (infinitely harmless) is not interfered with, nor, I believe, what I write to him (infinitely harmless). Let this continue so.

Best greetings for 2

from an old friend in

whereabouts
may NW 11 be?

It was so convenient to say Finchley, Hampstead sk.
which NW 11 says nothing to a stranger.

— I have just heard from R. R., Los Angeles
(posted there Jan. 10).

The Emma Goldman Papers

870924218

[Letter] 1936 Jan. 24, Corwen, Wales [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / John Cowper
Powys. — 2 p. ; 20 x 28 cm.
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See Letters enclosed

16213

7 Cae Coed
Corwen
Merionethshire
N. Wales.

Jan 24 1936

Dear Emma Goldman
I enclose letters
of introduction
for what they
may be worth —
W. I fear is not
very much; but
we can't catch
fire without at
least throwing
in our line —
to both

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870924218

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These gentlemen
recommended by
Llewellyn as
likely to be
a help.

I wish you hadn't
got that cough

still —

No, my own ailment
isn't a cold, but

my old gastric
affliction I've had
all my life! So

I'm used to heaving
it in its place!

Well — I am sure

I do indeed

& most sincerely
my dear lady,
you every sort
of good luck
power to your
inspiration!

This year 1936

Yrs. & much
John Cowper

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022081

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 24, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 3 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Nice, Jan. 24, 36

Dearest Em,

I have been writing you rather short letters of late, dear, but I hope you are not worrying about it. What can one really write about from here? I have nothing new to tell you, for the news must come from your side, naturally.

I can see that the conditions where you live will not be of a cheerful nature when Semion comes home. I wonder whether he is out of the hospital already. You are right in saying that if they had money things would not be so bad. Though it is never a pleasant thing to be sick. But poor as they are, I don't see how they can manage. Even with poor Lisa's earnings it will be mighty hard to struggle to pay for doctors, X rays, treatment etc. And it is indeed damned hard lines for them.

It will be a very difficult atmosphere for you, dear, but I realize that you cannot help yourself in this matter. If you would at least get some encouragement from the places that you expect to want lectures from you. I wonder whether you have heard from them by this time. I am afraid the excitement there about recent events will not help things. Still, I know what a wonderful fighter you are. You will persevere, I know, but I don't fail to see what a terribly hard struggle you are having.

Don't bother about Landau, dear. I have done whatever I could for him. It is very little of course, but how can one help it? Now I have a letter from him that he is in the hospital in Paris again. --- Both Sanya and Mollie are somehow ~~unfriendly~~ unfriendly to him. It appears according to them that L. has not been ordered to leave as a political. It is probably because he has failed to renew his card for a long time and now he has to pay about 3,000 fr. fine. There is no one apparently who can help him much except his lawyer who claims that he can get big damages from the company in which the auto (that ran over L.) was insured. But L. seems to have an idea that the comrades are in duty bound to help him, and he does not ~~realize~~ realize that we are all a not much better fix than he is.

In reading over one of your former letters I see that you said that it was not for hernia ~~that~~ Semion was operated on but for some growth in the groin. Anyhow, I hope things do not look so dark in his case as they seemed before.

How was your meeting in Southend Sea, and the Jewish meeting in the East End? and does it look as if the present political situation is going to interfere with meeting? I hope not. Here the Laval government fell and a new Cabinet is being formed. But that is the usual thing in this country, and there is no excitement about it.

You will laugh about Mark Mr. writing me to ask that I should write to Vladek to ask a part of the funds from the so-called Labor Chest for the imprisoned Anarchists and An-Synd. in various countries. The Labor Chest seems to be a Socialist body in the U.S. to aid the victims of Fascism everywhere.

Well, I had no faith in the thing, but wrote to Vl. anyhow, and of course I also mentioned the victims of Russian Fascism. As I expected Vladek said that he is on the Comm., but NOT the Secretary. (Mark told me to address him as the Sec.) Anyhow, it was practically a refusal. Meanwhile Mark called him up about my

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-- 2 --

letter and Vl. told him that they could not share from the Labor Chest. Well, I thought the matter was settled.

Now I get another letter from Mark, and registered at that. He and a little comm. of comrades have decided to ask me to write in the same matter to ~~Mark~~ the Second International in Amsterdam, etc., etc. If the Intern. will refuse my request -- as Mark says they expect they would refuse -- then Mark says that with my letter and the refusal they will go after the Labor Chest in the U.S. to get help for the An. victims of Fascism.

Well, I think they are crazy there in N.Y. In the first place, it is silly to turn to me, in exile, to write such a letter. It should be written, if at all, by some N.Y. comrades, or by the Syndicalist International or its Relief Fund.

Probably they want me to write it because they think my NAME will have some effect. But in this they are mistaken for the Socialists have never yet shared their Relief Funds with the n. (There was one or two exceptions when the Red Political Red Cross of Paris at MY DEMAND did allot some money from their annual Red Cross Ball for the An. victims in Russia. That was some years ago when I was Secretary of the Relief Fund -- even before, I believe, the Relief Fund joined the Synd. International.)

But anyhow, the Second Intern. will surely ignore such a demand or not even reply to it. And the most stupid thing is for Mark and the others in N.Y. to believe that AFTER the Second Int. denies the request, THAT will help them to get a share of the Labor Chest for the An. I think, on the contrary, it will be an argument for the Socialists of N.Y. in favor of DENYING any help to the An. victims, since their highest body, the Second Intern. had denied it.

Well, don't you think so, dear?

But Mark's letter begs me to write to the Second Intern. and though I think it foolish, yet I believe I should do it. What do you think, dear? Let me know soon about it.

Another thing, to write just to the Second Intern. will be silly, I believe. Such a letter must be addressed to some responsible ~~man~~ PERSON. So, if I write the letter, I would do so to Vandervelde; that is, if he is still the Secretary. I'll find out from Sanya who the Secr. of the Second Intern. is now. Incidentally, I know Vandervelde, for it was he who secured those first ten days for me in Belgium, in May, 1930, you know. I wonder whether I can address him as "Dear Comrade". Somehow this might be misinterpreted. Nor can I address him as Dear Friend. My best as Dear Secretary.

But as I say, I really hate to write such a letter because it is silly, except as a document that can put them on record as refusing the An. victims of Fascism any aid.

Incidentally, when Mark first asked me to write to Vladok, he meant I should refer only to the An. victims of the Fascists. But of course I referred to the victims of RED Fascism as well. Now again Mark hints that in the letter to the Second Intern. I should speak only of the An. victims of Mussolini and Hitler, but I think that is damned cowardly. I will of course speak of the An. victims of Fascism of every flag and color.

I am enclosing a copy of my letter to Vladok. PLEASE RETURN IT.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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-- 3 --

A.M.

This is Sat., Jan. 25th. Late last evening received your long letter of the 22nd. and enclosures.

I am glad Benion seems to be better. Give him my greetings and wishes for his speedy recovery. He and Lisa have evidently a hard struggle, in every way. Tell Lisa I know how busy she must be, so she need not bother about writing me. I can get the news about her and Benion from you.

(Incidentally, I put a new ribbon on my machine, and so now it does not seem to work so bad. Some letters I have to go over twice, because they are all flattened out, but that does not matter as long as one can read it.)

By the way, your machine writes OK, apparently. Has it been fixed?

Yes, dear, I feared that those events in Engl. will interfere with your lectures. I hope, however, the people there will soon get used to having Edward instead of George, and so that life may fall back again into its usual channels. Plenty of people die every day, and there is no use making a fuss over it, no matter who they are. But I know the Englishman's traditional awe and respect of royalty and -- of custom and habit. It's terrible that the non-English people, and radicals at that, should fall under the spell.

As to Auntie and the serial rights of L.M.L. -- I know that Auntie is a great optimist, and really she has little idea of what publishers may think or do in such matters as your book and social questions in general. She thought she could get those middle class women enthusiastic about your presence in London, etc. In such matters she is very naive. But she is a good-hearted girl, and means well.

By the way, dear, am I to send that book of the Seven Women to Stella? To her country address, I suppose. Let me know. The author has done considerable research, but from her own description it does not follow at all that Charlotte Corday was just a crank, as she says in her preface. Ridiculous. In the chapter on Charlotte she proves that Ch. was an idealist of peace and fanatical in her desire to do something for it --- the same as the other women described in her book, ~~many of them~~ every one of them entirely devoted to her own ideal.

I wonder why only the picture of Vera Figner appears in the book.

As to Théroigne de Méricourt, it appears she was once attacked by some women in the street, but she died years later from some disease. -- Of Flora Tristan I never heard before as an early pioneer of labor unions and solidarity. I am sure there have been ~~many~~ persons ignored by history as pioneers in one field or another. Anyhow, the book of Margaret Goldsmith is valuable for persons who are little familiar with social movements and never read history.

Yes, you are right, it was a mistake on Auntie's part to show any editor a rough MSS. As I often said before, she needs an able and ~~xxx~~ generous editor -- I mean, generous in cutting. I hope she may yet find a publisher.

More anon. Was glad to hear from Harry's letter that Kapp still has some money for me. They are funny -- I am sure they think France is so cheap to live in that \$100. ought to be enough for months and months. Unfortunately it is not the case. More anon. Want to mail this. Love to you, dear girl.

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[Letter, 1936 Jan. 25? London to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 21 cm.

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dearest Alex. I must be off to a luncheon at Rebecca West's. I am taking Maudie Hammerman, the crippled artist I have told you about to see Rebecca. So I am in an hurry. and tomorrow is my last lecture in London for the present anyhow. I will write you Friday.

I have already written you that you should not write to the International. Now I see it is the Amsterdam Trade Union. What difference does that make. I am sure my suggestion of a thorough canvass of the unions in the U.S. would bring real results. And Mark should not shove responsibilities on you and expect to gain anything from such efforts in Europe. Samis will surely send him a credential. But even if he does not Mark representing relief group should go to the unions anyhow. All you can do is offer to add your name to any campaign to raise money from the unions. That is all I can tell you know

The theatre meeting is also off. I will write about it Friday. I am in a hell of a state of mind as you can well understand. But I will plod on, cost what may.

With love. ^{cg}

Here is ~~the~~ copy of your letter to Helen
Yes send Stella Love to
Women. Ask her to return
it to you when she is through
with it. We must keep such
material.

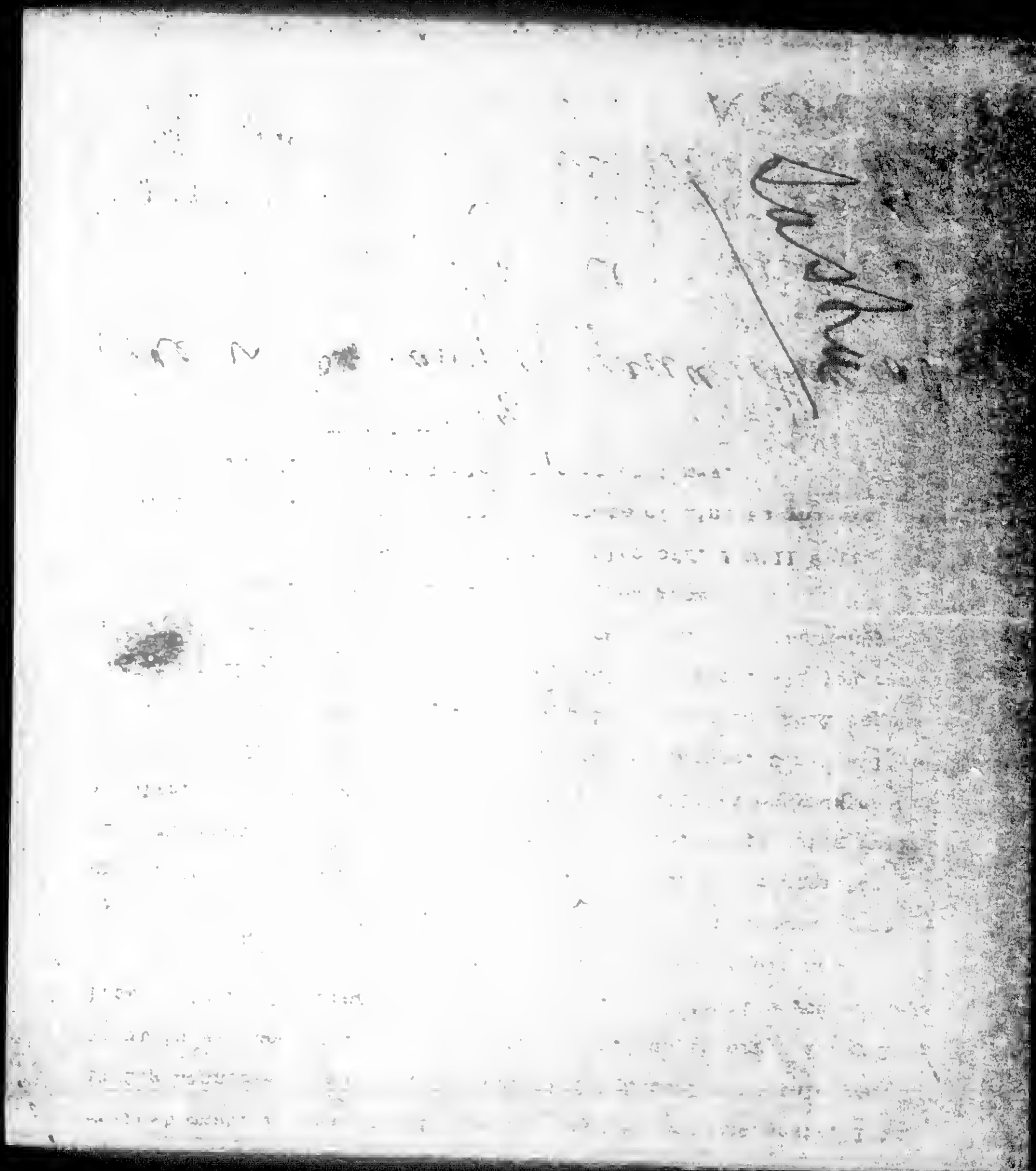
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[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 25, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman].—
4 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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London Jan 25th 36.

Dearest. I wish I could write something cheerful. but my usual gloom has been increased by the widespread fake grief displayed by the whole city over the death of the King. It is simply unbelievable. not only the average Britishers, the Tories or Liberals, but also the entire labor and radical ranks have closed down everything because of the death of George V. All meetings and public affairs have been cancelled by the Labor and Communist parties. even the idiotic rebeller King has called off a meeting that was to have taken place yesterday. but for the protest against such cringing chauvenism it would have been better to call off my lecture last Thursday. For only about thirty people were there, mostly our own, and the few outsiders came dressed in black. but of course, I insisted on our meeting being held though I knew it would be a flop. I was not mistaken.

The irony is that we worked hardest for the lecture last Thursday and a small fortune was spent to circularise about three hundred people, not to speak of the expense of ~~our~~ labor and the amount of work ~~we~~ put into the venture. Poor Mace, when he wrote that I should postpone my coming here because of the Royal Wedding and the Elections I thought he was crazy. I could not imagine a whole people prostrate before ~~royalty~~ ^{royally}, so absolutely held in awe by their King and every fart coming from him. As to his death. I tell you it is amazing. The whole vast city of London has been turned into object gloom, everybody is in black, every shop window in black and purple. Yesterday I had to meet someone in the tea room of one of the hotels. The place was jammed with people in black and an organ playing mournful tunes. It was so depressing I gave a sigh of relief when we got out. needless to

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Concert which I was going to attend tomorrow has also been called
off. But why wonder at that when the "radical Jews are such apers
of the rest? I believe outside of our few comrades the rest is
desolved in crocodile tears and laments over the beloved, fatherly
and most humane ~~king~~ king. And here am I trying to penetrate
the minds of the English people. What a goddamned fool.

Well, dear the drama project in Plymouth is
off. After keeping me in suspense for weeks Edmonds was notified
that the league could not undertake to organize the series this
season. So my hopes were premature. Of course Edmonds and the
other comrades want me to come anyway. In fact they asked me to ~~go~~
give them three Sundays which would mean three weeks. Of course I
cannot sit in Plymouth for such a long time for just three lectures
I have written Tom E. I would come for two Sundays if they would
arrange one meeting in between on a week night. South Wales is
also not settled yet. In other words my hopes have brought forth
ein wasserkopf.

There is something on foot. But I have made up my
mind not to bank on it until I see what's what. I have written
you several times about Kathleen Woodward, the young woman I met
in St Tropez through Mable Crouches daughter, Mary Oliver. Well, a
few days ago she called me to ask whether I would object to speaking
at a theatre if she and some of her friends would organize the
affair. They had a theatre in mind which seats 250 people and
they would undertake all expenses to make the venture a success,
Kathleen said she was anxious to introduce me to a larger and
so called intellectual audience. She made me laugh when she said
she would try to get Bernard Shaw to preside. I told her that

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chairman or otherwise. I suggested Rebecca went to whom Kathleen
has already written. Last night I met Kathleen in that dreadful
graveyard in the Regents Palace Hotel and a friend of hers who
is in the publicity business and who is going to do that part
of the venture. Both women insist that they can fill the place
and that they will have every seat sold before the 11th ~~day~~
of Feb, for which they have already taken the theatre subject to
whether Rebecca will be free on that evening and will ~~be~~ preside.
I don't know yet what subject it is to be, either LIVING MY LIFE
or Soviet plays. The whole thing came so unexpected and my ~~own~~
~~own~~ own efforts here so
futile I cannot believe Kathleen and her friends will ~~succeed~~
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expences and fail. It seems someone is giving the theatre. It
maybe Mary Oliver because she had once spoken to me about securing
a theatre. Anyway, this is the new move. I will believe in its
success when I see it. But I thought I must let you know that
at least one being outside of our own few is showing real int
erest, not merely in words, but in deeds.

For the ~~rest~~ ^{4th} rest, I have only one more lecture next
Thursday. The second I speak for the united tailors union.

In Feb. if nothing happens to Kathleen's scheme I will go to
Plymouth for ten days. We have given South Wales the first week
in March. It looks very dubious about a return here next autumn.
but there is no use worrying so far in advance. I have plenty to
worry about now.

They do not ~~perform~~ operations for ruptures now.
but Simons operation was on a glandular growth. That however
is not serious. It is his condition of the heart and his per
nicious anemia. he has to be given a great deal of food to

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to build him up. Its a struggle because he has no appetite. But
Liza manages somehow. Believe me she has her hands full. As I
wrote you she has to work to earn some money in addition to Simon
care and her obsession of house keeping. Though she has a woman
come in ~~three times~~ twice a week she sweeps and dusts and
carries on without let up. Nor will she let anyone help. Dear Liza
she looks like hell, runs into the kitchen from time to time to
weep on my shoulder, and I give her hell for worrying so much.
Simon keeps telling her "it is fortunate ~~Simon~~ is with us and
keeps her level head or I would have you sick in my hands".
I only wish Liza could be relieved or comforted. But she is the
type who thrives on misery, mentally if not physically. In as
much as I myself am anything but joyful I really do little
to bring either Simon or Liza much cheer though they both
deserve far more than I can give. Simon is up and dressed
but he retires early. He hopes to go back to his office Wed.
Palothen.

Goodby my dearest. Love to E. and yourself.

I am sending you to day the New York Times and other stuff, also
the New Leader containing that article about Russia. Inclosed is a
clipping from another article in the New Leader. It seems the truth
will out, if a socialist paper brings such disclosures about Russia.
Inclosed is also a quite decent report of my lecture in Southend.
If I fail to reach many people from the platform at least I have
reached a large number through the report. But eine Schwalbe macht
keinen Sommer.

Liza has not yet read the
new Leader article. She is busy
now. I will send it next time!
Also the Russian

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022083

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2

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There is something on foot. But I have made up my mind not to bank on it until I see what's what. I have written you several times about Kathleen Woodward, the young woman I met in St Tropez through Mable Crouches daughter Mary Oliver. Well, a few days ago she called me to ask whether I would object to speaking at a theatre if she and some of her friends would organize the affair. They had a theatre in mind which seats 250 people and they would undertake all expenses to make the venture a success. Kathleen said she was anxious to introduce me to a larger and so called intellectual audience. She said she loved me and she said

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They do not seem to have any more to say.

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weep on my shoulder and I give her hell for worrying so much.
Simon keeps telling her "I'm fortunate ~~now~~ I'm with us and
keeps her level head or I would have you sick in my hands".
I only wish Liza could be relieved or comforted. But she is the
type who thrives on misery, mentally if not physically. In as
much as I myself am anything but joyful I really do little
to bring either Simon or Liza much cheer though they both
deserve far more than I can give. Simon is up and dressed
but he retires early. He hopes to go back to his office Wed.
Palozhen.

Goodby my dearest. Love to E. and yourself.

I am sending you to day the New York Times and other stuff, also
the New Leader containing that article about Russia. Inclosed is a
clipping from another article in the New Leader. It seems the truth
will out of a Socialist paper brings such disclosures about Russia.
Inclosed is also a quite decent report of my lecture in Southend.
If I fail to reach many people from the platform at least I have
reached a large number through the report. But eine Schwalbe macht
keinen Sommer.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

811022186

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 25, London [to] Evelyn [Scott, Walberswick, England] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 × 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

London Jan 25th 36.

Evelyn my Dear, I have your letter. I was waiting for something definite to write you. I ~~had~~ was waiting for an answer from Plymouth about the proposed drama series. I waited nearly a month and then was notified in a roundabout way that the project is off. You see then that my expectations of reaching some people were premature.

You know my dear if I were superstitious I would say that I am being pursued by some evil power. Before I came here my lectures had to be postponed because of another royal wedding and the elections that no one had expected at that time. Now that I was just about making the tiniest bit of inroad the death of George V. turned all of England into a vale of tears and moans. Never would I have believed that thinking people are still held by such awe and abject idolation for the Royal house and the aristocracy in general. Its the artifice which disgusts me. The idea of demanding of the whole country to mourn and put on black. "Every decent Englishman and woman should wear black the announcer declared. In other words it is an official grief and sorry the British public is displaying and nothing of inner sorrow. It is disgusting.

I am glad my dear that you see so clearly the whole web of lies of the League of Nations and all the political protestations. Not one of them ~~xxx~~ is motivated by anything else but imperial interests. The pity is not the gang that knows what it is about. Its the masses so easily swayed and so willing to go on paying, and groveling in the dust. friend of

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on the night when the King was expected to die she bought a paper from a man who was wet to the skin and shivering calling out his wear about the King. My friend said, well, at least you will get rid of your papers quickly and be able to go home". He fairly flew at her. How did she dare suggest that he cared for his papers when his King was dying. I wish you would hear my friend relate the story in the cockney or language. I laught to tears. But it is an indication of the slavery of the mass, the crining posturation for those who wield the whip and represent authority. And here I come along damned fool that I am struggling for dear life to put some sense into the minds of the masses. I really swear at myself for not being able to let go and end my few years plnating potatoes. It would be more useful than all I have done.

Please dearest tell me at once when you plan to be in London. I will be heart broken to miss you again. I will have to go to Plymouth. But I can leave it until the third week. So be a dear and write directly you know the exact date.

So sorry Jack was again laid up. I hope this will find him in better state. Give him my affectionate greetings

With love.

I am not sure whether I sent you a copy of the inclosed from Laurie Browne.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861114230

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 26, New York [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Victor Martinez. —
2 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

CULTURA PROLETARIA
Box 1 Sta. D.
N.Y.C.

5576

Jan 26, 1936.

Dear Emma Golman,

I have your letter of December 14th. Really I was glad to hear from you. I did not want to keep on bothering you because I know that you are very busy.

Yes we have published your manuscript, and did publish it the way it came. We did not mention anything at all. After all our paper appears in Spanish and the Mercury people probably did not even hear about. The fact is that we did not mention anything at all, if it was't for an attack for the mutilating they did.

Your letter to CULTURA PROLETARIA about Hearst, was translated by myself and published. I also wrote to the editor of the New York Post, as I have already informed you. He answered me immediately with the promise of inserting your letter in the form of Letters to the Editor. You know that the have a column for that purpose. Well, he published your letter in the edition of May 2nd 1935. I had two copies of that edition, but on moving my thing from one house to another I was left without them. Well I had a jewish friend to go to the library and take a short hand copy of the letter, which she did. By the way, the editor of the post makes a few changes in your letter about facts that I did not know myself.

What do you know about a certain Levinson, Labor editor of the New York Post? He wrote a series of articles for his paper entitled "Spies and Thugs for Hire". I really think that they are valuable. I intend to have them translated into Spanish. At least that part of them that may be of interest to our friends in America,

I am very glad you sent me the copies of the letters. I am going to translate them. Not in whole, but all that may be of interest. I like your position toward the political elements. We are having a tremendous task over Spain, as there is a tendency to go into the polls for the coming election. Certainly we have to try as hard as we possibly can. The boys overthere think of nothing else but the 30, 00 comrades in jail, but to be sure, we should never be able to get them out by means of the political action. They should know that from before. Still further if we remember that it was the socialists themselves who got 10,000 of our most active militant thrown in dungeons during their reign. My particular opinion, which I have made public in lectures around here, is that it would perhaps, better would the leftist lose the election all together so as to force them to an open fight. Still further if we do remember that in the last movement they "were taken by developments".

While they only wanted a movement to scare the president, the miners of Asturias got on the streets and there was no way to stop them anymore. The movement was lost thanks to the treason from the socialist themselves.

Well I don't want to take a lot of time from you to read my letter

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5577

which in turn may turn to be a little confusing. You know, English
resembles very much to chinese to us Castillians.

Anyway, I should like to hear from you again. Send us any
material you may have, which may turn to be of interes to our
publication.

Our boys here are very busy. They rented the Manhattan Opera
House for a play. I was skeptical about the result but so much
I hear about it from all direction that I am already feeling
optimistic. Acc rding to the boys we may have to take a truck
to bring the money home. I hope so, anyway.

Fraternally yours,

CULTURA PROLETARIA.
Victor Martinez.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022084

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 27, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Jan 27th 36.

Dearest Mark,

Hours and days of Friday came this morning. I had not intended to write you to say as I have some important matters to attend to. But as you want me to tell you my view on the suggestion of Mark that you write the Second International I do not want to keep you waiting. My dear our people are really awful. Were the Jewish Anarchists wanted to put an ad in the Daily Worker for my lecture on the Two Communisms. In the first place the Daily Worker would not have taken the ad. In the second place it would have had the cringing acquiescence of the comrades to show them up. And the Daily Worker would have been quite right. When people are arschleokers they deserve to be kicked. It is somewhat the same with the Second International. What business have Anarchists with such an organization? It is quite another matter to write a personal letter to Vladek who has always considered himself a friend of ours and has really acted accordingly on many occasions. For instance our campaign to save you for Rickert. It is even less humiliating to write to Jadervelde because he met you and ^{you told} it would not have the disagreeable odor of turning to the official social democrat organization. But to the Second International. Now can Mark expect that of you? Sure your name is important. But just because it is you can not do as an ordinary comrade. I therefore advise against your writing the Second International. Besides you ^{are right when you say} ~~just say~~ it would do no good.

You might ask why did I want to write to the Times. Largely not with a few of an appeal but merely to expose the Stalin horrors against the politicals. And that also because the Times is a conservative paper hence decides no one. The

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Second International like the first deceived everybody as Socialism when it betrays Socialism on every step. anyhow I suggest that you do not write. It will only humiliate you and what you represent and it will do no good.

however, I have another, to my mind much more practical suggestion. write Sania to send Mark a credential from the I.A.A. Surely Sania will not question Marks 120/00 Syndicalism as he questioned mine. Then let Mark canvass the Unions with it for the all anarchist politicians in all fascist countries. I am sure he will raise more than the chest for fascist victims or the Second International would yield. and it is more direct. unless he can not afford to be known. Mark could also canvass some of the radical English trade unions. there must be some though few. but certainly all the Jewish unions would contribute. The I.L.O.W.U surely would. so would the Shoemakers, the Furriers. and I learned the other day that the hosiery workers union with headquarters in Philadelphia is quite radical and numerous. It might not be a bad idea if you would send Mark a letter to these organizations. what with the credential your name would add much weight. if you wish too I will also sign it. in the letter you could point out that all political groups in Europe are supporting their comrades in concentration camps, and that the anarchists alone have never received anything. tell them also before Hitler it was the anarcho syndicalists who raised a lot of money for their brothers, victims of Stalin and Mussolini, and that we have raised funds for all, political. that would make an impression I am sure

Besides, Mark could make the I.A.A known which it is not to day. I feel confident that canvassing unions with a bon fide authorization from the I.A.A. would bring far better results and

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022084

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and would be much more in keeping with our method of raising funds
for political prisoners and all other later purposes. I hope
you agree.

Dear I planned to send you a signed check. But I am
confused about my account. The Seligmans sent me a franc account
which only amounts to 234, f. And not a word about my dollar
account. Some weeks ago they did let me know that I had \$216.
\$ 216. I have given out no checks since. I have just written them
to let me know by return mail as I must know how I stand. Come
to think of it I had better inclose the check. But you will have
to wait until I hear from Seligmans which will probably be wed.
When I will immediatly notify you.

I hope you think well of my suggestion about writ-
ing Kapi in re the money, or let me do it. After all it is your
money. I am so concerned about Emy. She will grow two week on
her present diet and there is no need of her to suffer so if you
could go with her to Paris. Anyhow, I hope to hear from you about
it soon.

Everything has come to a stand still since the king died
The whole country has gone crazy over it. And tomorrow is the func-
eral which is to be the grandest show in many a moon. And so my
chances small as they were before have no dwindled down to nothing
whether they will rise again I don't know. I mean to struggle on
for a while anyhow.

Give E. my love and tell her I will write her
tomorrow.

Love to you my dear.

cg

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The Emma Goldman Papers

890315002

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 27, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p. ; 23 × 19 cm.

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London Jan 27th 36.

Dearest Mark,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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second International like the third deceived everybody as Socialism when it betrays Socialism on every step. Now I suggest that you do not write. It will only humiliate you and what you represent and it will do no good.

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Dear I planned to send you a signed check. But I am
confused about my account. The Salignans sent me a franc account
which only amounts to 234, f. And not a word about my dollar
account. Some weeks ago they did let me know that I had \$416.
\$ 216. I have given out no checks since. I have just written them
to let me know by return mail as I must know how I stand. Come
to think of it I had better inclose the check. But you will have
to wait until I hear from Salignans which will probably be wed.
When I will immediately notify you.

I hope you think well of my suggestion about writ-
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money. I am so concerned about Amy. She will grow two week on
her present diet and there is no need of her to suffer so if you
could go with her to Paris. Anyhow, I hope to hear from you about
it soon.

Everything has come to a stand still since the king died.
The whole country has gone crazy over it. And tomorrow is the fune-
ral which is to be the grandest show in many a moon. And so my
chances small as they were before have no dwindled down to nothing.
Whether they will rise again I don't know. I mean to struggle on
for a while anyhow.

Give E. my love and tell her I will write her
tomorrow.

Love to you my dear.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022086

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 27, Nice [to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].—
1 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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Nice, Jan. 27, 36

Dearest Girl,

Just received your letter of the 25th. Yes, dear heart, I feared that that royal business would bust up your lectures, at least for a while as long as that nonsense of mourning is still fresh. It is indeed disheartening that even liberals are such cowards and feel they must do as the big loyal mob does. That is the trouble everywhere, and particularly in England -- the servility to custom and the fear of what "isn't done". It's rotten aschleskerel, in the final analysis.

I hope at least that the theater project will go through. These days one is afraid to hope for anything good.

Dear, I wrote you the other day about that Labor Chest business. Mark Arateny and also Sanya had asked me to write to Viadek they should give some aid to An. prisoners and exiles from the Labor Chest. The latter is composed, it seems, from labor bodies and has a lot of money.

Well, Vi. replied to me that he is not the Chairman of the Labor Chest but just a member of the Publicity Comm., etc. In short, it was a refusal. Mark called Vi. on the phone and got the same reply.

Now Mark writes me that he and several comrades decided to ask me to write a letter in the matter to the Amsterdam Trade Union International.

(I made a mistake, dear, in my last letter to you. It is NOT the Socialist Second Intern. that Mark wants me to write to, but to the AMSTERDAM International Federation of Trade Unions.) That is its official name, and Vandervelde has no connection with it at all.

Well, I wrote to Sanya to find out whether I can write to Amst. in the name of the I.W.M.A. For I feel it would be silly for me to write them as a private individual who is not a member of either the Relief Fund nor of the I.W.M.A. or of any other body.

Sanya just replied that the IWMA cannot on principle write to Amsterdam. Indeed, he says it has refused to do so. Also: even if the IWMA could write to Amst. on principle, it would NOT do so, knowing beforehand that the request would be refused.

Well, I am sure my request to Amst. would be refused. And Mark M. also said that they expect a refusal, but that the refusal would help them in N.Y. I don't believe that at all. On the contrary, the REFUSAL of the mighty central power in Amst. would only strengthen the attitude of the N.Y. Labor Chest in refusing An. any help for their prisoners.

Well, much as I would like to aid the Relief Fund, I have to REFUSE to write to Amst., since I cannot write in the name of the IWMA.

Don't you think I am right, dear? On the whole, I think it idiotic of N.Y. to apply to ME to help them in their work in the U.S.

Nothing new, dear. Let me know your opinion before I write to N.Y. LOVE.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920206

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 29, London [to] Fan [Stark] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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A971

Bechercroft Court London, N.W.11

Jan. 29th 36.

Dearest Fan. I should have written you after I saw your hobby
and received from him the wonderful hose you sent. But I wanted
to wait until I could see him again so as to let you know how
nice he is. Well, I did on Monday the 27th. He took me to dinner
and to see a play I suggested. Of course I know you need no one
to tell you that your best man is even nicer than I thought. Still
being an outsider I am at least objective which you are not. I can
tell you quite honestly that he was most charming to me, for
my own sake I hope and not only because I am his wife's friend.

Horris told me he is absolutely determined to send
you and the girls as well as Harry to Europe. I suggested that you
sail to Marseille which is only five hours by auto from St
Tropoz. I can come to meet you there whereas it is 16 hours by
train from Paris to St Tropoz and two days by car. From Mar
seille I will take the family to St Tropoz which is most lovely
in July. Then you can see France up to the Italian border. After
on your way to Spain you can see the Spanish country which is
also beautiful. and on your way from Spain you can go to Paris by
Lyon which is the most enchanting scenery one can wish for.
So you see my dear your good man and I fixed all up. All you have
to do is to come along and bring your dear kids. I will do my best
to chaperon your all.

About the hose, you are a shrewd person
I must say. You knew that I could not reimburse you for a dozen
pair of hose, so you go ahead and send as many. Never mind I will
get even with you when you come. Meanwhile thousand thanks for
the lovely hose. I never had finer ones in my long life. I am sure

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920206

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 29, London [to] Fan [Stark] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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4972

the first pair when I rigged myself out to join your husband to dinner and the theatre he ~~thx~~ had promised me. so you suppose he noticed anything? Believe me he is a faithful cuss. Nothing for him but his three girls. was I disappointed? I should say so. but then, one pays the price for old age. Not that I mean to suggest that you ~~or~~ that it would have noticed the horse were I young. Perhaps with a side glance, but surely not very carefully. he was nice though and he enjoyed the German Jewish actress, Lucie Mannheim very much indeed. Morris will tell you all about her performance.

Sparking about old age. This is the crux of my efforts to get established in this country. Everything is so slow it would take years and some independent income to become known in England. and I have neither. Still when I wrote the inclosed statement the situation looked a bit more encouraging than on my previous visits to this country. I fear I was too sanguine. But is, since I saw the object and the average Britisher has for his king dead, or alive it seems so futile to try and put some sense into peoples minds. It is only that I cannot sit back and rest on my pat "story". I have to go on if I die in the attempt. I fear how ever that very little will come of my efforts. ~~What then?~~ Yet I know that if I could only hold out long ago I will break through. After all, I did not succeed so very much in Canada. The struggle was just as bitter and the few I did reach were nearly all Jews, non of the natives. Not that I object to enlightning Jews. It is that the natives alone of any country are necessary for any large social following or movement.

Then too I do not feel so free in C. as I do

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 29, London [to] Fan [Stark] / [Emma Goldman].—
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4973

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in England. I mean they have to endure me here no matter how out spoken I would be. In C. if I should touch upon any internal evil I should probably be made to go. and one gets weary being pushed about. The main drawback in C. is really that I have not reached many people, Jew or Gentile. The middle class Jew as you know is interested only in strictly Jewish affairs. and not being a nationalist I cannot endorse even Palestine or any such natixx issues. and though I tried very hard both in Toronto and Montreal only a baker's dozen Gentiles in each city have come out to hear me. So I must plod on in England, at least for a while. but you may believe me my dear it is bitter hard.

You will be interested in the inclosed copies of letters and the other material I am sending. as you see I am given plenty of "glory" even while still alive. But that has so far not done very little good. England is a queer country, it takes years to know it. That's just it. YETTS.

I wonder whether this will still find you at home, or are you already in Florida? anyhow it will be forwarded. You can show Edith this letter and the material if she is interested. I never hear from her. and you too are a bad girl. Perhaps you will improve and write me soon. I want very much to hear from you.

Love to your two daughters and to Murray. Best greetings to the Schwarzes. Devoted love to you my dear.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023164

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 29, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 23 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Jan 29th 36.

My, my Dearest. I am delighted to know that my letters cheer and help you though I do not understand why they should. Yes, if they contained good news about my struggle here. But they are so gloom I should think you would rather I do not write at all. Well, since they do help you here goes another epistle.

It is natural for your doctor to say your condition is nothing. What else is he to tell you? But as I am not your doctor I consider such talk nonsensical. I know there is something the matter with you, but also I know that ~~your~~ the human mind can do much to help one overcome a great deal. And I also know that you are brave enough to use your mind. Not that I imagine this will ~~your~~ cure your malady. But it will help you over the present attack and until some money is found to try Sanier's physician who seems to have great success with all sorts of stomach and intestinal troubles. However, I do not think that your present method of nourishment is going to do you much good. Indeed I am sure it is doing you an awful lot of harm. You say you wake up determined to "stamp" your foot. But by noon you are as weak as you were to go back to bed. I am surprised you can get up at all, for no one can keep his strength more on a fluid diet. My dearest you must at least arrange a vegetable diet if meat is hurtful or oppresses you too much. And you must absolutely eat such vegetables that will bring back your strength. You must drink tomato juice several times a day. Spinach, colliflowers and every other kind of vegetables. All these are not exactly solid diet but they are nourishing more than fluids are not. You must, you must get back your strength. How else are you going to find vitality for any form of life? Come to think of it get some good lean beef and cook for a number of hours in very little water. It will make very strong and good beef extract. Then take it in small doses. A little cracker will also not do you much harm. I wish I were near you I would soon build you up at least to the point of being on your feet. But as this can not be you must do it yourself.

That is foolish of you to say you will not spend money on a cure because Emma and I are so poor. Isn't it more expensive to lie around ill and be unfit for life? True at present our situation does look glum. My efforts here are anything but promising. But somehow we will have to find means to try once more to find relief for you. ~~and we are going to~~ For the present your first effort must be to build up your vitality which from your letters seem to be very much below par. By the way dear could you not get yourself to drink some peax milk, of only a little every day. And also eat in some form, not fried anything fried is bad for you. And also fruit, especially grapes. Anyway do start a regular dietetic regime, vegetables of every kind. In any event that French hospital is out of the question. I am absolutely opposed to it. It will only make you feel worse. You see your case is not only physical and the treatment should not be merely medical. It should be understanding and affection which

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023164

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 29, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p.; 23 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

re personnel. The hospital will not give it to you. But as I have faith in the observation of French doctors, I am sure Sasha's care is worth a hundred French physicians, so let's not bother you with hospitals. Something else must be devised.

Yes, of course my dear I will help you in case of any other examination when you get to Paris. As things look now I may give up here the end of March and return to France. We will meet in Paris and we will see Sasha's wonder worker. Then take care of you for a month or two until you can go back to Nice a new woman. You'll see my dearest we will get you well.

The other night I was taken to a theatre by the husband of my friend Fan Stark in Montreal. The play was rather slight. But Lucie Mannheim who is now playing in London is a wonderful artist. Really very refreshing from most of the ladies on the London stage. You would have loved her and so would Sasha. I thought of both of you. This was my second visit to the theatre. It costs an awful lot here and it is next to impossible to get free tickets.

I am sending you and Sasha some papers showing the extraordinary mass watching the funeral procession. It is enough to lose all hopes that humanity will ever become free from all the worship of kings and other masters of their lives. I understand from a friend who had to report the business that it was a wonderful show from the point of color and pageantry. I dare say it was for nothing was spared to make it impressive. Imagine the majority now dressed in black. It is awfully depressing. That and the everlasting gloom of the London sky would drive a saint to drink but even drink costs too much. So I am sober by necessity.

I will write again next week. With much love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870925218

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 29, Paris [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Alfred Döblin. — 2 p. ; 16 × 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Paris XIV.
5, square Delormel

15705

Sehr geehrte Frau Emma
Goldman,

unser Freund Loucky übergab mir
Ihren Brief vom 11. Januar. Das
Buch „Parion“ wird wohl gegeben
ist schon vom Verlag Galland
vor einigen Monaten angenommen,
es soll in diesem Frühjahr heraus-
kommen, sei es überhaupt, wie ich

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15706

nicht. - Das betrifft nur England.
vielleicht haben Sie amerikanische
Verbindungen? Sie hätten
bürgerliche, juristische Verlage in New-
York am Kopf mit Viking Press
(so mein Alexanderplatz "herauskommen")
haben abgelehnt. Gibt es da nicht
einige progressive Verlage? Sie würden
mir sehr erfreuen, wenn Sie nicht

da unterrichtet könnten, Sie sind
doch mit Amerika verhandelt. Ich
danke Ihnen jedenfalls herzlich
für Ihre Liebenswürdigkeit und für
Ihren Brief, der mich erfreut hat;
Sie wissen, die Emigration ist für
jede Aufmerksamkeit, die sie
erfährt, dankbar. Mit angenehmen
Grüßen aus New York, Ihr

29. I. 36 Alfred Döblin

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881027050

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 29, Enfield [England to] Emma Goldman, [London] / S[hloime] Sutton. — 2 p. ; 23 × 15 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

ENFIELD 2963

YOUNG L O U 123271

111, Browning Road,
Enfield.

29-1-36.

Dear Emma Goldman

I thank you for promptly sending Beckman's book. I am also pleased to inform you that I have managed to procure your book "Living my life" in two volumes through Beekman's. For me to say nice things about you and tell you how much I appreciate your letters and writings would be just mere talk - so many tell you that. I wish to express my appreciation in a more tangible form, in a way that will benefit you materially.

I felt sad to learn from you that you were not making a living. If only I knew what your intentions are for the future I would venture to make a suggestion. Are you now determined to "stay put" in England and settle down to a quiet life? If so I would offer you a nice quiet home where you would be free to "live your life" in a clean, peaceful atmosphere. A natural park faces the house and it is also within easy reach of the City or West end.

My wife is a nurse by profession, she is quite young a kindly soul and anxious

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• 23972

to afford you the ease and comfort within
our means. Medical attention would also be
yours through our very able and kindly Dr.
Theodora Johnston. I wish to impress upon
you that neither my wife or I are tempera-
mentalists and that this offer is made in
all seriousness.

You may have other plans. You may
still want to roam, and still persist in trying
to infuse some warmth in frozen minds.
Should this be so I will oblige if you will
say so.

However, please do tell me what your
intentions are and I'll devise means ways
of being helpful.

Perhaps you would like to afford
me the opportunity of having a chat with
you. Name any place and time convenient
to you. During office hours I am on
telephone, Avenue 1684.

My wife & I hope to be at your
lecture on Thursday; we could see
you there prior to the lecture if you
will kindly advise me.

Most sincerely

S. H. Sutton

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881022087

[Letter, 1936] Jan. 30 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Jan. 30th A.M.

Dearest Em,

Your registered letter (of Jan. 27th) with check arrived last evening. All OK, dear, I'll not fill it out and deposit it at Amusee until you make sure that your Seligm. account is OK. Incidentally, I think they always send ~~that~~ the France account and the dollar account SEPARATELY. By this time you probably know if your account, both of them, is OK.

Your previous letter, of the 25th, was also received.

It seems you wrote me your last letter on the same day that I wrote you my last. The latter was to explain that I made a mistake in telling you that Mark wanted me to write to the SECOND International (the Socialist one). It is to the AMSTERDAM International that he wants me to write in the matter of the Labor Chart. The Amsterdam Intern. is its FORMER name. It seems that its new name is The International Federation of Trade Unions, and its seat is now in Paris. Its Secretary's name is Chevener.

Well, of course I cannot write to that Intern. either personally, nor ~~any~~ in the name of the I.W.M.A. This is what Shap. wrote me on the subject:

"The I.W.M.A. cannot, and has refused to, apply to ~~this~~ this International. It would be as ridiculous if we would apply, ~~any~~ say, to the MOPE for helping our Italian and other prisoners..... And of course, the IWMA ~~cannot~~ could not empower anyone to write on its behalf..... Etc."

And of course Sh. agrees ~~any~~ with me that the Intern. would refuse anyhow, and he adds that, principle aside, the I.W.M.A. would not like to write any letters in the expectation of a refusal., just to please our N.Y. comrades.

Well, he is right of course. I am therefore writing Mark that I must decline to write.

About your suggestion. Well, I think Mark and the Relief Comm. in the U.S. must have already canvassed whatever labor unions they have access to. But I am afraid they have done so in a very inefficient manner, because they really have very few, if any, efficient workers. Mark himself is no doubt too busy to go as a Comm. to the various unions -- I mean even the Jewish unions, for I doubt that he speaks Engl. well enough to make an effective appeal in an Engl. union.

Of course, dear, you are right that some of our Jewish unions in N.Y., as well as in Chicago and other big industrial towns, and also in Canada, have plenty of funds and could help our Relief Fund for An. victims of black and ~~red~~ red Fascism. But for that it is necessary to have a number of effective committees (with some one on them who can make a good appeal) to do systematic work in those unions. We did this ~~kind~~ kind of work for Tom Mooney and other cases, and even from some very conservative Amer. Federation Engl. unions (in Pittsburg, Kansas City, Chicago, etc., I got not only resolutions but also considerable checks for the Mooney ~~trial~~ defense). But who is there to do this now in the U.S. or even in N.Y.? Kelly might be the only one and he is

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-- 2 --

old and ill now and worn out. Even when he comes back from his vacation I doubt that he could undertake such a work, for it is a strenuous job and must be carried on for months and months and always in the evening when the unions have their meetings, etc. etc.

Your suggestion about sending Mark a letter to the Unions. Well, I think Mark would hardly accept the suggestion. He might accept a letter from me (and you) ~~directly~~ to some unions asking them to aid the Relief Fund. But I hardly think he would welcome the suggestion that he or his committee go to unions with a letter from us.

Well, I may make the suggestion to Mark anyhow. But I really have no faith in their work in the unions.

Another thing-- you know Shap. I doubt that he would want HIS I.W.M.A. credential to be "strengthened" by a letter from you or me who are not even members of the I.W.M.A. I would therefore not ask Sh. for any credential for Mark. Why should I? It is up to Mark to get such a credential from Sh. direct.

At last Kapp sent me a letter -- just a friendly letter, nothing particular in it, and no reference to any more money. Now I have a chance to write him, in reply to his letter, and of course I shall tell him that if he has any more money for me, he should send it to me.

Also received -- just this minute -- the ~~present~~ ^(one suit) pajamas that Jeanne Levey sent. A Very nice -- kind of Canton flannel. ~~underwear~~. I wrote you before already that I also received the ~~present~~ suit of underwear that Jeanne had sent me to St. Tr. Of course I'll write her to acknowledge it. On this I only had to pay 16 fr. duty and charges.

Yes, dear, it is terrible about that mob psychosis of royal adoration, but I hope this will not last much longer now. Soon they'll begin be enthused over the new king, but I am afraid that too will not help your lectures very much. You certainly have a hard uphill climb there. But your courage and perseverance are wonderful, dear, and in the end that counts most.

Otherwise nothing special here. Love to you from both of us.

Affect.

I hope things are getting better with Senion. Greetings to him and Liza.

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London Jan 31st, 36.

Dearest Jack I have a breathing spell until Feb. 16th when I will go to Plymouth for ten days. so I will be able to write you more often and diminish part of my accumulated A. and C. mail. As I have already written you the drama venture in Plymouth is off. I was kept in suspense for nearly a month and then heard from Edmonds that the organization wrote him it could not undertake it now. The woman who was the originator of the whole idea of a series of lectures did not even have the courtesy to write me the decision of her group. but our own comrades, especially Edmonds is more eager than ever to arrange another set of lectures. in fact he and the comrades asked me to come for the intended three weeks. but I refused because I can not hang around in Edmonds house, (he and his wife would feel insulted if I offered to pay my keep), for so long. Well, I am going to Plymouth for ten days, two Sundays included which will give our people a chance to have three lectures. I am waiting for definite news from South Wales. The Labor Colleges there wanted me to start Feb 22nd. At that time I thought I'd have to go to Plymouth so we gave M.W. beginning the first week in March. I dare say I will know soon how many of the colleges have booked me up. it may not be more than an half dozen. but it will be a beginning.

I also wrote you that the theatre proposition was off. the owners of the theatre backed out. You see, Kathleen Woodward had no previous experience at renting theatres or halls. she thought the care taker's word whom she saw about the theatre would be enough. it developed however, that the care taker had not power to rent the place. it has been on sale for some time. and the excuse the directors are supposed to have given was that letting a theatre for lectures diminishes its value. it maybe that, or it maybe because I was to speak there. I happen to know that Toller lectured there and no objections were made. so it must be me as the undesirable party. whatever the cause it is off. the meetings in London have been heart breaking. Last night I spoke in the great stronghold of Wm. Morris and the most intensive anarchist activities of by gone years, the district known as Hammer Smith. Though the admission was free with only a few reserved seats at six pence there were about hundred people in the hall. there was not even the excuse of the kings funeral, as a week ago when about thirty people at a shilling admission attended. the provinces are more likely to yield results but we have no one in any city able enough to organize meetings. if I had even a small fighting capital I could sand Barr down. but as you know I have nothing. Yet I feel it in my bones that there is interest in our ideas if only I could reach people. its a hell of a struggle, useless beating my wings against the wind. yet I cannot let go.

In all the disappointments and misery I had a rather touching experience the other day. a letter from a man who had not missed one lecture, who had bought your and my book and also two for friends of his. I am inclosing it for you to see that there still are a few genuine souls eager to be of help. I saw him and his young wife again after the lecture last night. we had a long talk. I told him that if I could rest my soul in peace, settle down I would most assuredly not do so in this beastly climate. but

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I was very far from retirement. In fact I am more than ever determined that my life should end as it began, fighting. He then wanted to know just what I wanted to do. I told him to be in England for six or eight months in the year, to lecture and build up personal contacts. and later, if I could see genuine interest I should want to publish a magazine like Mother Earth. What do you suppose Sutton replied? "Whatever you decide to do I will back you with fifty pounds as a starter and I will do my best to raise more". I was so surprised I could not even thank the dear man. By his appearance you would not think the man earns more than couple of pounds a week. But when anybody in England offers to back you with £50 he sure must have money. The economic life in England is too bitter for people to let go much even if they are not poor. anyhow it was startling to find someone so interested to make such an offer. and my new admirer certainly is. He read your book and he told me last night he had never been so roused in all his life. He thinks you a great hero and the purest idealist. ~~xxx~~ after your book and my ~~DISILLUSIONMENT~~ he chased after copies of L.M.L. He finally got the two volumes issued here and he paid all for it. He buys books not only for himself but for some of his friends. So he and his wife are very interested. The two people are like an oasis in the utter chill and indifference in this cow of a town.

Another touching experience came from John Cowper Powys. He too is lying awake nights to think up something that would help me remain in England. He sent me two letters to some people copies of which I inclose. I have written them though I doubt whether they will react favorably. But it was nice of Powys to write as he did. But I do wish he would have left out the philosophic part of his introduction. By the way dear, make me some copies of the two letters as soon as you can.

For the rest everything I have tried just petered out. I think I wrote you that I met Dr Doebelin in ~~Paris~~. ~~He~~ asked him what he was writing now. He said he had finished a book the back ground of which is the inflation period in Germany. He would send it to me. He did and I was quite impressed with the work. So much so that I wrote him whether ~~xxx~~ it had already appeared in English. I thought if it had not we might try once more to place this book. Well, I heard from him the other day. Sure the book would not wait for us. Volance is publishing it. In A. Knopf and the Viking have declined it. But I am sure once it appears in England and has any kind of a pull on A. publisher will bring it out. So you see my dearest once more it was the evil star hovering over all our efforts that said an emphatic NO.

I should say Auntie is optimistic. She really is like a child, so trustful and believing. Last night after my lecture she actually wept because "you are tearing your heart out for nothing". Every little ache looks high in her estimation. And once she sets her heart on getting at anybody for her schemes there is no escape. The latest is she got hold of one of the main

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men in the British Film studios. He invited her and now if you please to come to the studios Monday. It is quite a trip. and I have no faith whatever your Machno sketch will interest him. But I am going of course. Can you imagine great fools than Auntie and I am, she even more than I trying and trying the impossible. The more I know Auntie the more I love her. such humanity and generosity are rare in our callous world.

This morning I received the inclosed letter from Rudolf. You will be glad to learn that the book is at last nearly finished and the interest shown in the work by Chase and Briggs. Chase is a very big man. A preface or recommendation from him would go along way in establishing Rudolf's reputation. And five hundred advanced subscribers should certainly help to find a reliable publisher. Send back R's letter soon I want to write him.

I am waiting to hear from you dearest in re my suggestion about Mapp. It is ridiculous to keep the money there when you could use some of it for Mummy. Do write me please if you intend getting in touch with Mapp, or if I should.

I am worried about Mummy, not so much about her intestinal condition as her declining vitality. How long can she go on with only fluid nourishment? If she keeps that up long it may effect her heart. It ought not to continue. I wrote her suggesting a light but nourishing diet, all vegetarian, fruit and milk. You must provide upon her to carry out the regime. She should not take anything in large quantities but every two or three hours she should take something. It is a folly to keep starving herself. I do wish you would get some money from Mapp and take M. to Paris to consult some doctor. The change alone may do her good. Except for the extremely the living expenses in Paris could be about the same. Besides everything is cheaper in Paris than even in Nice and a far greater choice, also one can buy in small quantities. For instance a half chicken or duck, or some fish. Oh, yes fish is most nourishing and easily digested. A should eat some at least twice a week. Not food that is hard to digest but boiled, or baked with a little bacon which M. loves so much.

I don't know yet when I will leave England, not before April anyway. It would be fine if we could meet in Paris. The Ziblines have invited me to stay with them on my way to the south. I think I will. The weather in March is not bad. If you and M. could get there at that time and stay until May we could go back together. Think it over dearest Masha.

I hope you are not completely strapped. I have not yet received the dollar statement from Solomon. I suppose they take their time about it. I am sure I have still over £200 in the bank. I will be able to get on my half balance.

I am writing to the TIMES. Two nations and a lot of other stuff, also Communist stuff published here. And I am

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sending Mosblins book to Amy, of course also for you.

Simion K. is getting better. It seems that the condition of his heart and his anemia have effected his glands. The operation was on a glandular growth, now a similar thing is developing on his neck. He is to take radio treatment later when he has regained some strength. But on the whole he is better than we thought. Of course he gets the best care, nourishment every two hours. A lot of medicine of course which is probably not doing him so good. Fortunately Liza has a doctor cousin who not only treated Simion free himself but also got the very best specialists to examine him. Then too, being on the big Jewish daily the hospital reckoned with him, gave him the best of care for very little money. So that is no burden on the As. Its the rest of expenses. So far he has received his salary, and Liza works like a Trojan. So they manage to get along. No pleading and threatening on my part induced crazy A. to accept more from me. So I am trying to make it up in other ways. So night I am taking them to Barry Jackson theatre. We sent me two tickets, the most expensive seats of course. I am buying a third ticket which I am getting for half the ordinary price, 8/6. Over two dollars. But S. can not find a chance to go to the balcony.

Simion told me a strange story. It was in the way of a confession he said. In 22 while in Russia he had a cable from the Forwards then very much pro Bolshevik to get a greeting from Lozovsky for a conference to be held in New York of all Jewish labor bodies in behalf of Soviet Russia. Lozovsky said he would give him the message if he will also cable what he has to say about A.G. You can imagine it was not flattering. Counter Revolutionist was only one of the nice epithets. Simion accepted the condition because as he told me "I myself thought you wrong in bringing your articles against Russia in the world". Fact is he still thinks me wrong in attacking the damned regime though he has learned to know "your impeccable revolutionary consistency". Simion said. Well, it ~~something~~ is something to have lived with him and Liza under the same roof. I know that both are sorry for my anti Soviet criticism though they never say anything. I admit S. story made me sick. But at least he had the courage to admit his error. Yes, it is more gloomy than ever in the house. But I could not possibly move out, especially after what Simion told me. Not for world would I want them to think I was hurt or anything. They have both been so kind and are most kind to me.

No, dash my machine has not yet been fixed. I have to wind the ribbon. I hope to have it done next week and get a new ribbon which I need badly.

Well, this is long enough to atone for writing you so little the last few weeks. Love to E.

Much love to you dear heart.

Em

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In all the disappointments and misery I had a rather touching experience the other day. A letter from a man who had not missed one lecture, who had bought your and my book and also two for friends of his. I am inclosing it for you to see that there still are a few genuine souls eager to be of help. I see him and his young wife again after the lecture last night. We had a long talk. I told him that if I could rest my soul in peace, settle down I would most assuredly not do so in this beastly climate. But

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Another touching experience came from John Cooper Powys. He too is lying awake nights to think up something that would help me remain in England. He sent me two letters to some people copies of which I inclose. I have written them though I doubt whether they will react favorably. But it was nice of Powys to write as he did. But I do wish he would have left out the philosophic part of his introduction. By the way dear, make me some copies of the two letters as soon as you can.

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men in the British Film studios. He invited her and said if you please to come to the studios Monday. It is quite a trip, and I have no faith whatever your Machno sketch will interest him. But I am going of course. Can you imagine great fools than Auntie and I am, she even more than I trying and trying the impossible? The more I know Auntie the more I love her. Such humanity and generosity are rare in our callous world.

This morning I received the inclosed letter from Rudolf. You will be glad to learn that the book is at last nearly finished and the interest shown in the work by Chase and Briggs. Chase is a very big man. A preface or recommendation from him would go along way in establishing Rudolf's reputation, and five hundred advanced subscribers should certainly help to find a reliable publisher. Send back R's letter soon I want to write him.

I am waiting to hear from you dearest in re my suggestion about Kapp. It is ridiculous to keep a money there when you could use some of it for army. Do write me please if you intend getting in touch with Kapp, or if I should.

I am worried about army, not so much about her intestinal condition as her declining vitality. How long can she go on with only fluid nourishment? If she keeps that up long it may effect her heart. It ought not to continue. I wrote her suggesting a light but nourishing diet, all vegetarian, fruit and milk. You must prevail upon her to carry out the regime. She should not take anything in large quantities but every two or three hours she should take something. It is a felony to keep starving herself. I do wish you would get some money from Kapp and take a. to Paris to consult Senias doctor. The change alone may do her good. Except for the extra rent the living expenses in Paris would be about the same. Besides everything is cheaper in Paris than even in Nice and a far greater choice, also one can buy in small quantities. For instance a half chicken or duck, or some fish. Oh, yes fish is most nourishing and easily digested. It should eat some at least twice a week. Not fried that is hard to digest but boiled, or backed with a little bacon which K. loves so much.

I don't know yet when I will leave England, not before April anyway. It would be fine if we could meet in Paris. The Ziblins have invited me to stay with them on my way to the south. I think I will. The weather in March is not bad. If you and K. could get there at that time and stay until May we could go back together. Think it over dearest Sarah.

I hope you are not completely strapped. I have not yet received the dollar statement from Seligman. I suppose they take their time about it. I am sure I have still over \$200 in the bank, and I am writing the Montreal Bank to send on my balance.

I am sending you the TIMES, two NATIONS and a lot of other stuff, also Corollary stuff.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022089

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 31, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. -- 4 p.; 23 x 19 cm.

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sending Doebline book to Amy, of course also for you.

Simon K. is getting better. It seems that the condition of his heart and his anemia have effected his glands. The operation was on a glandular growth, now a similar thing is developing on his neck. He is to take radio treatment later when he has regained some strength, but on the whole he is better than we thought. Of course he gets the best care, nourishment every two hours. A lot of medicine of course which is probably not doing him so good. Fortunately Liza has a doctor cousin who not only treated Simon free himself but also got the very best specialists to examine him. Then too being on the big Jewish daily the hospital reckoned with him, gave him the best of care for very little money. So that is no burden on the Ks. It's the rest of expenses. So far he has received his salary, and Liza works like a Trojan. So they manage to get along. No pleading and threatening on my part induced crazy L. to accept more from me. So I am trying to make it up in other ways. To night I was taking them to Barry Jackson theatre. We sent me two tickets, the most expensive seats of course. I am buying a third ticket which I am getting for half the ordinary price, 8/6, over two dollars. But S. can not climb ~~steps~~ so I cannot change the tickets for the balcony.

Simon told me a strange story. It was in the way of a confession he said. In 22 while in Russia he had a cable from the Forward then very much pro Bolshevik to get a greeting from Lozovsky for a conference to be held in New York of all Jewish labor bodies in behalf of Soviet Russia. Lozovsky said he would give him the message if he will also cable what he has to say about R.G. You can imagine it was not flattering. Counter Revolutionist was only one of the nice epithets. Simon accepted the condition because as he told me "I myself thought you wrong in bringing your articles against Russia in the world". But he still thinks me wrong in attacking the damned regime though he has learned to know "your impeccable revolutionary consistency". Simon said. Well, it ~~seems~~ is something to have lived with him and Liza under the same roof. I know that both are sorry for my anti Soviet criticism though they never say anything. I admit S. story made me sick. But at least he had the courage to admit his error. Yes, it is not gloomy than ever in the house. But I could not possibly move out, especially after what Simon told me. Not for world would I want them to think I was hurt or anything. They have both been so kind and are most kind to me.

My washing machine has not yet been fixed. I have to wind the ribbon. I hope to have it done next week and get a new ribbon which I need badly.

Well, this is long enough to atone for writing you so often the last few weeks. Love to E.

Much love to you dear heart.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880206040

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 31 [London to Emma] Goldman, [London] / John Rowland. — 4 p. ; 23 × 14 cm.

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31/1/36

26, Kensington Gardens Square,
Hyde Park. ²³⁰⁸⁹
W. 2

Dear Miss Goldman.

Thank you for your letter, & for
note of introduction from our mutual
friend J. C. Powys.

I'm afraid that I can't do much
for you in the way of suggesting lectures.
However I would suggest that you
write to Mr. Ernest Thurtle, M. P.,
5, Johnson's Court, 2 C 4 (R. P. A.
address), as he is secretary of the
Conway Hall Discussion Circle. Of
which you may have heard. They have
some fine lectures, including such
people as Bertrand Russell, Joseph
McCabe, Prof. H. Leary, Prof. J. C. Flügel,
etc. What they pay, I don't know.
Also, do you know the 'John O'

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London's literary Circle² " ? They're²³⁰⁹⁰
full up for the story I know. The
secretary is Miss Florence Tutt,
44, Undercliffe Row, Lewisham,
S.E. 13. They don't often pay, but
do in special cases. It might be worth
while, I think.

Another point where I might
help. I'm interested in a new
political weekly, he calls the
Challenge, which is starting very
shortly. Its policy is Land
Restoration & the abolition of our
existing system of taxation. A good
friend of mine, Mrs. Beryl Eastwood,
is interviewing various prominent
people for it — she has already
interviews with Sylvia Parkhurst,
Bernard Shaw, Compton Townshend, &
M. P. Shiel, the novelist. If you
care to give her an interview it might

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be useful from the point of view²³⁰⁹¹
of publicity. And in some she
works is a reference to the fact
that you were looking for lectures.
Now, I know she's going out of town on
Sunday for a week or two, so I
wonder if you would ring Central
[812] ^{the RPA} anytime up to 6 p.m. (if
you get this letter in time) or
between 9.30 & 12.30 tomorrow
morning, & see if we could find this?
On second thoughts, I'll ring you
today or this evening, but, if I'm not
fortunate enough to find you in,
would you ring me?

I'm sure that this interview
would be good. It would get you in
touch with a public sympathetic
to your ideas.

I ~~do~~ hope that you will have a
hour to spare tomorrow, when the

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interview would be done. I will
bring his notebook along. 23092

I'm sorry that I can do no
more for you than this. If anything
else occurs to me, I'll write later on.

Yours sincerely,

John Rowland

P.S. You may be interested to learn that
I was present at a lecture of yours in
Bristol (Folk House) a year or
two ago. If you miss Central
8812, ask for me, as I am on a
extension

The Emma Goldman Papers

870216016

[Letter, 19]36 Jan. 31 [London to] Emma Goldman, [London] / S[hloime] Sutton. —
1 p.; 24 × 19 cm.
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6273

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF STEPNEY.

1684

RATES OFFICE

TOWN HALL

238, CABLE STREET.

ST GEORGE'S. E.1

31/1/36.

Dear Emma Goldman,

In case what the Press
"knows" about you has escaped your
notice, I append hereto cutting of the
"Evening Standard" of yesterday, for
your perusal and amusement.

With your kind permission
I would like to write to Mr. Berkman
and ask you to forward the letter.

I hope to hear from you with
regard to the pilgrimages to the
Chinese Art Exhibition

Sincerely

S. Sutton

P.S. My wife thinks you are
a charming lady and that
you deserve love and affection.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881010334

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 31] Los Angeles [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / [Rudolf Rock-
er]. — 2 p. ; 30 x 24 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Liebste Emma,

Verzeihung. Ich habe dich schwer vernachlässigt die letzten Monate, aber es war wirklich nicht meine Schuld. Meine jetzige Tour hat mich völlig ausgepumpt. Ich befinde mich nun drei Monate auf dem Wege und es wird noch ein vierter Monat vergehen, bis ich wieder nach New York komme. Es war die schwerste Tour, die ich bis jetzt gemacht habe und es wird sicher die letzte sein. Sollten wir hier bleiben können, so werde ich in der Zukunft nie mehr das ganze Land bestreichen, sondern immer nur einen gewissen Distrikt. Es sind nicht nur die körperlichen Anstrengungen, die hier in Betracht kommen; es ist vor allem der seelische Zustand, der letzten Jahre, der sich bei mir auswirkt und Stimmungen erzeugt, die nicht gerade angenehm sind. Wenn ich in früheren Jahren eine solche Tour unternahm, so hatte ich das angenehme Gefühl, nach der Beendigung der Reise an einem bestimmten Punkte zu landen, wo ich mein eigenes Leben leben konnte. Was ich verdiente, gab mir die Möglichkeit, meiner Arbeit nachzugehen und etwas zu schaffen, das meinem innersten Bedürfnis entsprach und mich zufrieden stellte. Diesmal aber ist das alles anders. Die stete Unsicherheit über die Gestaltung der nächsten Zukunft lastet wie ein Alpdruck auf meiner Seele und lässt keine frohe Stimmung aufkommen. Die letzten drei Jahre waren die schlimmsten meines Lebens, und wer weiss, was weiter kommen wird. Unser Visum läuft am 26. Februar ab. Ob man die Galgenfrist noch einmal verlängern wird, weiss ich nicht. Nach Europa zurückzugehen unter den jetzigen Umständen ist schwer, und dann bleibt immer die verhängnisvolle Frage offen: Wohin. Spanien ist vorläufig ausgeschlossen, obwohl dies das einzige Land für mich wäre, wo ich mein Leben fristen und etwas arbeiten könnte. England ist zweifelhaft. Man gab uns dort das letztemal zwei Monate Aufenthaltsbewilligung, und ob man uns diesmal ein Dauervisa geben würde ist sehr fraglich. Ueberhaupt ist Europa heute ein wahres Tollhaus, und ich fürchte, dass es lange Zeit nehmen wird, bis sich dort wieder menschenwürdige Verhältnisse entwickeln. Dazu kommt die stete Gefahr eines neuen Krieges, und ich habe wahrlich keine Lust, vielleicht noch einmal vier Jahre hinter Stacheldraht zu sitzen.

Meine Tour war moralisch sehr erfolgreich. Ich hatte überall gute Versammlungen und musste ziemlich viel englisch sprechen, besonders hier in Californien, wo ich eine ganze Reihe englischer Versammlungen hatte, die alle sehr gut besucht waren. Aber die Arbeit ist schwer, und wenn dabei noch die rechte Stimmung fehlt, wird sie doppelt und dreifach schwer. Ich habe hier eine Menge interessanter Bekanntschaften gemacht unter dem amerikanischen Element. Hätten die Leute hier einige gute Redner zur Verfügung und eine gute wöchentliche Zeitung, so könnte aus der jetzigen Lage etwas Neues geboren werden. Aber da liegt ja gerade der Hund begraben. Tom Bell ist alt und ein schwer kranker Mann, und obwohl er geistig noch sehr rege ist, ist er physisch den Dingen nicht mehr gewachsen. Die anderen, wie z. B. Judge Linsey, der auf meiner letzten Versammlung Vorsitzender war, sind ganz gute Menschen, aber lediglich Liberale, die für unsre Bestrebungen wenig in Betracht kommen. Es entwickelt sich zwar ein junges Element, aber die meisten sind kommunistisch gestimmt. Es ist wahr, dass auch hier eine gewisse Ernüchterung eingetreten ist, aber es wird noch eine Zeit vergehen, bis auch dieser Spuk vorüber ist.

Tom Bell hat gerade ein grösseres Werk beendet über "Oscar Wilde, Frank Harris und Douglas", das sich aber vorwiegend mit Frank Harris beschäftigt. Ich habe das MS. gelesen. Es ist in einem guten und geistvollen Englisch geschrieben und berichtet von einer Menge Dinge, die mir völlig unbekannt waren. So wusste ich nicht, dass Tom mit Harris sieben Jahre zusammengearbeitet hat.

Tom's Urteil über Harris ist geradezu vernichtend und er hat

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881010334

[Letter, 1936 Jan. 31] Los Angeles [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / [Rudolf Rock-
er]. — 2 p. ; 30 x 24 cm.

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Tom's Urteil über Harris ist geradezu vernichtend und er bringt ein Menge Material, das ohne Zweifel sehr überzeugend wirkt. So beweist er z.B. die Angabe genauer Data, dass Harris nie in seinem Leben ein Cowboy oder in Texas gewesen ist, und dass alles, was er über diese angebliche Episode seines Lebens berichtet hat, erfunden ist. Aber das wäre nicht das Schlimmste: Bell berichtet von Dingen, die geradezu haarsträubend sind, wenn sie auf Wahrheit beruhen. Verschiedene Verleger haben sich bereits um das Buch beworben. Die einzige Schwierigkeit ist, dass Tom dem Buche zwei Kapitel über Individualismus angefügt hat, die man nicht drucken will, weil sie angeblich nicht zu der Sache gehören. Tom will aber sein Buch ohne diese zwei Kapitel nicht abgeben. Für dich müsste das MS. sehr interessant sein, da du mit Harris in näherer Beziehung standest und aus diesem Grunde deine eigenen Erfahrungen zu Rate ziehen kannst.

Mein eigenes Buch ist nun fast vollständig übersetzt. Dabei war es besonders wertvoll, dass Prof. Chase, das lange Kapitel über die Rassenfrage selbst übersetzt hat und als Biologe den Schwierigkeiten besser gewachsen war, da hier ein Gebiet behandelt wurde, das mit seinen eigenen Studien zusammenfällt. Er hat über mein Buch verschiedene Vorträge gehalten. Ebenso Prof. Briggs und Dr. Roman, so dass ich hier zu einer Art Berühmtheit wurde ohne dass ich es ahnte. So sonderbar ist das Leben. Mir selbst ist die Sache etwas unbequem, denn die guten Leute machen von meiner Arbeit mehr, als sie wert ist. Ich weiss, dass mein Buch kein schlechtes Werk ist und eine Menge interessantes Material enthält, aber ich bin nicht so selbsteingenommen von meiner Arbeit, dass ich alle Komplimente für bare Münze nehme.

Jetzt wird die Arbeit beginnen, einen Verleger zu finden. Aber mit 500 Abnehmer in voraus wird es vielleicht nicht so schwer sein. Hoffen wir das beste. Und wenn es nicht gelingen sollte, ist auch nichts verloren. Man kann im Leben nicht alles haben, wie man es wünscht. Die wichtigste Frage für uns ist jetzt die Frage, wo zu bleiben.

Ich bin nun vier Wochen in Los Angeles und werde noch eine Woche hier bleiben. Ich habe noch eine englische Versammlung vor mir und ein Banquet, das die Amerikaner für mich arrangieren. Dann fahre ich nach Fresno und von dort nach San Francisco. Mitte Februar werde ich wieder in New York sein.

Auf dem jüdischen Banquet letzten Sonntag waren 300 Menschen. Leider wurde die Sache durch einen verhängnisvollen Vorfall gestört. Eine Genossin bekam plötzlich Herzkrämpfe und starb noch ehe ein Arzt zur Stelle war. Die Tote lag zwei Stunden im Saal bis die Ambulanz erschien und sie wegführte. Dadurch wurde natürlich die ganze Stimmung gestört, wie du dir vorstellen kannst. Aber so ist schon das Leben.

Milly schrieb mir gestern, dass sie einen langen Brief von dir erhalten hat, den sie mir diese Tage zuschicken wird. Sie will ihn erst beantworten.

Wie Milly mir schreibt, bist du mit den jüdischen Genossen in London sehr unzufrieden. Ein Wunder, was da passierte. Nun ich werde deinen Brief morgen oder übermorgen empfangen und dann allein sehen, was los ist. Also hast du deine Pläne betreffs Canada geändert und willst nächsten Winter in England bleiben. Denkst du, dass sich dort besser arbeiten lässt? Allerdings ist in Canada nicht viel zu machen. Man ist schliesslich nur auf drei grössere Städte angewiesen und Winnipeg liegt zu weit abseits. Ich hoffe von ganzem Herzen, dass du in England Erfolg haben wirst. Hier fragen alle Genossen nach dir und lassen dich herzlich grüssen.

Wie geht es Sasha? Befindet er sich gesundheitlich besser? In New York ging man mit dem Plane schwanger, ihn für eine kurze Zeit nach den States zu bringen. Ich habe immer gedacht, dass dies nur ein schöner Traum ist, bei welchem der Wunsch der Vater des Gedankens ist.

Was machst du jetzt, liebe Emma? Du wolltest doch etwas Neues schreiben. Hast du schon mit der Arbeit begonnen? Wie ist überhaupt die Atmosphäre jetzt in England? Nach den Zeitungen hier zu urteilen, ist dort allgemeine Kriegsstimmung gegen Italien. Ein Wunder wie das alles noch enden wird. Meine herzlichsten Grüsse an die Kait-fekys und alle lieben Freunde. Mit aller Liebe

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216017

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 1, London [to Shloime] Sutton, [London] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 24 x 20 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

6274

London, 1st Feb. 1936.

Dear Mr Sutton. Thank you for your card and the cutting from the
eve. Standard. I had seen it before I left the house for my lecture.
I know I know that since the evening announcement in the
paper. Unfortunately the Standard did not give the address of
the meeting. So it did not come at all and merely repeated the
same stupid ideas of my "World" on the Review.

Alfred R. Martin will be delighted to hear
from you. Write him direct. His address is Mr. Martin, 101, Blvd
de Cessole, Nice, S.O. France.

I am enclosing some material of which I had spoken
to you. I know it will interest you. As you see I get plenty of
"Glory". Alas, in this our crazy material world that is hardly
enough. But its better than nothing.

Will you meet me next Wed. Feb. 5th at the entrance
of the Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House, Piccadilly, at
2.30 P.M. There is one thing however I must warn you against.
It is that I am not an authority on Chinese art. So you will
receive very little "wisdom" from me on that subject. I hope you will
will not be rushed because I would like to have a less disturbed
talk with you than an underground train permits.

Give your wife my greetings. Tell her it
seems to be love on first sight between us. Because I found her
very charming and sweet—and most truly "deserving of love and
affection".

Sincerely

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The Emma Goldman Papers

890317096

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 1, London [to] Thelma Goldman, [Madison, Wis.] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 24 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Max Nettlau Archive.

c/o Mrs. L. RUDOLPHY,
20, Beechcroft Court,
LONDON, N. W. 11.

Feb. 1st., 1936.

Dear Thelma,

I was delighted to hear from you and to receive such an interesting letter.

I am enclosing my reply to you in my next note to your Dad, as I want him to read what I have to say, and also it will save me repeating a great many things.

I was very glad indeed to learn that Prof. Alex. Meiklejohn is at the Madison University and that you are having such a grand chance to work with him. I have never met him, but I have followed up his ideas whenever they were presented in the Press. Strangely enough, I read a review of his book "What America Means To Me" in the N.Y. Sunday Times Literary Supplement. Just now I cannot afford to buy the book though I should very much love to have it. Perhaps I will write to the publisher later on. It may be sent to me as a number of other books New York publishers have sent me for a lecture on Modern American Literature I have in mind.

I dare say that Meiklejohn is, like so many other advanced men in the Universities in America, if not an out-and-out Anarchist then at least very strongly inclined towards it. It is a great tragedy that our movement is so poor all over the world - too poor spiritually to attract such men. But I am convinced that Anarchist ideas are playing a great part in the minds of a considerable number of men and women in the Universities, though they may not be aware of the fact. Of course, if our movement had continued to develop undisturbed and unbroken by the bolshevik myth, I rather think that it would now be a formidable intellectual force and would appeal to the American intelligentsia as much, if not more, as Marxism or Leninism does. It cannot be helped that we are going through a period of reaction, both through Fascism and Communism. I believe implicitly that when the thinking people in the world will have come to their senses Anarchism will be heard from and it will have its day in the world court. Though I may not live to see it, I am nevertheless convinced of it and it is this which gives me strength to go on.

You are still young, my dear, and you, I hope, will be able to see the advance of Anarchism, both as an economic and cultural force.

I was interested in your story about Lewis J. Duncan. I remember him very well and the part he played in my visit to Butte Montana. The account he gives in his letter about the struggle for my right of free speech is not entirely correct: there was never, at any time during my visit to Butte Montana, any difficulty to secure halls, or a suggestion that I might be interfered with by the police. Our difficulty was to find a chairman and it was here where Lewis Duncan showed courage and

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The Emma Goldman Papers

890317096

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Miss Thelma Goldman.

2.

N.

comradeship. He volunteered to act as chairman and introduced me in a very lovely talk. Also he invited me to speak at the Unitarian Church where he was Minister. These actions on his part contributed, no doubt, much to the attack against him in the Press and by the politicians. But his actual political "guilt" was brought about by something else — some trouble over his wife. If I am not mistaken, he divorced her to marry a younger woman with whom he was very much in love. I do not remember the details, as it was so many years ago, but I think that was the thing the rotten political gang and the Church bigots could not forgive. His chairmanship at my meeting and his sponsoring of my rights added fuel to the fire! Even some of his respectable socialist comrades were very much incensed with Dunsen for allying himself with me by presiding at my meetings and extending to me the hospitality of his Church. So he was indeed a brave man — more so because 23 years ago my name was even more anathema than it is to-day and so was the attempt of any human being daring to follow it, rather than so-called marital duty.

By-the-way, we used to have very dear comrades in Bute whom your father particularly knows: one of them was Abraham Edelstadt and his wife; ~~inasmuch~~ he was a brother of David Edelstadt, a great poet and one of the finest types of Anarchists that ever lived. I have lost track of them. They were the people who interested Mr. Dunsen, and if they still live there they would know about him. Perhaps your father could find out and write to them?

Thank you so much for giving me the information about a man who proved himself very brave and whom I had found very charming, indeed.

My dear, I do need a secretary badly. I wish I had the means to invite you to come to St. Tropes in the summer. I have been terribly handicapped here because an old friend of mine who in former years used to do nearly all my typing, is working too hard and cannot give me much time. Fortunately, she was able to come to-night, so your letter will not have to wait many more months for an answer.

I am sending your Dad a statement I prepared about my doings here, and I will ask him to forward it to you together with other material I am enclosing. Since I wrote that statement, the Plymouth Drama Organisation has "flepped". I do not think it a desire on their part to back out; they are busy preparing some Drama Festival, so did not want to load themselves with more work. I only wish the woman I was in correspondence with had not held out such positive prospects. I am going to Plymouth anyway, but it will not be for three weeks.

Bob Jewell came to tea a month ago. With him was a woman, strangely enough from Rochester, N.Y. — my home town — who was doing research work in workers' education. She was very disappointed and considered the efforts here far behind anything done in the States. From what I learnt of it, I am sure she did not exaggerate. Jewell went to South Wales. I may meet him somewhere there in March. Both impressed me as very earnest and vivid people. But unfortunately, their visit with me was so short and we did not get to Anarchism. Miss Wiley sailed back to the States on the 18th Jan. I think that Jewell is returning in April. If I should run into him in Wales, I will try to arrange for a longer talk, especially as he is interested in our ideas.

/P.T.O.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter] 1936 Feb. 1, London [to] Thelma [Goldman, Madison, Wis.] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p.; 26 x 20 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

c/o Mrs. L. KULLOPEY,
26, Beechcroft Court,
LONDON, N. W. 11.

13957

Feb. 1st., 1936.

Dear Thelma,

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I am enclosing my reply to you in my short note to your Dad, as I want him to read what I have to say, and also it will save me repeating a great many things.

I was very glad indeed to learn that Prof. Alex. Heiklejohn is at the Madison University and that you are having such a grand chance to work with him. I have never met him, but I have followed up his ideas whenever they were presented in the Press. Strangely enough, I read a review of his book "What America Means To Me" in the N.Y. Sunday Times Literary Supplement. Just now I cannot afford to buy the book though I should very much love to have it. Perhaps I will write to the publisher later on. It may be sent to me as a number of other books. New York publishers have sent me for a lecture on Modern American Literature I have in mind.

I dare say that Heiklejohn is, like so many other advanced men in the Universities in America, if not an out-and-out Anarchist then at least very strongly inclined towards it. It is a great tragedy that our movement is so poor all over the world - too poor spiritually to attract such men. But I am convinced that Anarchist ideas are playing a great part in the minds of a considerable number of men and women in the Universities, though they may not be aware of the fact. Of course, if our movement had continued to develop undisturbed and unbroken by the Bolshevik myth, I rather think that it would now be a formidable intellectual force and would appeal to the American intelligentsia as much, if not more, as Marxism or Leninism does. It cannot be helped that we are going through a period of reaction, both through Fascism and Communism. I believe implicitly that when the thinking people in the world will have come to their senses Anarchism will be heard from and it will have its day in the world court. Though I may not live to see it, I am nevertheless convinced of it and it is this which gives me strength to go on.

You are still young, my dear, and you, I hope, will be able to see the advance of Anarchism, both as an economic and cultural force.

I was interested in your story about Lewis J. Duncan. I remember him very well and the part he played in my visit to Butte Montana. The account he gives in his letter about the struggle for my right of free speech is not entirely correct: there was never, at any time during my visit to Butte Montana, any difficulty to secure halls, or a suggestion that I might be interfered with by the police. Our difficulty was to find a chairman and it was here where Lewis Duncan showed courage and

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870927113

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 1, London [to] Thelma [Goldman, Madison, Wis.] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Thelma Goldman

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comradeship. He volunteered to act as chairman and introduced me in a very lively talk. Also he invited me to speak at the Unitarian Church where he was Minister. These actions on his part contributed, no doubt, much to the attack against him in the Press and by the politicians. But his actual political "guilt" was brought about by something else - some trouble over his wife. If I am not mistaken, he divorced her to marry a younger woman with whom he was very much in love. I do not remember the details, as it was so many years ago, but I think that was the thing the rotten political gang and the Church bigots could not forgive. His chairmanship at my meeting and his sponsoring of my rights added fuel to the fire! Even some of his respectable socialist comrades were very much incensed with Duncan for allying himself with me by presiding at my meetings and extending to me the hospitality of his Church. So he was indeed a brave man - more so because 28 years ago my name was even more anathema than it is to-day and so was the attempt of any human being daring to follow love rather than so-called marital duty.

By-the-way, we used to have very dear comrades in Bute whom your father particularly knows: one of them was Abraham Edelstadt and his wife; ~~perhaps~~ he was a brother of David Edelstadt, a great poet and one of the finest types of Anarchists that ever lived. I have lost track of them. They were the people who interested Mr. Duncan, and if they still live there they would know about him. Perhaps your father could find out and write to them?

Thank you so much for giving me the information about a man who proved himself very brave and whom I had found very charming, indeed.

My dear, I do need a secretary badly. I wish I had the means to invite you to come to St. Tropes in the summer. I have been terribly handicapped here because an old friend of mine who in former years used to do nearly all my typing, is working too hard and cannot give me much time. Fortunately, she was able to come to-night, so your letter will not have to wait many more months for an answer.

I am sending your Dad a statement I prepared about my doings here, and I will ask him to forward it to you together with other material I am enclosing. Since I wrote that statement, the Plymouth Drama organisation has "flopped". I do not think it a desire on their part to back out; they are busy preparing some Drama Festival, so did not want to load themselves with more work. I only wish the woman I was in correspondence with had not held out such positive prospects. I am going to Plymouth anyway, but it will not be for three weeks.

Bob Lowell came to tea a month ago. With him was a woman, strangely enough from Rochester, N.Y. - my home town - who was doing research work in workers' education. She was very disappointed and considered the efforts here far behind anything done in the States. From what I learnt of it, I am sure she did not exaggerate. Lowell went to South Wales. I may meet him somewhere there in March. Both impressed me as very earnest and vivid people. But unfortunately, their visit with me was so short and we did not get to Anarchism. Miss Riley sailed back to the States on the 18th Jan. I think that Lowell is returning in April. If I should run into him in Wales, I will try to arrange for a longer talk, especially as he is interested in our ideas.

/P.T.O.

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[Letter] 1936 Feb. 1, London [to] Thelma [Goldman, Madison, Wis.] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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Please give my kindest greetings to Prof. Moss and Teriman, and tell Prof. Melile (John) that I keenly regret not to have met him when I was back in my former country on "30 days" leave.

You can reach me in England until the latter part of April. After that I go back to the South of France, and my address there will be:-

"Bon Spirit",
St. Tropes (Var.)

All the best to you for 1936.

Affectionately,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 1, London [to] Ben Taylor, Scarboro Bluffs, Canada / [Emma Goldman].— 4 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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63.12

c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky,
20, Beecheroff Court,
LONDON, N. W. 11.

Feb. 1st., 1936.

Mr. Ben Taylor,
43, Beverley Blvd.
Scarboro' Bluffs.
ONTARIO. CANADA.

Dear Ben,

The fact that I have carried your letter of Sept. 28th with me to England should be proof that you have not been out of my mind. More and more I find it almost impossible to keep pace with my ever growing correspondence. It was not so bad in St. Tropez when I had nothing else to do, outside of my housework and letters, although I had gotten into terrible dumps during the summer, so that I was not in a conducive state of mind for long argumentative letters. But since I came to England (Nov. 14) I found the struggle for a hearing so enervating and intense, I seem to have very little time or vitality left for my correspondence.

I was more lucky in former years in England: a dear old friend of mine was able to give me a good deal of her time - in fact, I lived with her 10 years ago. It was convenient to have the dear woman in the house at my back-and-call; but now she is working such late hours that I have not the heart to impose on her too much, though I do do it on occasion - to-night happens to be one of those occasions. She has consented to take dictation. So I am taking the "bull by the horns" to answer your interesting letter.

You have guessed right, old man. - I was not only surprised but also amused at your suggestion that women are at an advantage in sex matter over men. That is something new to me, and I am sure would be to hundreds of women I know. All other reasons pointing against such an idea, the primary one you have evidently forgotten, namely that woman's sex gratification while she is young is fraught with danger of pregnancy and the responsibility of a child, and when she gets to middle age she has not the same right or freedom as your sex to turn to young men for her comfort, or even to men of her own age. The former makes her ridiculous in the eyes of the world, while in the latter case man prefers youth in women to middle age - no matter the superior experience or wisdom.

This is the situation now when both men and women have gone a long way in their sex emancipation. As to the time when I entered the labour and Anarchist movement, any free sex life was utterly impossible, unless one was willing to pay the price of social ostracism, moral condemnation and the taboo of even one's own comrades. Forty-five years ago sex was considered the height of immorality and looseness, and that not only on the part of puritans, Socialists and Anarchists made no exception: they considered it

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[Letter] 1936 Feb. 1, London [to] Ben Taylor, Scarboro Bluffs, Canada / [Emma Goldman].— 4 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Mr. Ben Taylor.

- 2 -

"injuring the Cause" for a young woman to have "love affairs", especially if she stood in the fore-front of activity and propaganda!

So you see that you are entirely wrong in saying that I must have found it easier to live my life as you are finding it to-day, though being a man. True, I lived my life, but that was only because I made up my mind to make Anarchism a living force in my actions and not merely a theory to be realised long after I am no more. But you may believe me when I tell you that it was almost as bitter hard to express myself emotionally as it was to build up my Cause. True, I was not imprisoned for "moral turpitude", but I suffered other hells much more excruciating than a prison cell.

No, I cannot agree with you that women are sexually at an advantage. To this day the world continues to be a man's world, and while women have broken through every domain and have proven themselves in many ways the equals of men, they continue to be considered inferiors and their labour, whether the highest or lowest, is still paid for less than that of mediocre men.

I do not think that your charge of dogmatism in regard to my opposition to Marxian ideology applies to my stand at all, but I cheerfully admit that I have always considered - and now more than ever - Marxian metaphysics by far more pernicious than the theological metaphysics, and that because in addition to the old superstition Marx has added the infallibility of his theories. In other words, he has made of economics the omnipotent god which towers over all other deities, from whom man never can free himself. It is my firm belief that Marx's teachings, and especially their application by means of the dictatorship, have set back revolutionary advance for very many years to come. Indeed, I go further and insist that the application of Marxism in Russia has set the example for Fascism and Nazi-ism and all those frightful things which their regime has ushered in.

Of course, dear Comrade, I never for a moment suggested that Marxian ideology motivates your social ideals, but there is no doubt in my mind that it happened with you as with many other Marxian Socialists I have met in America as in the rest of the world: it seems to get hold of them to the extent of the way in which Catholicism does of its adherents: no matter how advanced they may become and emancipated from the Marxian hold, they cannot get it out of their blood altogether. Naturally, I do not say that because Marx and Bakunin have differed, it may not be possible for you or "Charlie" to give something of their own. But your constant stressing of the economic factor as the only conditioning of the social struggle and of revolution proves to me, consciously or unconsciously, Marxian ideas still hold sway with you. For instance, you lamented the fact that Dorothy G. has not come to her Anarchism through economic determination. In reply I tried to prove to you that any number of great revolutionists and idealists have also not gone through the economic conditioning and yet they remained true to their ideal to the very end.

I insist that it is sheer blindness and fanaticism to deny the historic fact that some of the greatest men and women in the struggle for economic and political freedom have come into it not because of their own pinched stomachs. On the contrary, they left wealth and position behind and allied themselves with the masses, not merely in words but in their actual daily existence. A case in point is, as I believe I have already mentioned, Peter

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[r. Ben Taylor.]

It was not economic determination which caused him to leave title, estates and even scientific fame for his ideal, so that he might be able to serve the masses. I can assure you that Kropotkin lived poorer and was often in greater want than many workmen I have met and whose homes I had shared. He is not an isolated case. I could name hundreds of the great pioneers in the socialist and anarchist ranks who knew poverty as a daily companion and yet stood by their guns. Incidentally, you are mistaken even about Marx. He knew poverty. If you would read his correspondence with Vogt, you would know that almost every letter he wrote was a begging letter, because there was not enough bread in the house. This was especially true in the beginning of Marx's career, and although, as I have already said, I consider his theories pernicious, I nevertheless must give him credit for having remained steadfast all through his life in his devotion to the masses.

You are also mistaken about the difference between A.B. and myself regarding the importance of the economic factor and the need of taking part during great crises which make for unemployment. In fact, I do not see how you could have made that statement having read "Living by Life" or did you miss that part where I, related of my own imprisonment as a result of leading the "Clockmakers' strike" and also because of my efforts to organize the unemployed? If I was not so happy over the activities of comrade Berkman in 1914, it was not because I was opposed to his brilliant work in organizing the unemployed. It was because I saw that he was surrounded by a lot of parasites who were carried away by the moment and the glory of "dog-box" speeches, when not one of them had the material in him to continue in the revolutionary ranks. Subsequent events proved that my anxiety was well founded, because not one of those people remained either in the ranks of the I.W.W., nor in the anarchist ranks, and because they came very near to returning A.B. to prison for another number of years after the dreadful living death he had escaped in 1900.

In other words, I agree with you entirely that the economic issues in the world to-day call for the strongest organized revolutionary force, clear-headed and with tremendous courage, but also it calls for a knowledge and understanding of what is to be put in the place of the old system on the day after the revolution. Don't forget that an economic dictatorship — even in the hands of the masses — can work havoc with the revolution. It can narrow it down to what the I.W.W. used to call a "pork-chop sandwich". So, while I consider the necessity of economic comforts first after the revolution, I regard as equally important the advance of cultural emancipation of the masses. More than that, I insist that the guiding star must be an ideal that should urge the masses forward even more so than the need of the pork-chop sandwich.

I am not in a position to discuss the I.W.W. in its present state. I believe that I have written you once before, that I am quite willing to concede that it has grown in vision, stature and breadth, but the I.W.W., before America's entry in the war, certainly did precious little for the education of its own members and still less for the masses in general. It was a brave and spirited movement; it held out great promise for the future. That was the reason I always worked for the I.W.W. and fought with them in every free-speech fight. This is also the reason why I helped to raise

I.F.O.

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every two-weekly flight. This is also the reason why I helped to raise
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The Emma Goldman Papers

861114007

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 2, London [to] Ernest Thurtle, London / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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Telephone Speedwell 71 35.

20 Beechcroft Court
London, N.W.11. Feb. 2nd 36.

Mr Ernest Thurtle M.P.
5, Johnson Court
London E.C.4.

Dear Sir.

At the suggestion of Mr John Rowland I am taking the liberty to write you. Also to inclose letters of introduction sent me by my good friend, John Cowper Powys and other material which will explain my quest in England. Mr Rowland tells me that you are the secretary of the Conway Hall Discussion Club, and he thought you might care to book me for some lectures. I realize that your syllabus for the season maybe filled. But as I am trying to arrange for advance booking for next autumn or winter that might warrant my return to England it occurred to me that you maybe interested in the list of subjects which I am also inclosing.

hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience.

Yours sincerely

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861114006

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 2, London [to] Florence I. Tutt, [London] / [Emma Goldman]. —
1 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.
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5114

Tel. Spendwell 7135.

20, Beechcroft Court
London, N.W. 11 Feb 2nd 36.

Miss Florence Tutt.
44, Undercliffe Road
Lewisham S.E. 13.

Dear Madam.

At the suggestion of Mr John Rowland I am taking the liberty to send you two letters of introduction by my good friend, John Cowper Powys, a letter by Mr Maurice Browne of a friend of mine from America and other material to present to you my quest in England. I understand that your syllabus for this season is complete. But it occurred to me if you are at all interested in any of the subjects perhaps you would care to include me in your forthcoming season, next autumn or winter. I am trying to obtain as many bookings as I can that would warrant my continued stay in my new country.

May I hope to hear from you at your earliest convenience?

Yours sincerely.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870925219

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 2, London [to Alfred] Döblin, [Paris] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p. ; 20 x 16 cm.

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London Feb. 2nd 36.

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Dear Mr Döblin.

Thank you for your letter. I am delighted to know that Gollancz is publishing your book *PARADISE WIRD NICHT GEBEN*. I hope it will have a large sale.

As to America, it is difficult to find a publisher if a work appears in England first. At any rate not until the book is on the market and has been well received by the critics. Another thing is that British publishers usually have contacts with their own colleagues in the States. I am sure Gollancz must have. And that makes it doubly difficult for an outsider to place an translation of a book. I would therefore suggest that you wait until your work has appeared and what Gollancz will do about the American rights.

I am sorry to hear that Knopf and the Viking have refused your novel. But there are other quite advanced publishing houses, Covfcl Friede, for instance, the Vanguard, Simon and Schuster, Coward Mc Cann and quite a lot more. But as I said it will be much easier for Gollancz to arrange an American edition than for an outside literary representative.

Indeed I know how deeply we living in exile appreciate every bit of kindly help. I have struggled for months to break through in this country. I cannot say I have been very successful. But one must keep up the good fight for its own sake more than the joy one gets out of it.

Cordially.

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881022091

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 2 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 1 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Feb. 2nd [1936]

Dearest Em

Nothing new here except that Emmy has been feeling much better for a few days. She says she'll write you again herself. I think, after all, that the Amer. Hosp. doctor was right. She must have some bend in her big intestines; when that creek gets straightened out, she feels better. And for that relaxing, simple diet etc is the best thing. The only thing, I guess.

I mentioned to you already, I think, that I had a letter from Kapp. Nothing special, except that he must have had a minute's time and felt he must write me. I wrote him and incidentally mentioned that I have not been well and that if he has any more money for me he should send it.

I wonder how your luncheon with Rebecca West came off. The artist Hannes Kramersmith I know. Met him with Senya when I was last in Paris, in Dec. 1934. I visited his exposition and his work seemed strong to me. Give him my regards.

Yes, Kapp mentions that he always asks people who go to France to "drop in" on me. Thus he asked also Breslaw. You probably remember that last summer I got in St. Tr. a wire from Paris from one Breslaw saying, in effect, "Drop in to see me as I leave in a day or two". The ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ war, at that, was delayed two days. They seem to think that St. Tr. is in the environs of Paris.

I enclose copy of the letter I sent to Mark re the Amsterdam Intern. I think that is enough of it.

By the way, another suit of pajamas came from Levey the other day. So that makes two suits, besides the one suit of underwear she sent me to St. Tr. and which was also received a few days ago. I'll write her.

To Ann Lord & I wrote some time ago but no reply. Poor thing, I am sure affairs are very poor with her.

Received a letter from Balab. from N.Y., which I'll send you as soon as I reply to it. I'll also send you some ad. she sent me about herself.

Well, dear, I hope that the rotten London gloom, in every way, may soon be pierced by some shaft of light. I realize what an awful up-hill job you have, particularly at the present stage of things. But I do hope things may change a little and that soon. It is most needed.

I embrace you, dearest girl.

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881022092

[Letter, 1936 Feb. 2, Nice to Emma Goldman, London (enclosure)] / A[lexander] B[erkman]. — 3 p. ; 25 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Nice, Jan. 31, 1936

Dear Mark,

I have received your letter of the 12th inst. in which you ask me to write to the Amsterdam Trade Unions International in the matter of securing aid from the N.Y. Labor Chest for the Anarchist and Anarcho-Syndicalist victims of governmental persecution.

Now, my dear Mark, I am sure that you know that I am always only too happy of an opportunity to help our martyrs of Fascism, whether the latter be black, brown or red. You know that the moment I was out of Russia (in December, 1921) I issued from Riga, together with comrades Emma Goldman and A. Shapiro, the first ~~public~~ public appeal in behalf of our imprisoned and exiled comrades in Russia. And you also know that ever since then I have worked, officially and unofficially, in the interests of our persecuted comrades in the various countries.

I am eager and anxious to continue to do whatever I can in this cause, but I cannot comply with your request in regard to the Amsterdam International.

!!!!!!!

Last December you asked me to write to Vladouk in the matter of the Labor Chest. I informed you at the time that I did not believe that we could induce the Labor Chest to comply with our request, however just and equitable they latter may be. But I knew Vladouk personally and I consider him a decent fellow; I knew various occasions on which he rose above narrow party considerations in the interests of justice and revolutionary ethics. I therefore decided to write to him, as per your request.

Vladouk replied that he could not do anything in the matter, as you know by this time. I forwarded to you a copy of my letter to Vladouk and also a copy of his reply.

After that came your letter of the 12th inst., referred to above. When I first received it, I got the impression that you wanted me to write to the Second International. It was of course a wrong impression, but I wondered how you could suggest to me such a peculiar idea. But you stated in your letter that you did so by request of a number of comrades and that the matter was important and vital. Still I felt that I could not address myself to the Second International, for it would be silly as well as useless.

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[Letter, 1936 Feb. 2, Nice to Emma Goldman, London (enclosure)] / A[lexander] B[erkman]. — 3 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Mark M. --2



However, desirous to try everything that may possibly be helpful to our persecuted comrades in prison and exile, I decided to write to Vandervelde, particularly because I knew him personally and because on a certain occasion (of which I cannot speak here) I found him willing to intercede for a persecuted Anarchist.

That my letter to Vandervelde may have greater weight and the desired success, I wanted to write it in the name of one of our organizations. The proper organization in that connection is of course the International Working Men's Association under whose auspices our Relief Fund does its work.

I therefore communicated with Comrade A. Shapiro, one of the I.W.M.A. secretaries, to secure the I.W.M.A. authorization. Here is the verbatim reply I received from A. S.:

"First of all, it is not the Second International that you are asked to write to, but the so-called (formerly) Amsterdam International (its full name: International Federation of Trade Unions; 1, rue d'Orsay, Paris). It has, therefore, nothing to do with Vandervelde.

The I.W.M.A. cannot, and has refused to, apply to this International. It would be as ridiculous if we would apply, say, to the MOER for helping our Italian or other prisoners.... So much the worse for our American comrades who have collected funds for the Labor Chest. And, of course, the IWMA could not empower anyone to write on its behalf. Besides, that International knows quite well the IWMA, and would not understand anyone writing on its behalf without the official seal, as it were.

You are quite right as to the effect of a refusal. And the IWMA, -- matters of principle being set aside -- would not like to write any letters in the expectation of a refusal.... Just to please our New York comrades who need such refusal for their agitation. It would be much more logical if they would formally declare their withdrawal from collections on behalf of the Labor Chest, because of the one-sided manner in which it distributes funds, and start, henceforth, collecting money for the IWMA funds."

Now, my dear Mark and comrades in whose name Mark made his request to me, in view of the above you will understand why I must refuse your suggestion to write to the International Federation of Trade Unions.

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[Letter, 1936 Feb. 2, Nice to Emma Goldman, London (enclosure)] / A[lexander] B[erkman]. — 3 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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Mark M. -- 3

Before I conclude, however, I want to make a ~~strong~~ certain proposition to you in the interests of our comrades persecuted by reaction in every country including Russia.

I do not think that you have the least chance of securing any funds from the Labor Chest, and I base my opinion on our previous year-long experience. I also think that it is ridiculous to write requests which you know beforehand will be refused. Such things are not only silly but harmful as well.

My proposition therefore is: Organize a number of small but efficient committees to visit the various progressive and radical labor unions in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other large industrial cities. Let these committees make a systematic canvass of the radical Jewish unions as well as of the more liberal English-speaking labor bodies. Explain to them that the funds our people have helped to raise for the Labor Chest are withheld from the Anarchist victims of reaction, and collect aid specifically for the Anarchist and Anarcho-Syndicalist prisoners and exiles.

For this purpose a special credential from the I.W.O.A. might be useful to you, and I believe that Mark could secure such a credential through A. Shapiro, with whom I know him to be in contact.

If you think that a personal letter from me addressed to the labor bodies might aid your efforts in this direction, then I should certainly be glad to supply you with such a letter. I also believe that, if you so wished, I could have Comrade Emma Goldman add her signature to my letter.

I am sure that a thorough and energetic campaign in the unions would bring better results --- and would, moreover, be more in keeping with our ideas and methods --- than vain bickering with the Labor Chest.

Fraternally,

101, Bd. de Cessole
Nice (A.M.) France

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter] 1936 Feb. 2, Scarboro Bluffs [Canada to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Dorothy [Rogers].— 2 p.; 26 x 21 cm.
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Chine Drive
Scarboro Bluffs
Ontario.

Feb. 2nd. 1936

Dearest Emma;

At long last I am able to write to you of the outcome of our E.G.FUND. meeting. It did not take place until last Thursday and Friday, as even our humble activities were effected by the death of King George. Meetings that had been scheduled for the 29th. were, of course cancelled, and called again for the night we were to have met. Naturally, we were involved but some of those whom we hoped would attend, were. As it turned out we might as well have proceeded on the first night named, for last Thursday night only Mrs Barrett, Dein and myself were present. It was a very cold night and the Seltzer's car wouldn't go, Mr. Steinberg was in Montreal, Mrs. Steinberg in bed, the Langbords couldn't come and the Nesbitts have gone to Florida. However the three of us had a very good time. Mrs Barrett is very sensible and one to be depended upon. Dein and I spent Friday afternoon with Mrs Laddan. The bare facts rising out of all this talk ~~is~~ are theses. Unless, and until we have at least \$300.00 in the fund we would not ask you to come to Canada. We feel that a tour of largest towns would be successful, but distances being so great the expenses of such a tour would be enormous (you know all about that dear), and for your sake we must have everything very definitely organized before we ask you to leave the comparative safety of Europe. The mentality of Toronto seems to be such, at present anyway, that they will attend one lecture by one outstanding person (it doesn't matter who it is), and then their interest is at an end. Which seems to point out that the interest is in the personality and not so much in what they may have to say. Mrs. Laddan hopes that you will be able to write your book yet. She says that such a book would be received with great interest and she knows that you could write it as nobody else could. We intend to carry on with the fund, for whether you come back here or not you will need all that we can do and more in order to carry on. I think, personally, that our chief difficulty lies in the fact that we have to rely, financially on people who are not the least interested in the cause. They don't understand that it would be a privilege to make some small part in bringing you to the people at large. They don't seem to understand your greatness of heart and mind and that you can't be expected to do as they think ~~is~~ you should.

Parting it breaks my heart to have to write to you like this, but I cannot do otherwise. If I only had a little bit of money myself, I should feel like telling the whole blasted lot of them to go to hell. I feel better now that explosion is over. The E.G. Fund is functioning in Toronto only. I have written repeatedly to Hamilton and Montreal, but have received no reply. Ben is willing and eager to make contacts with view to lectures in Vancouver (he is at present in the USA) but I shall have to tell him to wait a while at least.

I hope you are continuing to draw sympathetic audiences. Sympathy, goes a long way to making poor financial returns bearable. Then too you have intellectual companionship in England and comradeship. There again Canada falls down. There is no intellectual life here for you. We were nothing but a drain on your spiritual being. No wonder you were exhausted last spring. I can only marvel that you stood it for so long as you did. I am just beginning to appreciate all that you were doing for us (and

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter] 1936 Feb. 2, Scarboro Bluffs [Canada] to Emma [Goldman, London] / Dorothy [Rogers]. — 2 p.; 26 × 21 cm.
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myself in particular) and all that you must have gone through.

The group seems to have a little more life at present, but not nearly as much as I should like to see. What we need are speakers. I hope to develop into one myself and to that end I am studying as much as I can. I have been attending a class on the history of society ~~XXX~~ taken by Bill Moriarty. He is of course a Marxist, but he is not a fanatic. He belongs to the right wing communist opposition which now finds itself in some respects more left than the official party. He teaches of course the material conception of history and I can go with him there too up to a point. He lectures very well making his teaching bear always on present happenings and his analysis of the same seems to be very sound. In many things of course, as an anarchist, I differ and before the classes are ended I think that I shall have an opportunity to say so. He is devoting some lessons to public speaking in which we are to give our version of what he has been trying to teach. These classes have been conducted in a school in East York and all Moriarty gets out of it is his carfare. I have been studying Kropotkin's "Great French Revolution" for some three weeks now (at Moriarty's suggestion) and am getting quite a lot out of it. Is there a history of the Russian revolution to compare with it? Anna Louise Strong was in Toronto last week, but her very favourable views on the Soviet Union were spoilt a bit by the fact that the week before the wife of a discredited communist official, herself escaped from exile in Siberia, had given her personal experiences under the Bolshevik regime.

I am enclosing a couple of clippings that I thought might interest you also a copy of the manifesto put out by a few organizations in Toronto. It is not by any means as good as the one we put out when you were here, but our influence is apparent. It would have been a very weak affair if we had had no part in it. In fact I am afraid that we have rather frightened some of the original instigators for they do not keep us informed of their very modest doings. However I am going to write to the secretary this week and try to wake them up again. Out of our dealings with this second anti-war conference, has arisen a clearer view on anarchism among ~~XXX~~ some of the active radicals in Toronto, especially the younger ones. From thinking that the anarchists are a bunch of reactionaries, they are beginning to think that we are "ultra-revolutionary". Do you think that we shall ever have an active anarchist movement in Canada? Darling if you see any of the Freedom people will you please tell them that we know that our subscription is over-due, but that we are hoping to make some money at our affair on the 15th. and we then intend to spread some around to the different publications. Also I wonder if among their literature they have any one-act revolutionary plays that would be suitable for production by a small group. I have received a group of five from the Commonwealth college, Mena, Arkansas, but I would like some ~~XXXX~~ more.

The group is meeting this afternoon and rehearsing a little act for the fifteenth, so I must close now. I will write again soon.

yours devotedly,

Dorothy

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881023160

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 2 [Nice to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].—
3 p.; 25 x 19 cm.

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February second, 1936

B.

Emma, my dear Emma --

Wurrah!!!! I am so much better - so much, that I feel like somebody come back to life after he was dead for a long time....

And I am sure -- your letters, the affection in it I am craving for -- made me better and are the cause of my present condition.

Can I, may I tell you, Emma that I am unable to express this feeling -- being well again --- I gave up already. I had an attack of the kind I never knew before - for uninterruptedly 2 month, day night. Well, done with it, this time again and I you should see how full I eat. No bread at all. Only legumes, compotes, no meat at all ... And I got already fatter, dear, it was high time too. Yee, Emma, I do eat many tomatoes. Thanks to you for your advices, and first of all: The letters, proving to me that there is doubtless within your heart a love for me, which I doubt so often and makes me so miserable. Well, Emma darling.

Now, I did not spend this time one single cent for my idiotic belly. My doctor never takes a cent. Yes, he did give me medicines, about for 60 Francs, but I did not have them made, I only told him I DID, but I knew, that all that will not help if inside something will give in. Then --- to forget about the damn hospitals, do you realize, Emma, how overwhelmed with joy I am? To be just well again -- to forget about the whole business von wegen have to rush to Paris to spend sums for the doctore.....

I want to tell you, Emma, dearest, that I was very very energetic this time. I was in bed, yes, half days, because however I felt, the household was done, and Sasha had fine food and good things, and his care. I would never forgive me otherwise. NOW- it is NOW that I am so glad I did so.

Well, and in the time I was in bed, I worked also --- you will get a little parcel in the same time with this letter. And you will judge yourself.

Emma, dear, you are brave, indeed. Now we know that, Sasha and I. He admires you very, very much. He often shakes his head saying: "Emma is a wonder, really". And for him to say that, you know, Sasha is not given to admiration easily.

I read that you will have finished by end of March. That is not a good sign, dear. It means you have no other appointments. Surely it is discouraging.....

You know, Emma, I know that I am a damn fool, but I want you to remember that, if there is a change that you and Sasha should spend a few weeks in Paris together, I would be so happy. Just to tell you that, dear. You see, if there has to be found money for my idiotic sickness, why, there will be easily to

be found so much less to have a rest for you and Sasha. If Kapp has money, why not take it and you both have a well deserved holiday in Paris. I think that would be such a fine idea, dearest friend Emma. I, or my part, could be very happy. And here,

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[Letter] 1936 Feb. 2 [Nice to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein]. —
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I would have a quiet reasonable life, read, work in the house,
and prepare for the birth of you "Ben Duprit".
What do you think about it, dear?

Well, Mentschka, I am happy, happy, you have no idea, that I have
no vein. And you no trouble about the damn hospitals....

Now, darling, do not write me ANYTHING about this Paris business,
our Sasha gets very wild whenever I start with "Verschlagen,"
independent of what he wants or not. I leave that all to you,
and of course, should there be a question of his going there,
I can so well influence him for the "needed change of intellectual
exchange, etc etc".

Now, dear, I must close..... will cook and then we will eat
soon lunch. I thank you once more for your lovely letters, dearest
Emma, and I am sure they added a great deal to my betterment.
It is astonishing how I depend on affection, probably, through
my physical condition to an unnatural extent.... I see that,
but it is so.

I kiss you tenderly your thankful

I.S.

You should have always Orhenklingen, Sasha talks always of
you and so do I. You don't write very often, dear.

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[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 3, London [to] Jo[seph Goldman? Chicago?] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p.; 25 x 20 cm.

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London Feb. 3rd 36.

Dear Joe.

Thanks for your letter of Jan 10th. It came weeks later after Bob Powell's visit. It was funny how we came to meet. An I.L.P woman in Plymouth when I was there Dec 7th to 14th spoke to me of two Americans who told her they knew me. As their names were unfamiliar to me I thought they were like so many who have claimed to know me and be my most closest friends. Miss Kate Spurrill, the member of the Independent Party gave me the address in London of Mr Bob Powell and a Miss Abbey Riley. I wrote to them on my return from Plymouth and asked them to come to tea which they did. It developed that Miss Riley is a Rochester woman, knew my nephew who was killed in the war and another nephew, a conscientious objector. And that she had heard me speak at the City Club in Rochester. Powell knew all about me from his friends at the Madison University. I liked both my visitors very much. They seemed so vital in comparison with those most English people I have met who freeze ones blood. Unfortunately, my visitors could not stay long and so there was no chance of talking about anarchism. Mrs. Riley sailed back the 18th of last month. Bob Powell is in South Wales where I hope to find him when I get there early in March.

I am trying to kill two flies with one stroke. Thelma's letter was so interesting I decided to answer it at once and to send it along with yours. Also a lot of stuff about my doings here which you will please read and send on to Thelma together with my letter.

You will see by the statement I have written to save my energie in repeating the same story what I was about here. Since I wrote it the Plymouth drama group fell down on the job. And as the money and was to come from these people it is quite a shock to be let down. I am of course going to Plymouth anyhow. Our comrades, the best in England are arranging some lectures. But the poverty of all our comrades is so great it is impossible to ask them for payment of lectures. It is the same among the British workers everywhere. You can imagine the poverty when I will tell you that some of the Labor colleges in South Wales I am to talk to wrote they could not afford more than 10 shillings for a lecture. Under such circumstances it is out of the question to hope even for the most frugal living. Yet I feel England is the place on which I should concentrate. The question is how to live when meetings do not bring anything. My postage alone comes to about \$3 a week. Yet I must keep it up because my correspondence is the only link left me with America. Well, just now I am still at a loss what to do. I have some dates that will keep me busy until the middle of April. Then I will return to St Tropez for four or five months. If during that time I can get advance engagements for next autumn I will come back to England to continue the work I began since I arrived. I feel certain that this country is a more fertile soil than Canada. And since the struggle there was no less hard and the spectre of expulsion ever over me I might as well continue here. Especially as I am in no mood for doing a book now. anyhow I do not intend to

The Emma Goldman Papers

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to despair easily.

I am so glad Rudolf's meetings in Chicago were successful. I had a letter from him last week he seemed to be in a more cheerful mood. I wonder what will happen when his visa expires. It makes me shiver when I think he may have to get out of America. Europe is in an awful state and there is hardly a country where one can go. I dare say England would give him a visa but whether they will let him stay permanently is dubious. I do hope Roger Baldwin will try again and leave no stone unturned to get Rudolf's visa extended. I have written Roger urging him to try hard. After all Wash cannot send him back to Germany. This should be the main plea.

Rudolf was also cheerier about his MSS. He writes it is nearly translated and that there are five hundred advanced subscribers. With such a security it ought not to be difficult to find a good publisher. Anyway the work has Sasha's and my best wishes.

Give my love to your family, fraternal greetings to the comrades.

Affectionately

Of course you can also read my letter to Thelma.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860715013

[Letter, 1936] Feb. 3, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / George [Seldes]. —
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Feb 3

Dear Emma:

I rush you this note to catch the boat.

I asked Barker to mail you a copy of Sawdust Caesar. Meanwhile find he mailed all my six copies here. I am writing him therefore to find out. At any rate you will get your copy soon. You will see that there is a chapter of about 1000 words on Dr. Balabanoff. Of this chapter I quoted 300 words from the material she wrote out for me. The other 700 words are from an article in the French monthly "L'Europe" and from her book published in Germany.

You will note that I give her full credit for the material.

As for Gollanz turning ~~the~~ her book down on account of repetition, the fact, as I learn from Barker, is this: Barker took my Mss. to Gollanz and Gollanz decided to go in with him in the promotion of my book. He therefore was not interested in any other biography of Mussolini.

To go back to the beginning: In 1931 or 1932 I asked Dr. Balabanoff to write out some material for a magazine article which I was sure I could sell at once and for a high price. I wrote the article, "Three Dictators Called Her Comrade" and sent it to my agent who thought she could get from \$300 to \$500 for it. I had intended giving this entire sum to Dr. Balabanoff in return for the use of a small amount of Mussolini in my book.

The magazine article is still going the rounds.

OVERLOOKING BEAUTIFUL GRAMERCY PARK

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860715013

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If it is sold I will turn the check over to her. The book, as you know, was suppressed, and now comes out ahead of the magazine article. I am therefore using 300 words of the magazine article in the book ahead of magazine publication.

To conclude: If the magazine article is sold I will, as I have always intended, pay the amount to her. If it cannot be sold, I will pay her for the few words I have used.

I saw her the other day and she seemed to be under the impression that I had done her wrong. Especially in that some publisher in London had turned down her book in the belief that its whole contents were incorporated in mine. I cannot get her to believe otherwise. After all, my book is 180,000 words and I assure you that outside of page 38 and the first two paragraphs on page 39 there is nothing of hers in my book. And 38 and 39 are acknowledged. Of course it is possible that no publisher will publish any biography of M. — in view of my having done so, but that is a matter which has nothing to do with the case.

I tried to tell her that my publication in no way infringed on her material, as I had used only 300 words of it in my book (although the magazine article of 5000 words is about 3500% hers, but she would not believe me. She said I had ruined all prospects of her selling her books.

The next morning Harpers called me up to ask my advice on buying her memoirs. I told them they should by all means, and that if necessary I would help in putting them into shape. I hope she sells the book, and I hope that the magazine article will now sell.

I do not know if it will be worth your while explaining this matter as I have been unable to do so. I am writing you this because I was shocked by the fact that you could even for a moment harbor a suspicion against me.

George

The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter] 1936 Feb. 3, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Ernest Thurtle. —
1 p. ; 29 x 21 cm.

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FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

R.ET/LD/18/3

3rd February, 1936

Miss Emma Goldman
20 Beechcroft Court
N.W.11

Dear Miss Goldman,

Thank you for your letter of the
2nd instant with enclosures. It is quite likely that
my Committee would be glad to have you lecture at Conway
Hall next winter. Unfortunately, however, the Committee
will not be meeting for some months in order to settle next
year's programme, so that I cannot say anything definite
to you at present.

I shall be glad to put your particulars
before the Committee when it does meet, and, if this is
not too late, to communicate with you at any address
you may care to let me have for this purpose.

Yours sincerely,

Ernest Thurtle
General Secretary

The Emma Goldman Papers

870927102

[Letter, 193]6 Feb. 4, London [to] Libby [Luskin, Englewood, N.J. (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.
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London Feb. 4th 16.

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Dear Libby. I had hoped my quest in England to find a footing would at least give me a meagre living so that I would not have to turn to you again. But it is not to be. After months of super human effort and exhausting labor I am no near my goal than when I came here last Nov. As I stated in the inclosed letter I do see a bit more light than in my previous visits. But it will mean far more time than one in my age can spare. And it will need some security for subsistence to establish myself in England. It is worse than pulling teeth to break through the British reserve and traditions what is and what is not done. So you see my dear, it is not out of joy but out of necessity that I must ~~again~~ remind you once more of your promise to try hard to send me some money. It was in your letter of June 17th that you inclosed a money order for \$30. You did say that some months you are too short to keep up the amount. But here it is Feb, eight months since I heard from you and yet no word. I must ask you therefore to make an effort to let me have another instalment. By the way, I take it that you or your husband have kept an account of what had been returned to me from the \$500 still due me. For I have not, which should prove to you that I have all the confidence in the world in you even though it has been years since you had promised to let me have monthly payments.

The inclose will tell you of my struggle. Also the copies of letters may interest you. As you will see I am given plenty of "glory". But nothing else.

I hope you and your family are well. Please, Please Libby do try hard to let me have some money. I am very much in need of it. with my old friendship.

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870927102

[Letter, 193]6 Feb. 4, London [to] Libby [Luskin, Englewood, N.J. (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.
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on you. All days of my life! And now are you still the same? I
was sure that you were not well. Tell me when you
are well.
The latest news from Moe came yesterday. The family had
gathered at Moe and Babale June 26th, the day before my
sixty sixth birthday. So they all wrote a family birthday letter
to Moe among them. It was wonderful to get word from him in his own
handwriting. I can't tell you how awful I felt to leave the Am
Continent. Even Canada did not feel quite so removed from
Moe. Hermann's death quite unnerved me and to leave Moe behind
so uncertain in his health was sheer torture. Now my beloved
brother is doing so much better. It seems a miracle.
Goodby dear Mitty Libby and thank you
again.

Affectionately

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022093

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 4, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].—
2 p.; 24 × 18 cm.

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Nice, Feb. 4th, 36

Dearest Em, how are you this morning? The sun is shining a bit here today, and it feels as if spring is making an attempt to break through. I hope that the weather in London, too, will soon improve. It must be pretty fierce there with those eternal gray days, the dampness, fog, and now that drab atmosphere of royal troubles.

I have your letter of the 31 Jan. Well, at least you will have a little spell now till the 16th, and I hope you can rest up a bit. Of course I know you must have a lot of correspondence, so there is no danger of your being idle.

The letter of Button is interesting. Now and then one does find some such people, though it does not happen very often. But his letter sounds as that of a sincere and earnest man who is not given to empty talk. I do hope that finding this man may help considerably with your work. I am returning here his letter.

The letters from Powys are also good and ought to help. Yes, I saw he put in "philos. An." Even if Powys himself perhaps has the correct idea about you, no doubt thought it "practical and useful" to put in that stuff about philos. An. It is all right, since it is his letter. But when you happen to see him again, ask him if he really believes in that double kind of the An. philosophy. I wonder whether he really does.

No, I had not heard before of the death of Dr. Robinson. And strange to say, for a couple of months I did not get his "Criticism and Guide", but a few days ago a ~~sumbax~~ copy arrived, just about the time when you wrote me that he is dead. And it is the last copy he issued, evidently. He was not ~~personally~~ a very pleasant personality, but he was always consistent and remained to the last true to his views, and incidentally he was one of the few who saw things clearly in Russia and had the courage to speak of it plainly.

As to the Makhno sketch, no, dear, it is hardly worth while bothering about it. I don't think any film man would be interested in it, though there is stuff in it for an interesting picture. But now particularly they are doing mostly old novel stuff and also so-called historic films. Most of it is Dreck, but you know, as Henry Alsberg says, "that's the way they like it".

Yes, I was glad to read Rudolf's letter. He seems to have regained some confidence now that the book will find a publisher. I hope so. In fact, with a preface by a man like Prof. Chase, the book stands a very good chance. He does not say anything whether the original translation of James is to be reworked, but if Chase finds it all right, then it must be good. Anyhow I hope it will soon be out and it may prove some income to dear R. He surely needs it.

You do not need to worry about Emmy, dear. There has come a sudden change and she really feels very good now, for several days already. I should not be surprised, as I wrote before, that her trouble is some crook in the intestines, and when that gets straightened then she is all right. Anyhow now she is OK, full of energy again and eager to work and is altogether a new man.

By the way, dear, her illness involved some extra expenses, even though that her doctor is gratis. So yesterday I had to make out your check and cashed it at the Amexco. It is for 500 fr. and I hope that it will be OK. Have you heard from the Seligm. yet re your dollar account? Incidentally, by some trick

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881022093

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 4, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p.; 24 x 18 cm.

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of my pen, I dated the check Dec. 1, instead of Feb., as I had meant to. When I noticed it, it was too late to change. But I think it makes no difference.

In general, Nice is by no means a cheap city to live in. The former talk about reducing the cost of living, as the Gov't claimed, has proved a fake. In fact, it is as dear as ever and even may be a little dearer. We economize here as much as we can, yet during the month of January our expenses amounted to two thousand francs, outside of rent. That is an awful lot. Of course there were many extra expenses, but then there are always so extra and unforeseen expenses. Thus Emmy had to renew her identity card and now it costs 160 fr. instead of 100 as formerly. But it is good for 3 years now. Then those things Levey sent cost me altogether almost 100 fr. Then some medicines, etc. and a couple of weeks ago I had another extra expense of 200 fr. Imagine for what? Well, you'll never guess. It was for a belt for me, for the abdomen, a regular corset. I had some pains below the ribs, on the left side, so I went to Dr. Rosanoff. He found my heart condition much better, but there were indications of incipient rupture. Nothing very serious, but he prescribed a certain kind of belt that had to be made to order. In other words, an expense of 200 fr!

Nice thing for me at my "age of maturity" to go around clad in a corset! You'd laugh to see me in it -- I walk as straight as a German lieutenant of the time of the great Wilhelm! But it has helped me and the pains have practically disappeared and so I am all OK again. Of course I wear the thing only in the daytime, while at night I put on just an ordinary large bandage. Pretty soon I will not need the bandage any more.

I wonder what has become of Modaka. I kind of feel that he may be ill again. He has not answered several letters that I had written him.

Here comes the unexpected. Received a letter from the Phil. group. They had a social for my birthday and they write it was a success and that they are sending me a little gift of \$40. Well, that is awfully nice of them, don't you think?

About Kapp I wrote you already that I suggested to him to ~~make~~ send me the money.

By the way, Mark writes that they will have some articles about Most in the March issue of the F.A.S., and he asked me to write some reminiscences. But I am really not in the mood for writing anything. And then -- I don't want to revive that thing of Most's attitude to me in 1892, and how could I write without speaking of it? In my preface to Rucker's book on Most I avoided the subject, but there it was just a general appreciation of the man and his work. But in a reminiscence I can hardly avoid it, because reminiscences should be of a personal character, necessarily. What do you think, dear?

Just received 2 packages of printed matter from you. All OK. -- Scully sends me copies of the Epic News, Sinclair's paper in Calif. Scully has a column there, his usual stuff. But I understand he had more operations and is even now in the hospital. He has certainly extraordinary courage in suffering physical pain. Some one described in the paper how he stood an operation when the doctors could not give him any anaesthetic, and how soon afterwards he started to write his weekly article and made fun of the operation. His condition is really terrible, I think, rotten all through -- yet he survives and seems to earn enough for wife and two children. Much HE needed children, really criminal.

I am glad Senion is better. That is an interesting thing he told you about the Forward and Losovsky, and that cable. Such is life, dear. One must always go his own way. Enough for today. E. sends love, busy in house. I embrace you.

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439

The Emma Goldman Papers

880206041

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 5, London [to Emma] Goldman, [London] / Florence I. Tutt. —
1 p. ; 28 × 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

JOHN O'LONDON'S LITERARY CIRCLE

23093

LONDON CENTRE (FOUNDED 1910)

Hon. President: MR. WILFRED WHITTEN (John O'London)

Acting President: MR. G. ELLIOT ANSTRUTHER

Vice-President: MR. E. C. ROSS

Hon. Secretary: Miss FLORENCE I. TUTT
44 Undercliff Road, Lewisham, S.E.13

Hon. Treasurer: MR. WALTER R. S. COFFEY
35 Lorrimore Square, Walworth, S.E.17

5th Feb. '36.

Dear Miss Goldman,

Thank you for your letter with interesting enclosures. I should be only too happy to ask you to fill a date late 1936 or early 1937 if I were in a position to offer you a fee. Unhappily - like most of those who form literary groups our finances are usually at vanishing point, and we therefore have to rely on the generosity of speakers who come to us.

If, in the circumstances, your engagements would permit you to address our Circle, I should be only too pleased to suggest a date to you when making up our next programme late May.

Yours sincerely,

Florence I. Tutt

Hon. Secretary.

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029161

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 5, London [to] E[mma] Goldman, [London] / C.W. Daniel. — 1 p.; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4202

THE C. W. DANIEL COMPANY
(C. W. DANIEL, D. M. WALSHMAN)
LTD.
46 Bernard Street, London, W.C.1
(Opposite Russell Square Tube Station)

Telephone
Terminus
4691



Telegrams
Oprodan (Phone)
London

5th. February, 1936.

Mrs. L. Colton,
20, Beechcroft Court,
N.W.11.

Dear Miss Goldman,

Our shippers have quoted us approximately as follows:-

100 copies (say 200 lbs weight) to New York, £22.5.0
50 copies (say, 100 lbs weight) to Chicago, £12.4.0

This includes packing but does not include insurance (which is only a few shillings) or customs which can only be dealt with on the other side.

In the case of the 100 books there is no doubt that this is by far the cheapest method of sending. It works out roughly at 6d per copy whereas the postage alone would be 9d per copy apart from the labour and time in packing.

Even in the case of 50 books there is a saving of about 8/6 because whereas the postage only would amount to £11.17.6 there is the cost of labour and time in packing - paper, string and about 4-5 hours of one man's time which works out at least 3d per packet. This has been verified by reference to the last occasion on which practically the same work has been done.

Our shippers who, as they say, have quoted a low figure have done so for payment this end. The charge for sending freightage forward would be higher and you, as the sender, would still be held responsible for payment.

The reason why the 50 copies will cost so much for shipping is partly on account of the longer distance.

In view of the fact that you are the sender and not ourselves (to effect ~~an~~ undoubted saving on customs' charges) you will have to deal with Pitt and Scott, the shippers, and give them the necessary invoices, which as I promised would be typed on plain paper here for you.

Yours sincerely,

C. W. Daniel

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441

The Emma Goldman Papers

880206046

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 6, London [to A.L. Williams, Cardiff, Wales] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

23099

20, Beechcroft Court London, N.W.11.

Feb. 6th 36.

Dear Comrade.

Comrade Barr sent me your letter to him of the 4th inst. as it means much loss of time sending letters back and forth I am taking the liberty to write you direct. I am frightfully sorry over the mix up of dates caused by people in Plymouth. They were to have me for a series of drama talks during the first three weeks of this month. then kept me in suspense for a month only to write finally that they could not arrange the ~~xxx~~ series this season. It was because of them that I asked comrad Barr to give you for the N.C.L.C. the first week in March. Needless to say I feel most disappointed that the classes who had wanted me to speak for them are unable to have me during the first week next month.

You ask comrade Barr whether he thinks it advisable for me to come only for two lectures. That is not the question dear comrade. more important is whether your class can undertake the entire expence. as far as I am concerned I should like to come anyhow simply to meet the comrades of your class and also to give them a chance to hear me. But I do not feel justified in burdening you in any way. It were different if I had means of my own. This I have not. I am therefore compelled to ask for fees and rail expences. That means your class would have to stand the brunt.

The Emma Goldman Papers

880206046

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 6, London [to A.L. Williams, Cardiff, Wales] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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2.

23100

However, I have another proposition to make. It is this; I could give you for the classes who wanted me the last two weeks or ten days in March, or the beginning of April if it does not run into Easter. I have no idea when Easter comes this year. But you will know. Do you think the comrades who had expressed interest in my coming would be willing to have me then? I will have to know definitely almost immediately because the League of Youth in SOUTHEND for whom I spoke the 19th of last month want me again for 2 additional lectures in March. If the end of March or early April would suit you and the other comrades I would give SOUTHEND the first part in March. I therefore ask you to please get in touch with the classes you had approached and write me as quickly as possible. If this does not meet with the approval of the others write me if you want me to come for just two lectures as previously arranged the first week in March.

I am so sorry to cause you so much labor to bring me to South Wales. I appreciate your efforts more than I can express. I only hope it can yet be arranged for me to cover more than one class when I might make up to you with my lecture work for your ~~solidarity~~ solidarity and ~~my~~ comradeship.

Fraternally.

The Emma Goldman Papers

880206118

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 6, Kilmarnock [Scotland to] Emma Goldman, Nice / R.E. Armitt. — 1 p. ; 23 × 14 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

23180

THE GREEN ROOM CLUB

27 Portland Road,
KILMARNOCK.
2/6/36.

Miss Emma Goldman,
c/o The American Express Co.,
2 rue du Congrès,
NICE A.M. France.

Dear Miss Goldman,

Thanks for your letter of May
29th. It is good of you to offer to come and
give us a talk. The trouble is that I am afraid
we could not afford to have you, even at your most
modest fee. We are an extremely small group, and,
like all clubs of this type, we are extremely poor.

Sorry we shall not have the pleasure
of hearing you.

Yours faithfully,


R. E. ARMITT
Hon. Secretary.

The Emma Goldman Papers

880207170

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 6, New York [to] Emma G[oldman], London / Roger Baldwin. —
1 p. ; 30 x 22 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

24680

ROGER N. BALDWIN

31 Union Square West,
New York, Feb. 6, 1936

Mrs. E. G. Colton,
c/o Mrs. I. Koldofsky,
20 Beechcroft Court,
London N.W.11, England.

Dear Emma:

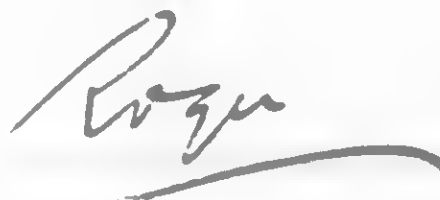
Thanks so much for yours of January 10th. I think our friend Angelica is getting on pretty well, although I have had a chance to see her only a little since I gave her a reception. I have been out of town a good deal, and I shall be away most of this month. She seems to be in good hands. Note the enclosed. The Italians are keeping right after her.

I know that she or her friends took up with George Seldes the use of her material. I am glad you did so. He is a square enough fellow to make amends.

I am not going to argue Soviet Russia with you. I am willing to admit almost anything you have to say about it. But I shall maintain that among the evils we have to choose in this world, this is far less and its future more promising than any of the other evils that I confront.

I hope your affairs in England are going better. You are wrong about Brockway. I think you will find him receptive, and he is by no means silent on Soviet oppression. I think he has spoken up, as I have, even recently.

Yours,



RNB:BD
Enc. 1

The Emma Goldman Papers

880206087

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 6, Liverpool [England to] Emma Goldman, [London] / [Carolyn? Gibbs?]. — 1 p. ; 28 x 23 cm.
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23148

LIVERPOOL



BLUECOAT CHAMBERS,
SCHOOL LANE, LIVERPOOL, 1

TELEPHONE :
ROYAL 799

PLAYGOERS' CLUB

2. 6. '36

Mrs Emma Goldman.

Dear Madam,

In your letter to the Playgoers Society, I think you were confusing us with the old Playhouse Circle which has since disbanded. We ourselves could not deal with such a lecture as you propose, but we should be glad to hand your letter on to the Liverpool Amateur Theatre Federation, whose functions might well include it. I hope, therefore, that you will hear direct from them in this matter. Looking you all success in your coming English visit,

Yours,

Yours faithfully,

Carolyn Gibbs

Hon. Secretary.

The Emma Goldman Papers

880206044

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 7, London [to] Ernest Thurtle, London / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 28 x 21 cm.
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23097

Telephone Speedwell, 7135.

20, Beechcroft Court

London N.W. 11
Feb. 7th 36.

Mr Ernest Thurtle.
The Rational Press Ass.
No. 4.5. & 6. Johnson Court
Fleet Street
London, E.C. 4.

Dear Mr Thurtle.

Thanks a lot for your prompt reply. I am delighted to know that you are willing to submit my name to your Committee for possible lecture dates. It will be time enough when your Committee meets to decide your winters schedule. It happens that I shall still be here until the end of April. Perhaps your Committee will meet by that time. If not, perhaps you will be good enough to let me know to my Paris address which will be c/o The American Express Co. 11, rue Scribe, Paris, France.

I would like to add a few subjects to the list sent you. HITLER AND THE FORCES THAT BROUGHT HIM ABOUT, and THE COLLAPSE OF GERMAN CULTURE.

Until the end of April my address continues as above.

Yours sincerely.

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029059

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 7, London [to Frances] Briggs, [London] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Telephone Speedwell 71 35.

20, Beechcroft Court N.W.11.
London Feb. 7th 36.

Dear Miss Briggs.

You have no idea how you have bucked me up.

No, I am not building castles in the air. My struggle in England to get a footing has been so hard and bitter, and my disappointments so many that I am not easily carried away. But to meet anybody who demonstrates warm human interest is already an event in this country where most people are so frigid. What ever will come of your suggestions I shall always remember your kindness.

I inclose a few things that may be of help should you see the professor you mentioned. Also it will give your advertising man and idea how do word the slip you have suggested. Anything else that might occur to you I will gladly follow up. Just let me know.

Cordially.

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029162

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 7, London [to C.W.] Daniel, [London] / [Emma Goldman].—
4 p.; 25 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Telephone Speedwell 71 35.

20, Beechcroft Court N.W.11.

London Feb. 7th 36.

Dear Mr Daniel. You see to be almost as busy as I am. I only hope your results are better. First, I should like very much to know, if I may your talk with our mutual friends Tom and Maude Sweetlove. Did they suggest anything which might help my quest to gain ground in this blood freezing country? I confess it does not look very encouraging to me. True, I found just a trifle more interest than on my previous visits, but certainly not enough to cover my postage and fares in the city let alone a living. Yet I feel I must not give up since England is the only place left where one may still feel a human being and not inanimate matter to be kicked about from pillar to post.

Your idea of an E.G. publication fund would be fine if I were not so dubious about the success of a magazine until I have gathered a group of people large enough to back such a venture. You know yourself that no publication can hope to pay for itself without advertisements. even in the States Mother Earth was maintained for nearly 13 years by my yearly tours all over the U.S.. I feel sure it would have to be done here as well. Now unless I have established myself on the lecture field first a publication would be doomed to failure from the very start even if it began with some capital. In other words it seems to me that lectures must come before. Do you think an E.G. lecture fund would appeal? I am asking because a new admirer of my work of whom I have spoken to you seems to be in real earnest to help to the best of his means. I do not believe that his means will go very far. But

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2

4204

Now about the Berkman book. The shipping is of course awfully high. But I will have to send the hundred copies to New York that way although I am doubtful whether I will ever recover the amount given by the shipping company. I could not do it with the Chicago and Los Angeles lot because it would mean an additional expense from Chicago to Los Angeles and considerable labor for the party to whom I would have to send the box. So I have decided to let the 25 copies to Chicago, and the 25 to Los Angeles go in individual copies to different addresses. Of course that would mean the cost of wrapping. But on the other hand it would save on the postage. On a separate slip you will find the names and addresses who are to receive a copy each, say three times a week, I really believe it would pay even for the New York copies because it would do away with the customs bother and expense. However, it will take too much time to ship 100 copies to individual addresses though I have seven or eight names to whom books could be mailed. Anyhow the hundred for Mr M. BLUESTEIN c/o THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES GARMENT WORKERS UNION ~~for~~

232 West 40th St. New York City
New York

sent by the shipping company 444 was 12-29-74 at 10:00

450

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029162

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 7, London [to C.W.] Daniel, [London] / [Emma Goldman].—
4 p.; 25 × 20 cm.

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3

4105

as you will send me the invoice for the hundred copies and tell me the date to go to Pitt and Scott and where I will see them and pay for the freightage.

and here are the names and addresses of my people in ~~Chicago~~ Chicago and Los Angeles. A copy each about three times a week are to go to CHICAGO ILL U.S.A.

Mrs Jeanne Levey 36 S. State Street.

Mr Jay Levey Medical Athletic Club 505 N. Michigan Avenue

Mr Aaron Halperine 841 Washington Bldg.

Mrs Julia Halperine. 412 South Gove St Oak Park Ill.

Mr Joe Goldman 829 Crescent Place.

Mrs Mary Heiner 1412 E. 57th Street.

Dr Frank G. Heiner 5704 Harper Avenue.

As you see I have eight people in Chicago to whom individual copies can go, say only twice a week it would only take two weeks to get them to Chicago. And it would mean so much less labor and I hope no duty.

Now to Los Angeles Calif

Mr I.A. Herman, 510 S. Chicago Street.

Mrs H. Yaffe 767 N. Kenmore Street

Mr C.V. Cook 1038 S. Alvarado

Mr T.H. Bell 767 N. Kenmore St.

Dr Holtz 2606 Brooklyn Ave.

5 copies to be sent as soon as possible to

Mrs Dorothy Giessecke Chine Drive Box Scarborough Bluffs
Ontario Canada.

Please send this package with your label as my name is known to the Canadian Customs and they may hold up the

451

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029162

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 7, London [to C.W.] Daniel, [London] / [Emma Goldman].—
4 p.; 25 × 20 cm.

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4206

I am so glad we had the talk over the phone just now.
My letter will serve to emphasise what I said about the shipment.
I only wish to add that it will be alright to have Colton on
the label as a return address. But Canada had better have ~~your~~
~~from~~ another name as mine is too well know since I have received
a lot of books while I was there last year. Better have Mr R. Barr
106 Coningham Rd. London W.12. NOT YOURS.

consenting to see
Thanks for ~~working~~ my new "Admirer" Mr
S.M. Sutton. I will see him Sunday and ask him to meet you at
your office Thursday at 4.P.M.

Cordially.

The Emma Goldman Papers

880206058

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 7, London [to] Ann [Lord?], New York / [Emma Goldman]. —
1 p.; 28 x 20 cm.

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23112

London Feb. 7th 36.

Dearest Ann. I don't know what is the matter with the St Tropez
P.O. I sent you one of the bills they mailed me and here comes
another. In as much as it is for the same amount it must be the
same item. Please see about it.

I am trying hard to establish myself in England.
I already have a few advanced bookings for the winter of 36,37.
But of course far from warranting any hope that I will get
enough to earn my living from lectures. If I do I will probably
have to liquidate Bon Esprit. I wonder how you feel now about
the purchase of the place. I would have to come back for the summer
to arrange everything if I disposed of it. So if you still cared
to buy it it would not be before the end of Sept.

It was suggested to me by English friends that
my chances of selling Bon Esprit would be better from here. There
are agents I understand who look after property in France for English
clients who may want to obtain places. But before I would do a thing
like that I should want to know your present feeling about Bon
Esprit. It will be very hard to let it go. At least I want some
one I know and who really cares about the lovely little place.
Write me how you feel about the matter. It will be quite alright
if you have changed your mind since last spring.

Affectionately

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453

The Emma Goldman Papers

870924225

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 7, London [to] John [Cowper] Powys, [Corwen, Wales] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 26 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

16227

London Feb. 7th 36.

Dear John Powys. It may seem rude of me not to have acknowledged your last letter containing your kind letters of introduction to Messrs Rowland and Kerridge. My reason for the delay was that I wanted to hear what the two gentlemen would say and then write you. Mr Kerridge has not yet replied so I will wait no longer. Mr Rowland was very prompt. He wrote he could do nothing except suggest to organisations that might want me to speak. The John O'London Literary Circle and the Rationalist Society. I wrote at once to both. Mr Thurtle Sect. of the Rationalist Society with lectures at Conway Hall expressed great interest and willingness to submit my letter and yours of introduction as well as the other material I sent him to his Committee when it will come together to arrange the programme for the winter of 36, 37. Until May the society is full up.

Miss Tutt Sect of the John O' London wrote that her Circle is full up until May. But that she would be delighted to book me for the coming season. The society is, however, unable to pay a fee. I wonder how these people think one is to live? Unfortunately I am not in a position to refuse to speak for people gratis. For unknown as I am in England I will have to accept anything invitations if without money so as to reach people at all. And so I have written the lady it will be alright without the fee as an introduction of her Circle to my work.

There are a few bookings other than these in view. But hardly enough to raise one's spirit. Indeed I am not at all sure that it will be worth coming back to England.

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454

The Emma Goldman Papers

870924225

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 7, London [to] John [Cowper] Powys, [Corwen, Wales] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 26 × 20 cm.

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16228

2.

later on. In any event I am staying on until the end of April.

Meanwhile thank you very much indeed for your kind help.

Perhaps something else will occur to you that may help to pave the way for "fame and fortunes" in England. As they say in America a fat lot for E.G. to succeed.

I have always meant to ask you about your sister.

I remember once when I came to see you she was at work on lace making. She took much pains to explain the intricate process to me but I have always been hopelessly unfeminine in any kind of needle work. However I have not forgotten her very kind ways. Please remember me to her.

Cordially.

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455

The Emma Goldman Papers

880206042

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 7, London [to] Florence I. Tutt, [London] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 28 x 20 cm.
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Telephone Speedwell 71 35.

20, Beechcroft Court
London N.W.11
Feb. 7th 36.

23094

Miss Florence I. Tutt.
Hon. Sec.
John O' London
Literary Circle.
44, Undercliff Road
Lewisham, S.E.13.

Dear Miss Tutt.

Thanks a lot for your reply. I am delighted to know that you will want me to lecture for your society during the 36,37 season. About fees. I wish you to know that I have no other income except what I can earn by my lecture work and my pen. but in as much as my main purpose in England on this visit is to reach people in different walks of life and different social groups I will be glad to set aside the consideration of a fee for your Circle. That of course, if I can secure enough advance bookings to warrant my return to England.

I am staying on here until the end of April. By that time I will probably know my plans for the season of the winter 36,37. I take it that you will probably not arrange your syllabus until then. I see by your letter that I am mistaken that you plan to make up your programme late in May. Well, that does not matter. Before I leave England for France I will write you how I stand about my dates for the coming season. Then, if I have definitely decided to return you can let me know to my address in the South of France when you will want me to speak for your organisation. In any event here is my French address Bon Esprit
St Tropez Var. France.

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456

The Emma Goldman Papers

880206057

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 7, [London to] George Fearon, Coventry [England] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 28 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

23111

Telephone Speedwell 71 35

20, Beechcroft Court N.W.11.

Feb. 7th. 36.

Mr George Fearon
Resident Manager
Coventry Repertory Company. Ltd.
Opera House
Coventry.

Dear Sir.

Mr R. Barr Sect. of my lecture committee brought me your letter this afternoon. I am answering it myself to avoid loss of time. I am delighted to know that you would like to book me for a lecture for your theatre society.

About my fee. I have always tried to keep it within the reach of the dramatic organisations ~~xxxx~~ I have lectured for. Thus the Repertory Theatre of Birmingham and the Playgoers of the same city paid me five guineas, fare and hospitality. The same as the Playgoers in Manchester, Liverpool and Bristol. Smaller organisations paid three guineas and fare as well as hospitality. Would the latter fee do for your membership? I am primarily anxious to get acquainted with the various drama groups in England. and though my lectures and my pen are my only means of support I dislike very much to press those who want to hear him for a large fee. I hope therefore that 3 guineas will not be too much for you. But in any event do not let this stand in the way if you ~~really~~ cannot afford as much.

About the subject, it would have to be either PRE REVOLUTIONARY DRAMA, or Soviet PLAYS, or THE SOVIET THEATRE or Chekhov as a separate subject. I can give you a Sunday April 8th if that is suitable.

Sincerely yours.

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457

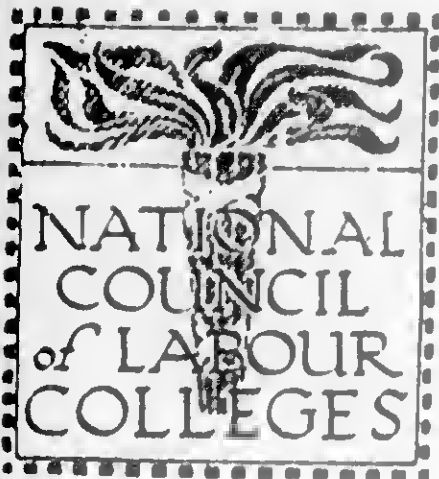
The Emma Goldman Papers

880206047

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 7, Cardiff [Wales to Emma Goldman, London] / A.L. Williams. —
1 p. ; 29 x 21 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Organ "THE PLEBS"

THE PRINCIPAL LABOUR EDUCATIONAL ORGANISATION



General Secretary:
J. P. M. MILLAR
Head Office:
15 South Hill Park Gardens,
London, N.W. 3

N. C. L. C.

The N.C.L.C. conducts educational schemes for over 30 National Organisations (including the undernoted) with a combined membership of 1,600,000. It also conducts schemes for Trades Councils, Co-operative Societies, Trade Union Branches, Labour Parties, etc.

Amalgamated Engineering Union	Nat. Amalgamated Furnishing Trades' Association	National Union of Shale Miners
Anthracite Miners' Union	National Union of Cokemen	Nelson and District Weavers' Assoc.
Assoc. of Shipbuilding Draughtsmen	National Union of Distributive & Allied Workers	Scottish Painters' Society
Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers	National Union of General & Municipal Workers	Scottish Bakers' Union
Coal Trimmers' Union	National Union of Sheet Metal Workers	Scottish Typographical Association
Constructional Engineering Union	National Union of Public Employees	Tailors' and Garment Workers' Trade Union
Electrical Trades' Union	National Union of Railwaymen	Transport & General Workers' Union
Managers' and Overlookers' Society		Clarion Cycling Club
Mid and East Lothian Miners' Union		

DIVISION 4

Organiser : A. L. Williams,
9 Glanrhyd,
Rhiwbina,
CARDIFF

OUR REF.:

YOUR REF.:

7th February, 1936.

Dear Comrade,

It would be difficult for only two classes to bear the whole expense of your visit.

The last ten days in March would, I think, be suitable to the classes who originally made enquiries, and I have written the secretaries offering them dates during that period. As soon as I receive replies from them I shall communicate with you. You will understand that as each class has autonomy in matters of this kind, I cannot make bookings myself and must rely on the local classes taking dates when a visit of a lecturer is proposed.

I hope to be able to write you within the next week.

Best wishes,

Yours fraternally,

Divisional Organiser.

HAS YOUR ORGANISATION AN N.C.L.C. EDUCATIONAL SCHEME?

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022094

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 8, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Feb. 8th 36

Dearest Ash. I have neglected you this week. I don't know where the time goes. I work like a dog but there is nothing to show for my labors. In fact everything goes wrong in this damned country. Plymouth let me down abominably. As a result the dates in South Wales were mixed up. At this moment I do not even know whether I will go to South Wales. Some of the classes wanted the third week in Feb. which we gave them. Then, owing to Plymouth we had to change advanced S.W. to the first week in March. Thereupon three classes cancelled their dates and of course two of the L.C. cannot stand the expenses and somekind of a fee. Just now I had a letter from their district secretary that he has again written some of the locals to give them the last ten days in March. I will not know definitely until the end of this coming week. Meanwhile another city near London, SOUTHEAST-on SEA is waiting for a date in March. This is the place where I lectured the 19th of the last month. They were most enthusiastic and asked if I could give them another lecture or two. It is the League of Youth. Some of the members are Communists. And though I did not touch on Russia in my last lecture THE REVOLT of Youth, the Communists tried hard to make my return impossible, so much so that it came to a fist fight in the League of Youth and the group was broken up. Now the young I.L.P. boys and the few anarchists in the group who have left the C. to themselves are doubly determined to have me back. You can see the many odds I am laboring against. I am glad though the Communists have shown what they are. It will have a good effect on the non C. youngsters. But this helps me very little.

I ask myself every day what is the use of going on. True I have had a better hearing than three years ago. But on the whole it has been a frightful struggle and the results are pathetically small. Mainly I have had nothing from the London meetings in the way of a living. They have barely paid for themselves. At my last meeting on the Tow Communists several people from the audience have asked for a lecture on anarchism. So while these meetings have given me nothing except the chance to represent our attitude to the pressing questions confronting the world I will have to speak again in Hammersmith where they want a talk on anarchism. I don't know when that will be, probably not before April, or the end of March if South Wales drops out. I may also have a meeting with paid admission on L.M.L. In any event London itself is pretty hopeless. And as we have no one in the provinces except Plymouth I don't see what I can hope to accomplish in England. The question is what then if not England. I know definitely that hard and bitter as my struggle here is I prefer it to inactivity in France. Now more than ever I feel I will not be able to stand a life that France offers, just eating and sleeping. Besides where I am is one to get the means even for such a futile existence. So it will have to be back to England in the fall.

So far the outlook for any advanced dates is most disheartening. By the help of the Powys letters I have two tentative dates, the Rationalist Society and a literary group which calls itself THE O' LONDON LITERARY CIRCLE. Both wrote they would be glad to put me on their programme of next season which is the

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fall and winter of 36,37. but the literary group has already written me that they cannot pay for lectures and never do. I think I have written you some time ago that most lecturers in England lecture for "love". They can afford it they have other in comes. I see now ~~xxxx~~ that I will have to do the same for some time. Being unknown I cannot expect to be paid for my work. That would no' matter so much if there were more interest and response I have met with damned little of either so far. This then is the situation.

For the last couple of weeks I have thought a great deal about our condition. The few dollars Lapp has for you and the balance of my capital will barely last for the summer. Our people as you well say have no idea what living in France means. We have to face that, and we also have to face the impossibility of more appeals for either of the two of us. If only I could buckle down to writing that damned book for which money was collected I would not mind another appeal. I know another thousand dollars might be raised if I could honestly say I am in the work. But whether I am worn out from the strain, struggle and disappointments or what I haven't a single idea of how the book is to be started or what I am to say. But of the people in my life have been treated in L.N.L. Of course they could be treated again from an other angle. Perhaps if you have time you'd go over the book and tell me what you think about the people mentioned as ~~new~~ material for a new book. I mean to see Bertrand Russell and Havelock Ellis again. But how will that help? My mind is blank in this matter, and out side of writing the book, or at least commencing it I see no way of raising more money.

Well, you know how I feel about Bon Esprit. It has sort of taken hold of my heart and the very thought of giving it up gives me the creeps. Yet I have come to the conclusion that it will have to be done. Perhaps Emma's idea of finding a place in Nice which we might buy is not so far fetched. For one thing it would do away with your rent. For another it would give me a chance to be in the same city with you when I will come back from here for the summer months. I have thought about this night after night. I again suffer from insomnia like in Canada. Cannot sleep. So I have much time for thought. What do you think about looking around for a place, a decent kind of a house with a garden even if a small patch not too far from town. Perhaps one can be found with a separate room for me. I will not need more since it will only be during the summer. Perhaps a double story might be found that would give us a chance to rent the upper part.. Of course buying a place in Nice would only be possible if you could sell Bon Esprit without much loss. I have written Ann to let me know if she still feels about our place as she did last spring. ~~acc~~ Cherkoci tells me any number of English people advertise for studios and houses in the south of France. She thinks that it might be advisable to have an agent handle the sale from here. Of course ~~acc~~ maybe mistaken. I don't see why English or Americans should want to live in France now when the cost is so high and life so insecure. Well, dearest all this is merely an idea for the future. One thing is certain unless we do invest ~~another place~~ if Bon Esprit finds a buyer the money will

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8.

that. Well perhaps I will feel differently when I return to France. Just now everything seems to be slipping from under me. And I do not feel as if I will find anything to hold on to.

One thing in this gloom that was like a bright ray was the news that K. is so much better. Still, it does not mean that she will be free from her ghastly attacks for good. Does it? It seems to me the suggestion of Jonas doctor should be carried out. At least one more thing should be tried. After all, K. still has a long life before her. It is cruel to have it poisoned by such suffering as she went through for two months. Do I still strongly urge you to take her to Paris if Kapp sends the money. I had a card from Mollie that the physician would treat K. for a small fee. Hotel rents have gone down and living cost is less in Paris. So it would only be the fare and the extra rent. Better think about it my dear.

About the Most article, I think you should write it. I do not think it is necessary or essential to dig up Most's stand. Or if you do you might bring out the fact that Most had been disillusioned in the American workers hence considered the Attentat would not affect them in the least. In point of truth Most was not far off the reality facing him in A. Here it is forty four years since your set conditions by far worse than in our early youth, yet not one outstanding protest, not one act. Not even in protest of the murder of Decca and Venzetti. Perhaps Most saw clearer/ than we. That did not justify him in his stand against you and your set. But in retrospect it explains Most's stand somewhat better than at the time. Anyhow dearest, you need not absolutely go into that period. You might still write about Most as the great rebel who fought was in a measure a voice in the wilderness of A. labor of forty years ago. Or if you mention his stand against you you might explain why M. acted as he did. However, if you do not feel like writing at all just send a short letter simply stating the effect Most had on you and your youth.

The only comrades who are eager to continue their work are the Plymouth few. I am going there for ten days a week from to day, the 15th. In case you have lost Edmunds address it is 146, Alexandria road. I may go from there for a few days visit to Amy and Nell Lavers. He has been after me since I arrived. I never hear from her, but he seems to be very dependent. It maybe because he has not been able to find a decent position. Or maybe some trouble with Nell. Though I can hardly credit any rift between them. One never knows. The fare from Plymouth may not be much. So I may go to Bristol. I will let you know in time.

My new "admirer" took me to the Chinese Exhibition. Marvelous art. Too rich and overwhelming for one visit. Poor as I am I am going again Tuesday and I will take Liza along. Simon was compelled to go back to his job. He suffers greatly under it. But what are they to do? He is to be examined again soon for

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the heart, not a cheerful condition, is it?

"Dear Angelica, she is already carried away by America. The treatment of foreigners. Naturally she will be treated well. Little she knows how other foreigners are treated. Workers on strike in the textile and steel mills. But I am glad she has gone to the States. At least she will feed and cloth decently and get a hearing. The photograph on the poster is amazing. That's the way she must have looked thirty years ago. It seems the business with George M. is patched up. I am sure he would not write of her as he did if the difficulties between him and A. had not been straightened out. He never replied to my letter. His Mussolini book seems to be a best seller. Leave it to the Waldes and von Levises to keep their thumb on the pulse of time.

Give my love to A. I will write her next week. Meanwhile give her the lovely picture postcard I bought at the Exhibition.

With much love to you my dear.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029062

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 8, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Frances Briggs.—
1 p.; 24 x 20 cm.
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Central Office: 9 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.
Telephone: Muscum 5022

8th February 1936

Dear Miss Goldman,

I hasten to thank you very much for your letter and
enclosures. I will see our advertisement manager on Monday and will
write to you again early next week. I am writing to Professor Searls at
University College Hull and will let you know when I have his reply.

With best wishes and many thanks,

Yours sincerely,

Frances Briggs

Miss Emma Goldman
20 Beechcroft Court
N.W.11.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029063

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 8, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Geoffrey Whitworth. — 1 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.
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Central Office: 9 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Telephone: Museum 5022

February 8, 1936.

Dear Miss Goldman,

I now answer your letter of January 11. I am very sorry, but I am afraid I cannot write to Mr. Collins about the free pass. For one thing, I am quite sure what the answer would be. Individual theatres may very likely be willing to allow you in free - those theatres, at any rate, which are not doing big business. But I am sure that the Society of West-End Managers, of which Mr. Collins is the Secretary, never advise their members on the matter of free tickets, except in the case of recognised newspapers who wish their critics to attend to write reports on the plays for publication after the first nights. In other words, it is very much more difficult to get free seats for theatres in England than it is abroad, and I am sure that Mr. Maurice Browne was rather optimistic when he thought that Mr. Collins could help you.

I think your best plan is to approach individual Managers indicating that you are lecturing on the English Theatre and, therefore, giving publicity to their plays.

I am very sorry not to be more helpful, but I am sure that even if I wrote to Mr. Collins the answer would be as above indicated.

Yours very sincerely,

Geoffrey Whitworth

Miss Emma Goldman,
20, Beechcroft Court,
N.W.11.

P.S. I am enclosing a note of recommendation which perhaps may be useful to you.

The Emma Goldman Papers

881010131

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 9, Corwen, Wales [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / John C[owper] Powys. — 2 p. ; 22 x 29 cm.
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all different &
have different
experiences.

I think it does seem
read (from the old-fashioned
liberal point of
view) that anyone
like you whose name
is a "household word"
all over the world - should
now be worried in this
way — but there
are queer & violent &
excessive days; & the
old-fashioned reverence
for "great" men & women &
"great" names seems
to have passed! The poor
wretched individual is (in many
directions) out, it seems, for
a pretty bad time, whether he is
a famous hero or one of
the heads without name, no more
remembered than "summer flies" of
whom Milton wrote in Samson
Agonistes.

Well it has been a privilege
to dear Emma Goldman
have renewed our acquaintance
it is no practical good that
of it & I agree with you
I do not think her
much better. But I am
not sure.

4 Cae Cael
Corwen
Merioneth
N. Wales

Feb 9 1936

Dear Emma Goldman
No! I write this
thinner. Looked better.
I cannot say that it
looks very much as
if it would be worth
your coming back to
England. Oh dear! It is ridiculous.
How annoying that
your grand tour
through the States that
time was in some
way muddled & faded by
the special conditions of
the delivery of your
talks. Ever yours
John C. Powys

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in America of course
 know the name of
 E. G. & all Americans
 of every class (now
 between 25 & 35
 or even 30 & 40 years of
 age) remember
 your name from their
 childhood — one of
 the great names of history
 along with Frothingham
 & Bakunin and Tolstoy —
 as a champion of
 human & individual
 Liberty on moral & spiritual
 & philosophical lines.
 If a lecture-tour of yours
 in America were handled
 properly — and an
 appeal made to the
 petit-bourgeois and
 to the centres of ordinary

middle-class culture
 not committed to any
 violent or dogmatic
 and with a lecture
 mainly on your life
 as a Revolutionary thinker
 following the line of
 your Book — rather
 than on external politics and
 rather than on general
 literature — a special
 lecture of your own
 ideas and your own
 experiences —
 cannot help feeling it ought
 to bring in enough to
 enable you to live (without
 any serious lecturing)
 over here for the rest
 of the year.
 Did you ever try Manager?
 Mr Feakins as a Manager?
 wonder. I never did
 myself but lecturers are

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Be

Besides you are so crestfallen. You should have been a Catholic Confession to that breed is written

have not tried to dispose of some of our writings. Only a month ago I wrote an article about the place of the individual in society for the News Chronicle, a leading paper. The article was returned with a letter saying "for reasons of policy" the article had to be refused. Policy, that's the curse in our system. All parties and most people are bound by policy. And what does this really mean except a dope to blindfold the masses and secure the leaders whatever their shade in fat position or power? "The end justifies the means" everybody proclaims. The end recedes and the means become the end. For nothing is considered too despicable in the mad struggle for power and position. Call it old fashioned if you will but neither A.B. nor I will ever make peace with such corrupt policies or methods. We are not deceived as to our chances in the world. I mean chances of making ends meet. But we have the certainty that ultimately our refusal to swim in the muddy waters of success will be proven the only way to a new and sane life. Never mind if that life will come long after we are gone. It is the one great force that gives us courage to go on to the very last. However, that has nothing to do with your writing. After all each one must decide for him self what to do or not to do. Mostly conditions decide for us. If some of us will not yield what is most precious to them it is no virtue of theirs. Is it?

About my doings in England you will see from the inclosed. I fear I was somewhat too optimistic when I wrote the statement. Since then the Plymouth drama group decided not to have me for this season because of two plays they are putting on this month. And S.W. owing to a mix up in dates is also doubtful. I am going to Plymouth just the same but only for three lectures arranged by comrades of mine. I will also have a few more meetings in London and near here before I go back to France. Ordinarily I should consider my third attempt in England to raise money.

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[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 10, London [to] Mi[ldred Mesirov, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 4 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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2

too disheartening to try again. And yet I am determined to return here next autumn. For two reasons. I cannot bear to end my years in utter inactivity, gagged and fettered. For another I am not one to give up easily. So I am fully determined to try again and again. "Then why not Canada?" you may ask. There are ever so many reasons for not going back to that part of the American continent. The expense of getting there. The struggle I had to make there without having reached the natives. The intellectual deadness in Canada and most important the fact that Sasha is not any too well and I hate to go away too far from him in case he should need me. Last but not least is the fact that so far Canada has meant only Toronto and Montreal. The rest of the country is too vast and too expensive to reach and there is no one who could be of help even if I did get to the West of C.

England is after all Europe, it has a rich culture and does offer food for ones spirit, the theatre, music pictures, I mean real pictures not the cinema. And the English people while blood freezing in their reserve are non the less a kindly and courteous people. They are certainly far superior in their attitude to outsiders than the French are and they have in full measure what the French boast of having and lack to an extreme, friendliness, hospitality and real innate courtesy. Such qualities help one to bear the desperate struggle of breaking through. If I were younger and had even a small income I should not be impatient. I know that it takes time to pull the British out of their rut of tradition and habit. I know that once one does reach them they are much more constant in their friendship. I will grant you that the French are more rebellious by nature, more susceptible to revolutionary ideas than the English. But that can do me no good as I am not permitted to open my mouth in France, or even mildly touch on internal affairs. And also, the revolutionary feeling of the French is by no means to be depended upon. It is too effervescent, a lot of bubbles and no substance. I'll grant you the masses everywhere are full of bubbles easily moved by low talk and gaudy display. But it seems to me that the English though lethargic and difficult to change, yet they are more solid once they are made to see the delusion and snare of their so-called political liberties. At any rate I have no choice except England. If nothing else I am at least free here from the phantom of expulsion. That is worth an awful lot. Just to feel that you can speak straight from the shoulder, that you can protest against the internal evils everywhere rampant is an relief that only those can fully appreciate who have known the everlasting possibility of being kicked from pillar to post. Anyhow, I have definitely decided not to go to Canada, not this year or next. Perhaps later I will make one more attempt to get back to the States for six months or a year. Then it would have to be from Canada since Europe would make it so much more difficult to work from for my reentry. So much will depend on what gang will be returned to the White House. Generally speaking it matters little who the gang is, but it would matter in the question of a visa for me. Well, I am not thinking of that for the present. I have all I can do to move the very heavens to get settled here. I will know before the end of April how much advance I have made this time and what inroad. That will decide where I go for the coming winter.

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3

B

It is true France is depressing. I could hardly bear Paris the three weeks I was there on my way to England. ~~It is certainly~~ it is certainly more depressing than London. The French are bad sports they cannot stand adversities. They are the last to have been struck by the crisis. Being close fistd they had some savings that they were able to draw from. Now that that too has given out they have become bitter and ~~are~~ venomous against all foreigners though they have always decended on foreigners. Then too the cost of living next to Switzerland is the highest. All in all France now is not a pleasant place for a holiday. Unless it is St Tropez. The Provencals are still unspolied and simpler to be with. So you must come to France especially if you want to come to Mon Esprit. For, it is pobably going to be the last chance for my friends. Yes, dear I have to sell the place. There is no way out. The money raised for me to write is nearly all gone. and there is not even ~~enough to start~~ a begining of the proposed book. Don't think I did not try last summer. I did. But whether it was complete exhaustion from my Canadian and American tour, or the various shocks ~~Sasha~~ and I underwent last summer. I could not write. And I am not sure I will be in a more creative mood this summer. If I were I would ask you to send out another letter for the fund. But not being at all certain I will not ask for more help. And the few dollars left from the fund will barely be enough for three people to live.

Now you may ~~ask~~ ask how the sale of Mon Esprit would help? It would in this way, to buy a small place in Nice or outside of it where ~~Sasha~~ and Emy can live all year around and where I can return to for a few summer months making England my permanent home. At least it ~~will~~ save ~~Sasha's~~ rent. The difficulty will be to get anything approximately the amount the place has cost. That what I mean to try this summer. So you see darling its either this summer for you and others of my friends or no more Mon Esprit.

No doubt the Communist party is larger than the American. But it is of the same caliber. I had to smile when I read in your letter that the Communist strength must express itself differently in every country. Evidently you do not know that the Communist party is as rigid a church as the Catholic church and that it is as much ruled and dominated from Moscow as the Catholics are by the pope. They are ev rywhere identical. And everywhere their strength consists in noise, demonstrations, slogans and the most relentless villification of all other political opinion. Except that they still have not the power to go to the extend they do in Moscow, continued shooting and concentration camps. ~~Even~~ Even where the Communists were accepted in a united front by the Socialists and labor bodies that have not ~~ceased~~ ceased to stabl their new bedfellows when the latter were blissfully asleep to the danger lurking from Communist ranks. With such Jesuitic traits and methods given how can you expect unity of the masses. How can one trust the Communists who scrupule at nothing. What guaranty that they will not do exactly as their teachers in Russia did, take the cooperation of Socialists, Social Revolutionists and anarchists to win the Revolution and to

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However, that does not mean that Fascism should not be fought to the last degree, but unless the fight against Fascism does not include war against all forms of dictatorship the opposition to Fascism means only a pretense, a bait thrown to the masses to pull them into the net of the Bolshevik form of Fascism. True also this form has not pogrommed the Jews. It has done more, it has pogrommed all of Russia. And it would do the same were it to succeed in any other country. I appreciate only too well how mesmerizing is the charm of communist hokus pokus and how easily people fall for it among them the most intelligent. All I can say is that a rude awakening awaits them. For myself I can say this ~~and making no attempt~~
~~the nature of the beast~~ I prefer not to lie down with it.

I was interrupted Monday so must finish it to day as there is a fast boat tomorrow. Yes, I dare say Rose loves me. So do many others. It is a convenient love, it gives nothing. In all the years since our deportation Rose never felt the need to find out how I live and what I do. She was demonstrative enough when I came to Philadelphia. But even then it did not show depth. Its alright though. I never ask for anything that is not given joyfully. But - cannot close my eyes to what is the cheapest thing in the world with most people. It is their pretense of love and friendship.

Dearie I must close. I still have a lot of letters to write that all must sail tomorrow.

Affectionate greetings to Nic and your son.

Much REAL love to yourself.

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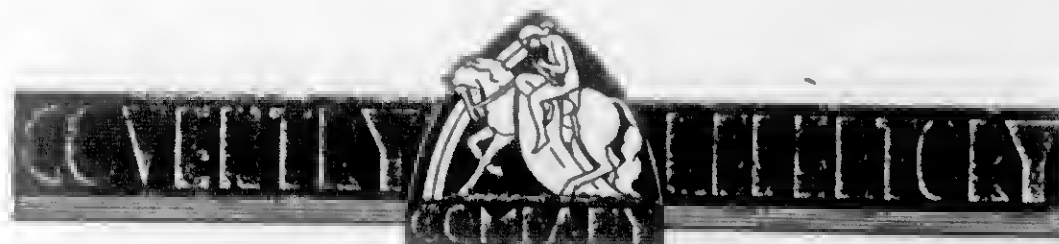
470

The Emma Goldman Papers

880206052

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 10, Coventry, England [to] Emma Goldman, London / George Fearon. — 1 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.
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F/M

10th February, 1936.

Miss Emma Goldman,
20, Beechcroft Court,
London. N.W.11.

Dear Miss Goldman,

Many thanks for your very kind letter of February 7th. Mr. Percy Edgar of the B.E.C. should have spoken here on March 15th. Unfortunately he has had a serious motor accident but will be better by April. Would it therefore be possible for you to come down here on Sunday evening, March 15th? The meeting will take place at 8.15 p.m., and I should be happy to arrange hospitality for you with some nice people near the theatre.

I fully appreciate what you say about your fee and I think it extremely kind of you to treat the matter so charmingly.

I shall be glad if you will let me know by return, so that I can make the necessary announcement.

Yours sincerely,

Resident Manager.

I believe Jan and Vera Gordon are our Mutual Friends. They lectured here some time ago.

I will get Mr Edgar to speak in April.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023072

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 10, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Jeanne [Levey].—
2 p.; 25 × 19 cm.

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Chicago, Illinois.
February 10, 1936

My very dear Emma:

I have delayed answering your letter because I wanted to write you something definite regarding the article I am trying to have published in pamphlet form. I have taken the matter up with a number of our friends and have had several quotations from various printers. I am able to get twelve thousand pamphlets with your picture in the front for \$200.00.

The reason I am considering twelve thousand is because the extra two thousand pamphlets will go towards defraying the printing expenses. We then will have \$1,000.00 clear.

The printer is making a sample copy to be proof-read and I hope we will be able to get these out in short order. If you will send me a list of the names and address of people who you feel will be able to dispose of a number of these pamphlets in each city, it will help a lot. I feel we can probably sell three thousand in Chicago; New York, three thousand; Los Angeles one thousand; Detroit one thousand; one thousand for the Northwestern Pacific Coast; and perhaps one thousand for St. Louis and Kansas City; Philadelphia one thousand and Canada one thousand. Let me know what you think of this plan and if you have any suggestions to offer. We want to send them to people who will sell them without any profit to themselves or their organizations. It is merely to help us raise some money. I expect to sell these pamphlets for ten cents each and have the entire amount turned over to this committee.

Rudolf was here again last week. We arranged a lecture the other night for a small group and made \$100.00 for him. I wish you were here so we could do the same for you. It will please you to know, Emma dear that Rucker has practically obtained another year's extension. While the information has not been given out yet, it is almost certain he will get the extension. I believe Vladeck and Dubinsky are responsible for this extension.

I am glad the pamphlet is started so we can raise a sum of money for you. Then we plan to do the same for Rudolf to get enough money to finish the publication of his book. I want to finish yours up first before we start on his because I know how badly you are in need of funds.

Emma dear, I received the most beautiful letter from Sasha. I have not had time to answer it before, but I am going to do so now. I was so happy to get his letter because I consider it a wonderful sentiment. I read it to several of our friends and they have agreed with me that Sasha certainly is a fine character.

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023072

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 10, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Jeanne [Levey].—
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Feb. 10, 1936

-2-

In reference to Russia, it seems there is very little use in arguing with those people who have such definite ideas on that subject. Time alone will change their point of view. There have been so many changes in Russia which have brought them so far away from their original plan that there is not the slightest semblance of communism in Russia today. Each day they seem to be getting closer to State Capitalism.

Emma, dear, you remember Bess Davidoff and her daughter Amy, don't you? It will shock you to hear that Amy died about a month ago. She has been suffering from some unknown malady. It is such a shock to Bess and Henry they are almost numb with grief.

I have been wanting to write you about the underwear and pajamas which I sent to Sasha. The underwear was sent to him in care of you at St. Tropez. The two sets of pajamas were sent, separately, to him in Nice. I mailed these things as samples and none of these things have been received by him. Too bad I did not send him a check and have him buy the things in France. Poor Sasha, the winter will be over before he gets the things he needs so badly. We will know better next time.

Otherwise there is very little news of value. I regret very much that your lectures have been so unsuccessful from a financial point of view, but you have the consolation that you are still carrying on your work. It is of course too bad so few people are aware of the real value of your work. But I guess we have to die in order to become a martyr. It has always been that way, so I guess we just have to make the best of it.

Write me dear, immediately in reference to the pamphlet so I can carry out any suggestions you might have in mind.

Jay is still on the road. While business has improved we are still having a hard time to make up for all we lost in the past year.

Have just talked to Lucille and she promises to write you. Maybe by the time you get this letter, you will have received word from her. I know she has written Sasha and acknowledged the book.

In the meantime keep well until I hear from you. Jay joins me in sending our sincerest love.

Always,

Jeanne

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870923059

[Letter, 1936 Feb. 11, Nice to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].—
2 p.; 34 x 27 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Tuesday --

Emma, my Dearest ---

Dieser Brief wuerde ellenlang werden, wenn ich die Zeit haette. Aber hoeren Sie aufmerksam zu:

Sasha geht es SEHR GUT. Das vor allen Dingen. Jedoch seine Beschwerden mit dem Urinieren nahmen zu, wir hatten zum Doktor gehen muessen und dieser gab ihm eine Empfehlung fuer das Hospital.

Er hat heute morgen die Operation gehabt und soeben habe ich Nachrichten genommen: ER IST FEIN.

Nun, Emmachen, brauche ich Ihnen sagen, Obgleich die Operation eine ganz kleine ist, so wissen Sie doch, was ich ausgestanden habe, mit der Furcht, dass sein Herz die Einschlaefung vielleicht nicht aushalten koennte.

Ich schlafe nicht und so weiter, aber das alles koennen Sie sich wohl vorstellen.

In einigen Tagen kommt Sash nach Hause. Ich gehe taeglich hin von 1-5 Uhr nachm. Er ist in einem wunderhueschen Hospital, und er hat es wirklich wunderbar, Emma, put ab vor den Franzosen in dieser Beziehung. Alle sind goldig zu ihm, und Sauberkeit und vor allen Dingen fabelhafte Verpflegung, ich war ganz baff.

Nun, Emmachen, ich wuerde so gern laenger schreiben, muss aber sogleich ins Hospital, ich habe soeben seine neue warme herrliche Pyjamas geplaettet, damit er alles frisch dort hat. Wenn ich nach Hause komme, muss ich die Lahnno story noch einmal tippen. Sasha bekam einen Brief von Ann Lord, dass er die Geschichte selbst unterbreiten soll. Etwas verspaetet, leider, aber das arme Wurm, Ann, hatte auch ihre Troubel.

So --- jawoll, Emma immer etwas. Hospital Pasteur ist von hier eine Stunde Weg. Taeglich zwei Stunden, habe kaum Zeit zu tippen, muss es aber unbedingt morgen wegschicken.

Emmachen, heute nachmittags wenn ich vom Hospital komme, so schreibe ich Ihnen sofort eine Karte, um Sie nochmals zu versichern wie Sasha ist. Aber, alles ist so fein, und GOTTLOB, er hat tuechtig gegessen die letzte Zeit und war quietschvergnuegt.

Emma, unter uns gesagt, EHE ICH SASH ZUM ARZT gekriegt habe ---- Sie kennen ihn ja. Durch meine engl. Bekannte bekamen wir einen erstklassigen russ. Arzt FREI zur Verfuegung. Wenn mit Lueh und Not ich ein Rendez-vous zusammenbekommen hatte und der Doktor ihn erwartete, sagte unser Boy: "Who told you to do that? Ich werde den Leuten zeigen, ob sie ohne mich zu fragen ueber "meine Zeit"!! bestimmen". Emma, und der Doktor, war so lieb und hielt sich frei fuer Sash und on top of it without any fee.

Ein und her, endlich doch habe ich ihn hingekriegt----

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870923059

[Letter, 1936 Feb. 11, Nice to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].—
2 p.; 34 x 27 cm.

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- 2 -

7905

Und Dank dieses Doktors, wird Sasha von einem grossen Spezialisten gepflegt und wurde von ihm auch heute morgen operiert. Man muss mit dem Sash manchmal umgehen wie mit einem Baby. Ebenfalls wissen Sie, Emma, er hat einen Bruch.

Wieder dieser russ. Doktor, der ihn das Korsett verschrieb.

Es ist diesen Winter wunderhuesch.....

Emmachen, Sie wissen, dass ich mit Ihnen, was Sasha anbelangt, ganz, ganz ehrlich bin: Darum merken Sie sich, dass Sasha absolut fein ist, und Sie brauchen sich nicht zu aengstigen. Und ich BITTE Sie, schreiben Sie auch nicht, dass Sie sich aengstigen, sonst denkst Sasha ich habe Ihnen Rauebersgeschichten erzahlt. Dann gibt's heil. Und ich bin zu schwach jetzt fuer irgend eine solche Sache.....

Von Deutschland ----- furchtbar miese Nachrichten. Meine Schwester, die in einer ~~Nerv~~ Nervenheilanstalt in U.S.A. war, ist jetzt in einer in Berlin. Ich weiss nicht einmal ihre Adresse, mir scheint, sie fuerchtet Korrespondenz mit Ausland.

Keine andere Schwester mit Familie und so weiter on the bum. Keine Aussicht fuer irgend eine Arbeit. Also, Sie sehen, Emma wir alle sind reichlich versorgt.....

Oh, ja. Meine Mutter schickte mir einige Sachen, die ich noetig im Faushalt brauche-- unser doppeltes Bett ist mit Bezugen und Laken und Kopfkissen absolut on the bum. Ich habe soeben zum Anknuepfen, wissen Sie, und ich kann jetzt unmoeiglich neue machen lassen (die gibt es nicht fertig.) Mutti sandte mir ein Paket und darin ist ein huesches Geschenk fuer Sie. Gebe ich ihn, oder vielmehr sende ich Ihnen wenn Sie in Paris sein werden.....

Haben Sie die Nachtschuhchen bekommen? Passen sie?

Emmale, ich muss jetzt schnell mich waschen und zu Sasha-Lieb. Ich denke an Sie seit 3 Tagen ununterbrochen, glauben Sie man nur, dass ich meine Energie zusammenraffen musste, um vor Sasha lustig zu sein. Mein Angst war unbaendig (wegen seines Herzens) und noch dazu, mein Gewissen pochte, da ich Ihnen nichts vor der Operation schreiben wollte.....

Nun ist alles fein, Emmchen, seien Sie nur ganz, ganz ruhig. Sie bekommen taeglich Nachricht von mir.

Von wegen des Hauses in Nice, etc.. Wie werden alles sehen, Emmachen. Es wird nicht einfach sein, Bon Esprit zu verkaufen. Ich wusste das, wenn die Ann so wild darauf war, darum eben wollte ich es dann. Von wegen im Garten balabustern, glaube ich kaum dass unser gel. Sash kann, wegen des Bruches.....

Godd bye, dearest, courageous girl, and depend on me, if not on many things, may be, but on my need to make you feel easy about Sash.

I kiss you, EMMA

E. (1)

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870923061

[Letter, 1936 Feb. 11, Nice to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].—
1 p.; 34 x 26 cm.
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Just home from Hospital

7906

Tuesday

Emma darling,

Sasha is well, Operation went on O.K.

Wissen Sie, Emmachen, ich kann Ihnen garnicht sagen, wie erleichtert ich bin.

Wenn ich kam, schlief er wie ein Engel. Ganz still und sweet. Als er erwachte, laechelte er und dann wurde er rosiger und rosiger --- und war sehr vergnuegt. Der Darling. Die Schwestern sagten mir, dass er ein Engel ist. Alle lieben ihn so sehr. "Il est si calme, si courageux"

Natuerlich, er hat Schmerzen, schliesslich ist es erst seit heute morgen, die Operation. Man hat ihm eine Sonde in die Penis eingefuehrt, aus der er ununterbrochen uriniert.....in eine Vase hinein. Das arme Kind weiss es nicht. Die Schwester sagt, es ist eine Seltenheit, dass der Patient so wohl ist wie Sasha. KEIN FIEBER. Er ist so brav und fein, der Kerl. Und dann fragt ihn die Schwester, "quest-ce que vous désirez?" "Fumer". Rauchen will er. Also, das ist ein gutes Zeichen....

Emmachen, wissen Sie, wie schwer mir das fiel fortzugehen, brauche ich Ihnen nicht zu sagen..... Heute um 6 Uhr abends rufe ich das Hospital an um nach seinem Befinden zu fragen. Es wird gut sein, doch bin ich dann ruhiger.....

Er wird 10 Tage im Hospital bleiben muessen.

Ach, Emmachen, es waere schoen, wenn wir Beide zusammen zu Sasha gehen koennten. Aber das kann eben nicht sein.

Ich schreibe Ihnen taeglich, Emmchen, so ausfuerhlich ich kann.

Sehen Sie, jetzt ist es halb 2 Uhr, ich muss noch einige sehr wichtige Briefe beantworten, dann etwas tippen wenigstens.

Dann koche ich mein Essen fuer morgen, und ins Bett.

Fuehle mich ^{sehr} sehr gut. Aber das ist jetzt nicht so wichtig....

Emma, bitte, seien SIE WEITER BRAV und seien Sie sure that I am going to write you daily ----- so you are informed.

Write to Sasha also here, because they don't need to see letters from England.... They already asked him what he could pay. I'll see to it that it will be little.....

Am tired, my dear. Good night----- Miss EMY

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029152

[Invoice] 1936 Feb. 11, London [to] E[mma Goldman, London] / C.W. Daniel Co. —
1 p.; 16 × 20 cm.

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11th February 1936

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881027103

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 11, Bristol [England to] Emma Goldman, London / Harold F. Bing. — 1 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.
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Return

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ELIZABETH M. BING

Feb. 11th, 1936.

Emma Goldman,
20, Beechcroft Court,
London E.C. 11.

Dear Comrade Emma Goldman,

Thank you for your letter of 31st January, and please excuse my delay in replying but we have been very busy here just lately. I am interested to hear of your lectures in this country but, as I explained to Mr. Barr, when I wrote to him some time ago, our programme for this session is full up, including our Open Nights and week-end schools. If you should be returning to England in the autumn, as you suggest, I would try to arrange a lecture for you here then, but I must explain that the Folk House, as you are probably aware, is not an institution with considerable funds at its disposal, and we are not as a rule able to pay our visiting lecturers any fees though of course we reckon to cover out of pocket expenses. *Still, let me know if you are going to be in England in the autumn & I'll see what can be done*

Yours sincerely,

Harold F. Bing

Warden.

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023253

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 12, London [to unknown recipient] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 23 × 18 cm.

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Be

London Feb. 12th 36.

Dear comrade. At last the 25 copies of comrade Berkman's Memoirs are being shipped to Los Angeles. To avoid the customs and the bother I am having copies sent to you, comrade Yaffee, Cook, Bell and Dr Holtz. You will receive two copies a week until the 25 have been mailed. Please notify the above comrades they should know why the Memoirs are sent them and they should turn them over to you.

What with the large expence of postage the book will come to 70 cents a copy. I feel therefore that you should try to sell the book at least at ~~\$1.25~~ \$1.75 a copy especially as there will be no more copies left the edition having been exhausted.

Then you could send comrade Berkman a few more dollars. He has had so little from the work that has cost him so much suffering.

About my struggle here you will see from the inclosures though you may have read my statement in the Fr. Abb. St. I have not much to add. The struggle is hard and bitter but I am quite determined to settle in England ~~in~~ next Fall. For the present I remain in London until ~~April~~ the end of April and then go back to the South of France for the summer. Please dear comrade write me when the Memoirs reach you. Give my greetings to all the comrades. Tell, Bell, Yaffee and Cook that I have no time to write them about the books seperately. You will explain.

Fraternally.

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029155

[Invoice] 1936 Feb. 12, London [to] E[mma Goldman, London] / C.W. Daniel Co. —
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12th. February, 1936.

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Mrs. E. Colton,

20 Beechcroft Court,

N.W.11.

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146 Alexandria Road,
Plymouth.

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881022096

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 13 [London to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 24 x 17 cm.

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[13/2/16]



Masha, dearest own masha. What tricks you are playing on your old sailor. Its grand of you and E. to keep me in ignorance about your operation. But the shock of the unexpected struck deep nonetheless. Of course I knew from before that you were having trouble about urinating. Even that I learned through Modka and not through you. But the operation never being mentioned by you I could hardly believe my eyes when I read about it in E.'s letter. Poor dear Emy, it must have been no small ordeal to keep the truth from me and carry the brunt of anxiety all herself. But she proved herself very courageous indeed.

I hope she wrote me your actual condition, how well you stood the operation and how delighted the nurses are with you. Thats your old trick to fascinate the heart of every lady, young, middle aged or old. How do you do it, old scout?

Dearest own Masha I am with you with every thought and fiber of ~~my~~ my being. I wish I could rush to you to nurse you back to health and strength. Sure, I know Emy will do more than her share. Still I should so much like to have my hand in nursing you. I hope you will not rush out of the hospital too soon. Its better for the future to remain an extra few days. I am inclosing a signed check ~~which is for \$216~~ which A. C. ~~will~~ cash in case you need money right away. Come to think of it I'd better make it out to her name so you do not have to drag yourself to the A.C. I wrote you that my balance is \$216. I have not yet written Monreal to forward my balance in that bank. Perhaps the forty from the Philadelphia comrades have already reached you. Then you will not be so short. But if you are draw some on the inclosed check.

I can write nothing now about this end. I have many irons in the fire. I have no idea of anyone will forge anything worth while for me. But no need worrying about me. As you know Unkraut fergeth night. I will pull through somehow. If I do not get a chance to write from here before I leave for Plymouth Saturday I will write from there Monday. But I am sure to write you again perhaps tmorrow or Saturday morning.

Please, please dearest mine get well quick. And tell me frankly about your condition. I could easily return to France the end of March if you need me. Otherwise I will remain until the latter part of April. Be sure to write me frankly. I really prefer it to great shocks.

I take you in my arms tenderly and wish with all my heart that you may soon be on your feet again.

Devoted love.

Emma
I see that I need you -
Make the best use of it
my name is in it. I can

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022098

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 13 [London to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
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London Feb. 13 th 36

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I hope she wrote me your actual condition, how well you stood the operation and how delighted the nurses are with you. Thats your old trick to fascinate the heart of every lady, young, middle aged or old. How do you do it, old scout?

Dearest own Sam I am with you with every thought and fiber of my being. I wish I could rush to you to nurse you back to health and strength. Sure, I know Emy will do more than her share. Still I should so much like to have my hand in nursing you. I hope you will not rush out of the hospital too soon. Its better for the future to remain an extra few days. I am inclosing a signed check ~~which E. can cash in case~~ which E. can cash in case you need money right away. Come to think of it I'd better make it out to her name so you do not have to drag yourself to the A.E. I wrote you that my balance is \$816. I have not yet written Montreal to forward my balance in that bank. Perhaps the forty from the Philadelphia comrades have already reached you. Then you will not be so short. But if you are draw some on the inclosed check.

I can write nothing now about this end. I have many irons in the fire. I have no idea if anyone will forge anything worth while for me. But no need worrying about me. As you know Unkraut forgot night. I will pull through somehow. If I do not get a chance to write from here before I leave for Plymouth Saturday I will write from there Monday. But I am sure to write you again perhaps tomorrow or Saturday morning.

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I take you in my arms tenderly and wish with all my heart that you may soon be on your feet again.

Devoted love.

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861029057

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 13, London [to Frances Briggs, London] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p. ; 24 × 20 cm.

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4056

London Feb. 13th 36.

Thanks for the information about the cost of insertions in the drama Magazine. I will be very glad to have it done. So will you kindly ask Mr Beresford to book me for the July issue. I have been told that some of the dramatic societies and the playgoers start their bookings at the end of May. But I am sure you and Mr Beresford know best whether July will not already be too late.

Before I leave England, about the first week in April I will arrange to come to your office to see about the text of the insertion. I suppose it will still be time then. Or I could come when I return from Plymouth the 25th of this month.

Thanks so much for writing Professor Searls. It will prove beneficial I am sure, if not for this season any more perhaps for the next.

Cordially.

Please thank Mr Whitworth for his letter and credentials. Tell him the latter has already helped. The manager of the Dutchess Theatre to whom I wrote and inclosed the credential sent me seats to see the play. If all the other managers will be equally impressed I might really get to know the London stage and plays.

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023159

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 13, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. —
1 p.; 23 x 18 cm.

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London Feb. 13th 36.

My, my Dearest child. It was most thoughtful and kind of you not to write me before the operation. Yet the shock was nonetheless great. So much so it gave me a faint feeling so that I had to sit down to continue your two letters which came together this morning. As they say in English "it never rains but what it pours". That certainly holds good with us. Here you were so ill. And now Sasha's And an operation at that. It was so unexpected. Even the fact that he had a rupture was news to me. Only in his last letter did Sasha write that he had to get a truss for his rupture. Poor dear Sasha he is paying heavily for his years of imprisonment. Of course so many others who have not been in prison and have never suffered much physical pain begin to break at a certain age. Koldofsky for instance. But our Sasha was such a giant even after the Western Penitentiary. He was good until a high old age. It was the horrible Atlanta that finished him. He has not been well since. So it is not surprising about the rupture and the need of the operation. But when a thing comes unexpected it effects one like a bolt from a clear sky.

Yes, indeed I know how anxious you must have been about Sasha's heart condition and the effect upon it from the operation. You were very brave my dearest to keep it all to yourself. I only hope that the operation was really a success and that there will be no complications. Please please write me every day. You understand how very anxious I will be now for a very bit of news from you since Sasha will not be able to write. I sent him a postcard yesterday because I knew I would not have time to write him. And today too I can only send a few lines inclosed here. I have to rush off to a shipping company to ship hundred copies of Sasha's Memoirs to New York. It will keep me busy all afternoon. I may have time to write S. a detailed letter in the evening. Meanwhile give him the few lines. I inclose a dollar bill buy S. some flowers for me and take them to the hospital. I also inclose a signed check. I am sure you and Sasha must be broke with all the expenses you have for the hospital and other matters. I feel so relieved that you both have found that Russian doctor. He seems very fine from what you wrote me.

Goodby my Dearest, tapferes Amychen. I hope with all my heart you will have our Sasha with you soon. But better not have him come out too soon.

With a great deal of love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870925054

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 13, London [to] Evelyn [Scott, Walberswick, England] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 20 × 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

18423

London Feb 13th 36.

Dearest Evelyn, I have been too worried and too harassed to write. Time on and I felt like taking the next train out so utterly hopeless does the situation here seem to me. Yet I feel I must not give up. But the struggle takes all my spirit. This morning's news from Sasha capped the climax. Or rather the letter I received from his sweetheart. He is in a hospital and has undergone an operation. As I had not the faintest idea that he needed one the shock completely unnerved me. You can imagine how it will feel hanging around here when S. is laid up. True, he has Ray, no one can be more devoted. And he is being ~~strenuously~~ looked after by a very nice Russian physician. Still it will make everything here more trying not being able to get away. And so it goes.

Dearling I am going to Plymouth again Saturday and I will be back the 24th and remain in London until the 15th of March when I have to go to Coventry for a lecture. In any event I will be in London the last week of this month and nearly two weeks in March. So perhaps you will see me when you pass through. Please do arrange it. M. telephone is Speedwell 7135.

Greet Jack for me.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880206051

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 13, Coventry, England [to] Emma Goldman, London / George Fearon. — 1 p. ; 29 x 21 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

23105



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P/L.

13th February, 1936.

Miss Emma Goldman,
20, Beechcroft Court,
London. N. 11.

8.15 p.m.

Dear Miss Goldman,

Many thanks for your letter, which I was quite easily able to decipher. I note that we are going to have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday evening, March 15th. In the meantime I will find a good hostess for you and I am sure you will be very happy. We will, of course, let me know the time of your arrival so that I can meet you in at the station.

Regarding the subject of your lecture, I think if you could speak for about an hour on the Russian theatre it would be intensely interesting. I suggest that the title be "The Russian Theatre or The Russian Drama" - I will leave that entirely to you.

With all good wishes and looking forward very much to seeing you,

I am,

Yours sincerely,



Resident Manager.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022097

[Letter, 1936 Feb. 14? London to Alexander Berkman, Nice (fragment)] / E[mma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 x 17 cm.

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2

than at the other meetings in Hammermith. Our people simply do not know how to organize lectures. When I tell you that they did not have the handbills ready until six days before the lecture, and that only about five hundred ~~hand~~ handbills were given out you will not be surprised to learn that last night's affair was a complete flop. About fifty people in a rotten hall. I had worked hard over my lecture on anarchism, had a lot of new informative material. It was just for die ~~etc~~, and I came home sick to my heart. Well, its over though I have no idea how the last affair will come out. It is only that Suttan sells most of the tickets, and that he is spending a lot of money on advertising and display. He even put up three posters on the principle underground stations. And about 200 cards were sent out by mail so that may save the situation. But I am not very hopeful. It seems almost impossible to get crowds in London. It is more hopeful in the provinces, and if I do get back here I will concentrate on that. So far its been blood letting all the time. Well, its over soon. Thats fortunate.

Had a letter from Jeanne, bless her she is so efficient. She already received the 25 copies of the Memoirs and she will immediately proceed to sell them at \$2. She writes she will send you \$25 so as not to wait until she has made the sales. I wish New York, Los Angeles and Toronto would be as quick. I hope though you will get a little money from your work. I will have only about 35 copies left which I am hanging on to. I may later put an add in the Nation and New Republic. It may help to bring orders.

I must dash off now to see Daniel and settle my accounts with him.

Dearie please see your Surgeon and send me word.

Devoted love. *CE*

Emmy, my dearest. I hope to write you a letter all your own tomorrow. I haven't the time now. I hope you are not feeling too bad. I feel like a criminal to keep you in pain when you should have the operation. Thats the price those pay who dedicate themselves to an idea. worse luck is, nobody wants that idea. And yet one cannot let go. Veruckt. Don't you think?

Much love. *CE*

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022097

[Letter, 1936 Feb. 14? London to Alexander Berkman, Nice (fragment)] / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 17 cm.

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c/o Edmund
146 Alexandra Road
Plymouth
Engl.

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488

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022100

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 14, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Feb. 14th. 36.

Cash my dearest. I wrote Emmy and you yesterday directly I got her two letters giving the news of your operation. I sent the letter by Air Mail. This morning early I had to go with Auntie to the British Film Studios. When I returned I found your card. I hope Emmy has also written me Wed. as she promised she would. I know she must have her hands full. But she knows how frightfully anxious I am. The news was such a shock and so unexpected it quite put me out of commission. I hope fervently both Emmy and you are telling me the truth. That the operation was not serious and that you are really not suffering a serious aftermate. Yes, dear heart, mehr wie dross hot uns noch gefehlt. But as long as the operation has been successful and it ~~was~~ has relieved you ~~of~~ the pain your suffered nothing else must be considered. Under no circumstances must you rush out of the hospital because of the consideration of what it will cost. Much depends on the rest you will get in the hospital how well you will feel after. So do not hasten too much to get home. We will manage somehow. Meanwhile I sent you both an endorsed check so you can draw some money to pay the hospital and whatever else is needed. I hope the Philadelphia comrades have sent the forty. And that Kapp will not delay too long. As you always say, "we have weathered" worse storms. So be of good cheer my dearest own Cash. We will not get lost.

The producer I met, a man Auntie knows well, was very nice. He said he would only give your story the most earnest consideration. But we had better not bank on anything. With our rotten luck it would indeed be miraculous if your ~~story~~ story would impress the man. He promised to let me know soon.

There is not much to say about my efforts here. The only human being who has comforted in all these months is Sutter, the man who wrote you the letter. He is very genuinely interested in my work and in my return to England to settle. He himself has offered to contribute £50, \$250 towards a fund to enable me to lecture without regard to fees and possibly also to publish some pamphlets. He is trying to find people whom he can interest in the scheme. Meanwhile he insisted on giving me a check for £5 to cover the shipment and postage of your memoirs to A. He pleaded with me to keep the books here, he would try to dispose of them at a good price. I told him that was impossible now because our friends had sent money for the copies they have ordered so they must be delivered. But you can see the man is intensely interested to help. And so is his wife. He is of course a Jew. She is a Welch Scotch kid much younger than he. I spent last Sunday with them in their little house outside of London. She also works, is a trained nurse, midwife and a health inspector. They cannot either of them earn such a lot. Yet they are both most generous. I think I should have despaired utterly if these people had not come forward in such a nice and interested manner. Whatever will come of Sutter's efforts, the fact that he is so willing to help is inspiration enough to keep on.

For the present my engagements stand as follows. Tomorrow I leave for Plymouth until the 24th or 25th. The 28th

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022100

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2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

I speak in London for the Arbeiter Ring again. Either the first, second ~~xxxxxx~~ and third of March, or the 8th 9th and 10th I may have to go to ~~SOUTHEND~~ a town near by. The 18th of March I speak for a dram group in Coventry, about two hours ride from here. The last ten days in March I may go to South Wales though the dates have been so bungled owing to the drama group in Plymouth S.W. may not come off at all this time. For April two last meetings are being planned for London. If they do not come off I will leave for Paris the very first days in April. If by that time you are all well I will remain a few weeks in Paris. If not I will come straight to Nice. These then are my plans.

George Seldes sent me his book. It contains most extraordinary disclosures about that harlot Mussolini. I will send it to you when I have finished. I have a letter from George and Angelica. I will answer them in Plymouth and then send both letters to you. It is not true that George has not given Angelica credit. On the contrary he writes very eulogistic about her. But he states that she had written a chapter for his book which of course is not true. The part comprises only 300 words, but by tearing out part of the MSS she had given her the chances of selling the article are destroyed. It's a rotten thing to have done. Angelica asks me what she should do in regard to George's. So I will have to write her and him to settle the matter quietly somehow.

well, dearest Dash I must close now. You are so much in my mind I can almost feel your presence. Please dear Dash do not rush too much out of the hospital. Make it easy and get well. ~~Write~~ write me if only postals every day. I do not have to assure you how anxious I am now.

I take you in my arms tenderly.

Devoted love.

EG

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490

The Emma Goldman Papers

881209147

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 14, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. —
2 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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The producer I met, a man Auntie knows well was very nice. He said he would certainly give your story the most earnest consideration. But we had better not bank on anything. With our rotten luck it would indeed be miraculous if your machine story would impress the man. He promised to let me know soon.

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Well, dearest Sam I must close now. You are so much in my mind I can almost feel your presence. Please dear Sam do not rush too much out of the hospital. Take it easy and get well. Write me if only postals every day. I do not have to assure you how anxious I am now.

I take you in my arms tenderly.

Devoted love.

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492

The Emma Goldman Papers

880726236

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 14, London [to R.A.] Preston / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 28 x 21 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Telephone Speedwell 71 35.

20, Beechcroft Court
London, N.W. 11.

23742

Feb 14th 36.

Dear Mr Preston.

I cannot explain your action in re LIVING MY LIFE in any other way except that you must be using my book for lending purposes. Now it is very flattering to me that you think my work worth while enough to circulate among your friends. But you will admit this was not the purpose for which I brought you the volume. To be sure this ~~man~~ did not pledge you to buying the serial rights. Being dependent on your editors and directors I naturally did not expect anything would come out of the negotiations. But I most assuredly expected you to return the copy I gave you. Yet two months have passed and there is no sign of the book. Moreover you have promised two friends of mine, Mrs Crotch and Miss Woodward to return L.M.L. at once. You have not even kept that.

I must impress upon your mind that I gave you my personal copy and that it is the only copy I have, and none can be procured here. I must therefore ask you to mail back the volume you have. I simply cannot wait any longer. Fact is I have waited too long already. So be good enough to let me have my book. It is really little to ask of you after the manner you have neither written, called or let me know in any other way why your transactions have fallen through.

Sincerely

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022099

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 14, Nice [to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. —
6 p. ; 19 x 24 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Hop tel Pasteur
Po. Chem B
Nice
Feb. 14. 36

My dearest Leo — I hope
you rec'd my 2 postals
(one to London, the other
to Plymouth) and also
Emma's letter & that
you are not worrying
w. cause to worry.

You see, when I went
to see that Russian Dr.
Rosanoff about some
pains, he told me I had
a rupture, mostly on
the left side. He pre-
scribed a certain kind
of ceinture (a broad belt
for the ~~lower~~ abdomen)

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022099

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 14, Nice [to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. —
6 p. ; 19 x 24 cm.
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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

28 (13)

2

That was not a serious
matter. But I told him
about my difficulty
in urination. He said
I must see a specialist.
He gave me a letter
to Dr. Tourton, in the
Hospital St. Roche.
Well, I'm not crazy
- I'm at St. Roche, as you
know. I had some ad-
mittance there last year.
But I went on last
Friday to St. Roche &
there I was cured, because
it appears that Dr. Specialist
Tourton comes only
on Fridays to St. Roche.

3

Wells he examined me, put
in a few "sounds" in me
& made me piss, & said
directly & plainly
He said that won't help
never & told me to go to
Hospital Pasteur, where
they specialize in urology
& make the operations.
I thought I'd go in a
week or so, but he said
I should go the next
day, for I needed
an operation soon.
He gave me a carte
d'admission to Pasteur
& it was all free.
Was

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022099

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6 p. ; 19 x 24 cm.

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4

Well, on Sat. Feb 28th
I went with my to Pasteur
22'1' far, outside the city,
upon a hill. Good
hospital. Surprise:
I found Dr. Tourton is
the specialist & surgeon
in this hospital. He
is a very efficient &
business-like & has quite
a reputation among the
patients, it seems.
Well, they took all
kinds of tests & operated
Tuesday, the 11th. They
gave me an injection
in the arm & when you
begin to lose con —

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022099

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 14, Nice [to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. —
6 p. ; 19 x 24 cm.

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5

Scoundrels, they put on
the mass + chloroform,
or ether. I don't know
what it was. Anyway,
I had no bad effects
from the ether or chloroform.
I am O.K. now, but in
the - they made a hole
in the abdomen, above
the penis + they put
in a rubber pipe (hose)
to drain off the urine.
So all the urine now
comes through the little
pipe. I'll probably
have to remain ~~there~~
for 4-5 days just
in the ~~same~~ ~~position~~ here.

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881022099

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 14, Nice [to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. —
6 p.; 19 x 24 cm.
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6
for a couple of weeks yet —
There is no telling, for
the girl remains in
we got a long time &
it is hard to move
about with it. Then
it will be seen what
further treatment is
necessary. Seems to
be a new system.

Well, dear, am telling you
all these retires so you
should not worry.

It is certainly awful
that I have to be here
just at this time.

When we are so poor
I wrote a few lines to
Kaff & sent me money.
I thought ad this in

7
this hosp. is free, but just
before the operation the
American here came &
told me my name, occupied
etc. & then informed me
that I should pay 45 fr
per day. I saw
on my carte "American"
& they thought I had
money, though I put on
my oldest blue suit
when I first went to the
hosp. & this hospital
wells I thought I
couldn't pay, they said
go for & I said "I
can't, too much for me"
wells they said I am

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881022099

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 14, Nice [to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. —
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8 -
a foreigner + the minimum
I must pay is 24 fr
per day. But I un-
derstand that after-
wards one can cut
it down some.

I am in a general
ward, with 12 other
patients just now.
Since the operation
in a room, not very
grand, with 7
others, all having had
similar operations
+ all yet in bed, not
left me in the room. An
interesting case here —
a Belgian boy — a herma-

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499

The Emma Goldman Papers

870925046

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 14, Walberswick, England [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 2 p. ; 20 × 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

TELEPHONE:
SOUTHWOLD 210.

15407

JOVE COTTAGE,

WALBERSWICK,

SUFFOLK.

February 14th, 1936.

Damn, darling, I am so sorry -- about your nerve-wracking trials, about poor Ben's illness (I can't say how sorry) and all it must do to you. I don't know anything harder in the world than that anxiety for a beloved person when one is at a distance, and when one has, simultaneously, to battle with the most appalling practical problems of existing. I just can't say anything that expresses my sympathy adequately. Golly, how often I've wished I could be a good Catholic or a Good Jew and at least have the consolation of illusion! Don't let me shock your rationalism -- but just imagine

how wonderful it must feel to pray for those one loves and admires when one can't do anything else and be convinced of positive happy results! I get sick of the sound of my own voice and the sight of my own typing, saying: I'm sorry -- and never being any earthly help at all! But indeed, indeed I am!

I think we must have been born under some similar evil stars. Jack's been ill again (he sends his greetings and appreciation of yours) and this relapse after my ticket has been bought is giving me fits. I simply have to leave because of money and there won't be a soul to look after him -- no servants and we're too broke for nannies anyhow. Well, and because of said brokenness, I probably shall have only one day in London, as I can only just make the grade home as it is. Damn it, in that one day I must see my prospective publisher, my agent, and certainly you, and squeeze in if I can someone else. I've been here all these months and not laid eyes on a London friend, and while there aren't many

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500

The Emma Goldman Papers

870925046

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 14, Walberswick, England [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Evelyn [Scott]. — 2 p. ; 20 x 16 cm.

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2

15408

there are a few it will be rather dreadful to miss out completely. It makes me want to swear in ten languages, because if I weren't so strapped I would go up four or five days in advance. What is now anticipated is that we will get to town the night of the twenty-fifth and uncomfortably scramble everything into the 26th. I'll telephone you on the 25th if we get in in time, or else on the morning of the 26th -- and pray for luck. Imagine a sort of fifteen minute visit with beloved Emma after all these months! Anti-climax is not in it, as I see it! But even that is better than nothing, and I can see some of your friends and tell them I saw you, which consoles people somehow more than letters do. And will console me more than not seeing you at all. So shall we say probably the afternoon of the 26th (as I have to lunch with publisher and agent) if you can manage to leave that open without too much sacrifice?

You are a grand being and too completely consistently full of integrity to have the co-operation of this world of political tacticians; and I wish to God I could be God and take you back to U.S.A. to help save that country from the Janus-faced tyranny that seems gripping it -- a monster that sometimes looks like Mussolini or Hitler and again looks like Stalin but is all the same under the skin, like Mr. Kipling's Indian female. As you can understand this view has alienated a good many of my acquaintance, who are completely won over to the defeat of all personal liberty or individually achieved idealism. You were the only one there I often feel, who had a third attitude and the power of personality to carry it into activities not representable in art.

But you to me are the future they will, paradoxically, look back to in time.

Love and love, darling Emma,
Evelyn

p.s. Don't know hotel yet.

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501

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023158

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 15 [Nice to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].—
3 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

February 15th, '36

Emma dearest:

Our Sash is so much better! I am very glad, as you may imagine. But, of course, he is weak, and I wished to God he would come home that I could take care of him. Poor dear. He must have suffered a great deal, poor Sasha. Well, Emma: I am busy, believe me. Am going every day there, which takes practically five hours. One hour to hospital and back is 2 hours. Two hours with Sash is 4 hours, and then one hour for preparing things to take along and dressing and so forth. I am sending also today the Mekhmo story which I just finished typing once more for Gengrich. Please, read inclosed letter from Anna to Sash. If she has a hard life! Haven't we all more or less? It seems to be a natural thing in life, to suffer--- everybody has troubles and so many.....

Now are you Emmachen? Please, I implore you, Emma. Have full confidence in me that I tell you everything as it is. I wrote you daily, almost, and so I will do until Sasha is home. He had NO FEVER whatever, ungerufen. His constitution is fine. Of course, they put in a pipe in the belly, and through that hole the poor man urinates! I tell you, Emma, die beste Krankheit taught nix.

Please Emma tell me all about your lectures, and I do write Sasha. I'll bring him the letters along and by and by he will answer more abundantly.. Dearest, I am not so very well anymore. But, I assure you, I take it with pleasure, knowing that Sash will be able to urinate without difficulty later on. Dear, believe

If anybody asks "what is the matter with Sasha"
tell them:
"Sasha cannot piss
Danie cannot sh---"

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023158

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 15 [Nice to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein].—
3 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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me, each time we went to Tante Moyer I dreaded the idea,
of his look of urinating.... The last days were hard.
No, all is over.....

I telegraphed to Modest Stein for money. They just now
announced that a certain sum has arrived. Don't know yet
how much. Will tell you tomorrow. But it is fine, so we
can pay that bill there, which will not be much, but
it will be a sum, anyway, because Sasha has to pay pro
day, we learned the other day..... So, then, darling,
the money will be there to pay everything.

Good bye, my dear, dear Emma. Be at your ease, PLEASE.
Otherwise I would feel very rotten here. It is my own
consolation, that at least, all goes for the best with
our own beloved Sasha. Be sure, he is so lustig and makes
laugh everybody in the cell. Tomorrow I tell you about
a funny case in his room. Something interesting. Today
I must go off, have to go to Postoffice with MSS. and then
to Hospital. It is already 11 o'clock and Sasha expects
me at 1 o'clock.

I had no letter from you that announces
me your knowledge of Sasha being in Hospital. It lasts,
if one waits, eh? Write me, dearest, and keep your head
quite free about S. S. Please. About the house, everything
will be O.K. Of course, we make that all slowly and freundlich.
DO NOT WORRY, EMMA DEAR..... Tomorrow I write you in and tell
you how much Modest sent. S'long..... Your Emmy, with love.

no pen
ready

Emmy

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from last: had sent 1950 papers
and it was made.
This was right way if you sent some.

[illegible]

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023157

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5 p.; 21 × 19 cm.

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16th February 36

Emma, my dearest ---

I promised to write DAILY. So I did. So, it means that you must have just received a long letter from me when you sent of this letter to Sasha and myself. I am sure.

I bring Sasha today your letter, and he is very happy to have them. Write often, dear. And, believe me, the enclosure of only even two lines for me does me some good.

I wrote you yesterday a very triste letter. But, Emma, if one is not made out of stone and one sees all that misery, one gets crushed with pain over all that terrible misery there. It is simply awful....

Our beloved Sasha is sooo much better. There is a star that is with him --- the reward for what he had done for humanity..... You and Sasha, both ---- are very great people. :

Don't think I tell you that "vom Mond heruntergefallen" No, dear. Those awful "religiöses" there kotzen mich an, mit Verlaub zu sagen. My dear, they are the ~~hässlichsten~~ I ever came across. Dear, I crossed out, because you never can tell von wegen dieses Briefes and so long our beloved one is there I leave out the words. I wonder if you get me.

They are very sweet to Sasha ("sweet", my dear, of course relatively because they all get so hardened it is something extraordinary.) And our Boy, er mocht seine Studien, und -- it seems to me that he does not mind it so much. I am almost convinced that I myself worry more than him. Happy nature that he has!

Emma, be quite sure that I tell you the truth ---- Sasha is going on marvelously now, gets rosy and is cheerful and sweet. He will come home in a week or so, that means WITH THE PIPE, through which he urinates. Then, later on they arrange that it functions normally.

There are many cases, I tell you. For instance there is a boy who is really a hermaphrodite. They are making a boy of him. He is a kind of an unpersonal being, happy. lives all his life in the hospital and had 10 Operations. And boasts with that fact! My, you could ~~think~~ think it is something marvelous he has to show off. In fact, I believe that this poor creature is unfit for life. SOMETHING lacking in him. What it is, I don't know, but seems to me it is that he has no soul whatever....

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To end to pain, misery and poverty there, that is understood.
I'machen, myself as everything else but healthy. And
you know dearest, I can hardly wait for the moment daily to
see how Sasha is. But believe me, I come home like a rag.
Physically and mentally. Because, there, at the hospital
I woke with Sasha darling, and with those poor devils around.....
But, in reality, it upsets me awfully, dear. You have no idea.
My nerves are not very strong, you know.

For instance yesterday the boy near Sasha was in a terrible
state. I bring him always Italian newspapers, and when I
came in, yesterday, he laughed at me so foolishly and his
eyes were like glass. He was in a coma. My dear Emma, when
I saw this I had to do a lot of control in order not to cry.
The fact is, darling, that I saw that our SASHA DID cry because
of that boy. Sasha is a strange mixture, isn't he?

So when I went away, it seemed he was better (the young fellow)
and I promised him if he will be "sage" and not drink water too
much I'll bring him fine newspapers today for Sunday. Then,
it seemed he did recognise me. He was so bad, dearest, that
Sasha told me he made an attempt to choke himself, only that
nurseman from the room prevented him. *He had a misshapen penis and
they had to operate!*

Well, courageous, strong Emma. I tell you that all, because
I know you are no "mollycoddie" and you take those things soundly
and normally and you are yourself a trained nurse. But, believe
me, dear, as you say, yourself it is no picknick.

Want just to tell you, that those poor girls who scrub the
floor and make the dirtiest work HAVE MORE HEART THAN ALL
The Retschtern etc.. Get me!

So, my dearest Emma. We got from modest 1200 Francs and telegr.
says that he is cabling more soon. My dearest, so then you do
not need to fear, and as I told you, in case you need anything
let me know in due time, dear.

Tell me, Emma if you get daily news from me, because I wrote
every day. I bring also to Sasha printed envelopes in order
to make it easier for him etc etc..... So, dearest, don't
worry - all will be well. And also the house business,
will all be O.K..

Our ENGLISH MAN whom I see here and there da er immer bei
inner engl. Dame ist, die ich kenne, told me that you can
get a lovely little Villa for 40-50 000 in Nice but he says
"VERY LOVELY" even so, we will by and by see to get to sell
it etc.... No rush, eh!

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What I fear is that our Boy will not be able to do things in the garden, you know. But, Emma, that all we will see, because God knows how he does it, but it seems he looks all again-----

Good food and care and rest.

I do not eat much, or next to nothing again. I am on the bum-bum. But, Emmohen, that is not to worry about, since my life is doled with physical pain. Later, LATER on, when Sasha is altogether well, and I still suffer, MAY BE I will have a good examination in Paris. IF NECESSARY. Because I feel distinctly that the character of my sickness has changed altogether and inside something must have happened.

Emma, darling, you know, it is not nice of me to tell you that, but it relieves me such a lot. I already feel better if I can tell you that. Sometime, you know, I get frightened about my condition which is extraordinary troublesome at time.

It is just now it is not the worst. Dearest, Emma, life is hard. But you know, strong will, as you say helps much. I have it now, believe me, dear. And, if it cannot do away with physical pain, it helps quand même.

I am glad of Ann Lord's letter. Then you will see for whom I typed the story. Because ANN had no opportunity and chance to give Gingrich the story. So he had not seen yet. I was shocked, between us, but, since we got the letter the day when our beloved One went to the operation - I just let it go, but I retraced it, in order it should go out as quick as possible.

So he wrote in bed a letter to Gingrich which I typed and had him signed in hospital and he made a few remarks of being ill. So all is well. I mailed the job is done and off. It is ready here, but I had a few corrections to do and today is Sunday, so it goes out tomorrow morning. The letter to Gingrich is out.....

Emma, if I have my hands full, seek me.

~~That is going to be a funny story, so don't get frightened~~
Yesterday I came home and lie down 5 minutes -- somebody knocks. When I open I see a man in the dark with uniform. This idiot says: "Your husband is sick". (Instead to say he wants to make notes about my financial condition)
My dearest Emma, as I am here before you I faint into his fat arms. By God, that was something. I thought that, since I came just from Sasha that something must have happened and this fool was sent from hospital to fetch me. In about a few seconds I was myself again and I was in the kitchen with

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that man. "Non, Non, ma chère Madame, il n'y a rien, je viens de la police." Dear Emma, this minute I felt so weak, that I made a motion and let him into Sasha's room.

Then that fool took out a printed sheet where he had to make notices about our possibility to pay there. That goes machinally with anybody who is there and so forth.

That man, who saw my emotion slapped me on the shoulder and was really kind. My dearest and then came the French style. "Mon pauvre Enfant, and this awful stupid man made me cry like a baby and I am so ashamed of it now, Emma, I can't tell you. You know, instead to say first that he comes from the renseignements or police. So long nothing happens to our Boy, I am O.K. But to start with "your husband is sick". As if I did not know.

No! "Please show your carte d'identité. I did. And he began to ask my inside out of me. What we live from etc the same story and so forth.

"Give me the carte d'identité of your husband". Well, Well. He has it in Hospital. "Well, I need all his dates and so forth to know, since you both are not legally married and so forth". Then he added (French) Mais cela ne veut rien dire, Madame pour cela il vous aime quand même. And such a Bloodsinner.

So I felt, if I am nice to him he may be us very lowly. So I told him our real condition that Sasha is writer but hasn't sold anything for 2 years and so forth. That my mother sends clothes and that the furniture were given to us and so forth. AND THAT I CAN PAY VERY VERY LITTLE ONLY.

Today I'll take Sasha's "Carte d'identité", (nabbiok) and I am only TOO glad that I am handling his, because it is much better so. When he left he said: "Don't worry Madam, you be sure that I am going to do for you all I can that you have to pay little". So I gave him a cognos. Because, Emma it depends entirely of his renseignements what we have to pay. So, I'll write you tomorrow after he was there.....

So, the time flies. He was there for one hour and I had to rush back to town because before seven I wanted to answer Rodska's cable (the answer was paid by him, the good fellow, isn't he?). I reassured him that all is well. Because after 7 it meant to go to the big post and I was worn out, I tell you.

I also am very anxious to leave every day + enough to write you ausdauerlich, dear... But that takes all time.

He is not alone in my life.

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And then, I like very much to do that, because, after all,
I know your tenderness for our Boy and the REAL interest in
him. And that warms me up, you know....

Emma, darling, I chatted with you abundantly, eh?
I have to rush as you know I always do, but I have to iron
Sasha's night gowns, pyjamas, I mean, I like him to change
it often there and then off to Hospital.....

Dearest, all will be well, I am SURE.

How is auntie? Give her my greetings.

I kiss you, EMMA

Emmy

WRITE OFTEN I want to surprise him as often as possible
with a letter from you.

*And I love you, Emma Love
Poor Auntie!*

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022095

[Letter, 1936 Feb. 17? Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London?] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 5 p. ; 19 x 24 cm.
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Wed 10 am
Dear Emma —
Everything going OK
Hoping to ~~be~~ write
you a longer letter, but
the Post Chief (the
main surgeon, Dr. Tourton)
is expected soon, and
so all the kids have
to be straight & snooty,
& no writing etc is
permitted.
But feeling very good &
really more confident &
than last time about it.
I had a parliament this

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2
morning. The first good one
since operation. They took
out the two pipes I had
in my belly for urine &
they fixed in only one.
A bit painful, but
it's OK. That's some
progress. Of course
we don't fix till
after the second stage
operation, which is made
by an electric machine.
That is, till then we
drain piss via penis.
Only through a hole in the
belly, a bit an inch

3
about the penis. So, with
this hole in my belly, it
is not easy to write
letters. We have to keep
one position all the
time, flat on the back,
with head & back
high, propped up, almost
sitting & we must
not move for anything.
So, not very com-
fortable to write.
About machine. I
enclose clipping, used al-
ready since 1929 in
France. This Hosp.

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[Letter, 1936 Feb. 17? Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London?] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 5 p. ; 19 x 24 cm.

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4
to struggle to buy one
But the printed copy
from a local paper
has had its effect
now the blasp. thought
the machine it has
already arrived here

The operation
with machine involves
no danger at all
they inform me. And
it is not so painful
in its after effects
as the old method

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[Letter, 1936 Feb. 17? Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London?] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 5 p. ; 19 x 24 cm.

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5
of course, averaged well
than have the second
operation for the machine

By Sat. I may be
40 minutes out of bed
a few hours a day
and looking for it.
for I have not been a week
back since the operation
they know it is too late
+ they don't enter into
our work with a whole
an anything. I had to ask
Gunn again to bring me
papers to put some
in my order, for it's

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881022095

[Letter, 1936 Feb. 17? Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London?] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 5 p. ; 19 x 24 cm.

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6
Love from constant lying.
after Sat we'll see
Taxes about a month
then a second operation
The days are shortened
by a daily letter from Emma
When comes her viz
+ often also a letter from
you, my dear own
when I everything
is well
Must close There
are steps in consideration
Dr. Com
Love
affection

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The Emma Goldman Papers

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 17, Plymouth [England to] Milly [Witcop Rocker, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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 Roc

Plymouth ~~xxxxxx~~ Feb 17th 36.

Dearest, own Milly. I received both your letters and I also had one from Rudolf. It was simply impossible to write you sooner. Nor can I answer Rudolf's letter to day. But I have determined to write you so as to catch the Aquitania Wed. As you see I am in Plymouth. The original plan as I stated in my statement which appeared in the Fr. Arb. Stimme was to give six drama lectures for a drama group. and lectures the comrades would arrange on social topics. The drama people fell down on the job. That not only robbed me of the chance of earning the first decent bit of money since I landed in England. But it also destroyed my dates in South Wales. So much for plans that usually fail when one has to depend on others to help carry them out. I came to Plymouth anyhow because it is the only ~~man~~ *town* in the whole bloody country not excluding London where we have a few sincere and devoted English comrades. It would not be difficult to put new life into our movement if we had a few Edmunds and others in the provinces. But outside of Plymouth we have ABSOLUTELY no one. Not a trace of anything that had been done in England over a half century. It is heart breaking. Well, the comrades here arranged three meetings of which the first took place last night. It was better attended by far than any of our London meetings. I have two more, one this Wed, and one next Sunday. The 24th I go back to London.

Dearest why should you be so surprised that the Jewish Anarchist, god save the mark have done not a single thing to help with my lectures. I am not aware that they did much last time I was in England three years ago. Oh, yes they had a reception tea, and Michel arranged an Edelstadt Memorial meeting and one or two more. But the Jews who call themselves Anarchists did precious little then and even less now. There is no particular reason for that except that the old anarchists, mostly fairly well fixed, give a damn for our ideas. Others again are living coppers. They did attend a few lectures but that was all. You would weep were I to send you the list of contributors to my coming to England. Thus Bloom a successful manufacturer contributed one pound and acted as treasurer. Most of the others gave pennies. It is not the money, though how they expect meetings to take place without some working capital is beyond me. Yet it is not the money. It is their blood freezing in difference. Not one of them has called up once, or asked whether I needed something. The rotten London climate gripped me from the moment I arrived. My cough is worse than ever. It was only by sheer force of will that I managed to drag myself to the Eastend for the meetings. A blind person could have seen how ill I am. Yet people calling themselves Anarchists showed less concern than the *char* woman in Liza K's flat. I just cannot stand such *Unbeschauzigkeit* anyhow, they will probably all crawl out of their miserable skin should you and Rudolf come here. But I should consider it a deep tragedy were you and R. forced to make England your home. A new generation of Jews will have to be trained to make work here worth while. The others are dead on their feet. They are utterly useless.

Naturally that does not apply to all Jews. It does apply to our so called comrades. Thus I have met a man who is not an Anarchist and honestly admits that who became intensely interested

The Emma Goldman Papers

891109051

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 17, Plymouth [England to] Milly [Witcop Rocker, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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2

 Roc

in my work and especially in my return to England. He and his wife (a young Welch Scotch girl) have shown me more friendship and warm feeling than all the Jewish Anarchists put together. The Suttans are very determined to get up a movement ~~for~~ that would make my return possible and that would enable me to lecture without any regard of fees. For one thing is certain I will never gain ground in England unless I can go everywhere without any regard to whether organisations can pay fees or not. The British public as far as it attends lectures is simply not used to paying admission. And workers organisations are so poor they have not the means to pay. Even one guinea is too much for them. So unless we can ~~say~~ set aside the question of fees I will never make much headway in England. Well, whatever will come of the efforts of my new friends, and nothing may come of it at all, it has already helped me to know them. To know that two people of all the hundreds I have met have warm feelings and that they show genuine human interest in me and my work. Believe me my dearest I need that in England more than I used to in America. For the very climate is enough to freeze the marrow in one's bones. And the small and dead audiences are certainly not inspiring. All in all I have had a desperate time both physically, I am still tortured by a horrible cold, and spiritually. And there are still about a month to go on with the ordeal.

In our case, Sashas and mine, it never rains but what it pours. While I went through so much misery here Emmy was laid up for six weeks with the worst attack she ever had. And when she got out of bed Sasha went to a hospital for an operation. I knew that he was having great pains urinating. But as usual he kept his real condition from me. Well, it evidently got so bad he consented to an operation last Tuesday. You can imagine my shock. Fortunately S. stood the operation wonderfully and without after effects. Both Emmy and he have written me that I need not worry Sasha is feeling fine. To day I had a letter from him in his own hand, so it is probably true that he is improving and that there is no danger. You bet I would drop everything and rush back to the south of France if it were at all necessary. Thanks to a Russian doctor Sasha met he had the biggest specialist on urology, in Nice to operate on him. And the hospital Emmy writes me is beyond any expectation in France. It is clean and the care is first class. That is a comfort, and even more so that Sasha is feeling so much better. Still, it is horrible that this should have happened when S. and I have so little. Such is life. Hardly worth continuing.

I am delighted to know that Rudolf's tour has proven such a success. I hope with all my heart you will get an extension. I shudder to think what it will be if you should have to go abroad. By the way, have you or R. heard from Abrams in Mexico? I met him in Paris and he swore up and down he would get in touch with R. in re his coming to Mexico. Let me know.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

891109051

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 17, Plymouth [England to] Milly [Witcop Rocker, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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3

Roc

I have not yet seen Rudolf. I told Polly directly I arrived that I want to see him. She said perhaps after the holidays. But nothing further has been said about the matter. I dare say he is too depressed to meet anybody. But I cannot possibly impose myself on him. Polly I saw at all the lectures and she was twice to visit me at the Koldofskys. She is as dear as always. Imagine Bloom contributing ~~to~~ to the expenses of lectures when Polly, a wage slave contributed the same amount. I love Polly but unfortunately I could see so little of her. If not lecturing or seeing dozens of people I had to be at the machine all day. There was no time left for any thing. Then too, the weather was murderous. To preserve my voice I remained indoors every free hour I had. Such drudgery and nothing to show for.

The Koldofskys asked me to send their greetings when I write you, also to Rudolf of course. Simion Koldofsky also underwent an operation and was three weeks in an hospital. He has trouble with his heart and he suffers from extreme anemia. Enough Zores where one turns.

Charlie please don't make it too known about Sashas operation. I don't think he wants it known. You know how funny he is. He may give me hell even for writing you.

Give Rudolf and Fermin my love, and take a lot for yourself. I will write R. when I get a breathing spell.

Emma

The ink on my fountain pen
gone out. And there is none
in the house of the Goldmans

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022101

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 17, Plymouth [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Plymouth Feb. 17th 36.

Dearest Dash. It was good to get your letter. I see, Emmy has kept me informed. Still, I feel relieved to see your own handwriting and to get the details of your operation. Of course I also received your two postals. But the letter was more gratifying. By all means you should remain in the hospital as long as necessary. You know the saying, "Vorsicht ist besser than Nachsicht." In the hospital you will be compelled to obey orders and rest. At home you'll begin doing things and that will not be very good for your future condition. So you had better remain where you are. Of course it would be easier for Emmy to have you at home. The poor kid had barely overcome her own misery when you had to go under the knife. Yet I know we all for get ourselves when those we love are ill. So perhaps E. will feel so occupied with you she won't be able to think of herself. I wish I were in Nice now. I could change E. off. Visit you part of the week and she the other. But what's the good of wishing. Need I tell you that I would take the next train out to France if your case were very serious? Believe me nothing would stop me. But since you and E. assure me that you are feeling as good as the operation permits I am going to stick it out until my dates are finished. But my heart and my thoughts are with you my dearest.

I am delighted to know that Mads cabled you some money and promised to send more. He is a queer sort. One might write him a dozen times he never replies. But he always comes to the rescue when needed especially where you are concerned. It's great of him and makes me forget that he is at times hard to bear. I feel a load off my mind knowing you have enough money to pay the hospital and the present running expenses. Meanwhile Kapp will probably send the sum he has. So that will help to pay your rent and other extra expenses you must have now. Dear E. asked me if I need any money. Bless her. Now while I have earned precious little I am getting along. So of course, I am not going to take your and her few francs when you need every sou. I sent an indorssed check last Thursday. When E. wrote on Saturday she had not yet received it. Yet I sent the letter by air mail. I hope the letter arrived when she returned from the hospital. Surely it will not be lost. Anyway keep the check for emergency.

Now about myself, believe me the struggle in England has been fierce. It seems even more so in retrospect. I don't think many people could have continued. The meetings in London were heart breaking. The hundreds of letters we sent out brought about three responses. In addition was the suicidal weather which in addition to my usual winters cough gave me a heavy cold. I have still not been able to throw off. You can imagine what it meant to keep up the battle. Fact is I probably could not have held out had it not been for the Suttens who have proven most interested and ~~max~~ are so eager to make my return possible. Though Suttens I met another man who I discovered had been a generous contributor to ~~the~~ anarchist activities in the past. But had withdrawn because of the lack of people to do any effective work. His name is Lif. He and Suttens seem quite determined to start a fund that would enable me to return in the fall, lecture regardless of fees, and possibly also do some publishing of pamphlets. Heaven knows we need new literature to rouse the youth. Both these men intend to start the fund with a substantial contribution and try by every possible ~~means~~ means to raise more. Meanwhile they have offered

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022101

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 17, Plymouth [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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to finance a lecture in a decent hall on LIVING MY LIFE. There and appeal is to be made in behalf of my return for subscriptions to the fund ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and for those who wish to join in a group to back E.G.'s activities in England. I don't know what will come of it, nor do I expect much. But just the fact that out of the hundreds of people I have met, men and women, only three have come forward and are seriously interested has helped me to struggle on against fearful odds.

Here, the few have worked as on my first meeting. The attendance last night was certainly larger and better than any meeting in London but the material results are pitiful. When I tell you that Edmunds and the others consider it much if they take in 18/ you will appreciate the poverty one is confronted with, but it is already much to find comrades so keen and so untiring as the few here are. Nothing like it in London. The remnant of Jewish anarchists are simply a joke. Some of them who are fairly well to do as manufacturers have contributed 2/ to the original fund and they have done nothing else. Even Ace has done nothing this time. True he is having the devil's own time to make ends meet. Still, he was less helpful than three years ago. All he did was to preside at my lectures. The only worker, efficient and reliable is Barr. He is a Jew. He did all the work, setting type until 12 midnight on all our printing, distributing most of it himself and writing dozens of letters by hand. I don't know what I would have done without him.

To sum up the situation just now is this: I finish here next Sunday. Before I leave I will get the comrades together in a group to do what they can to keep up work during the summer. They have all the liberty in the world for open air meetings. Also to begin raising a fund for their work next fall when I return to England, if the scheme of Suttan and Lif comes through. After Plymouth I expect to have two dates in Southend ~~xxxx~~ an hour's trip from London. March 15th I go to a town called Coventry for a drama organisation. The last part of March I may yet have to go to South Wales though as I wrote you before everything there has been mixed up owing to the failure of the drama group here to keep its word. My last two meetings in England are to be early in April, one financed by Suttan and Lif, the other on our own hook in Hammersmith a proletarian district. Should S.W. not come across my last two meetings may take place the end of March. That would enable me to leave sooner. As I wrote in the beginning if you needed me I would be for everything when my dates here are over and rush to you. I know of course you are in good hands with Emmy as far as care is concerned. And since the hospital is also decent you probably will not need me. But if you do please be frank about it. Nothing matters so much to me than your health. You know that don't you dush?

I am rather curious to know why Ann suggested you send the Machno story to that Magazine in Chicago. What has become of the copy you sent her? I am waiting for Anna's letter which Emmy promised to send me. I want very much to write her.

Goodby my dearest. Do get well soon. The world looks more gloomy than ever with you sick. Devotedly.

CG

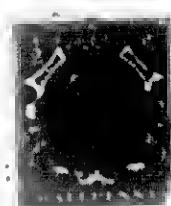
519

The Emma Goldman Papers

890317097

[Envelope] 1936 Feb. 17, London [to] Max Nettlau, Vienna / E[mma] G[oldman].—
2 p. ; 12 × 16 cm.
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BRITISH INDUSTRIES
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FEB
BIRMINGHAM

Dr Max Nettlau

Wien IX, Lazarethgasse 32, III/22.

Vienna Austria.



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R.G. Colton c/o Mrs ~~EB~~ Holdofsky
20, Beechcroft Court
London, N.W.11
England.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880817118

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 17, Plymouth [England to] Minna [Lowensohn, New York] / Emma [Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.

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Institutional Location: Paul Avrich Papers.

Plymouth Feb. 17th 36.

Dear Minna.

You are a rotten correspondent. Its months since I have written you and no reply. Being a "good Christian" I refuse to reward evil by evil. ~~magnanimous~~ aren't I? Seriously old dear I have missed hearing from you.

I have just written comrade M. Bluestein that hundred copies of Sasha Memoirs went by freight to his address last week. I mean I arrang^{ed} for the shipment though it will not sail away until this wed. I paid for the shipment a sum I could

ill afford, about \$15. But I wanted to save Bluestein the trouble of paying there. Of course he will still have duty to pay. but as the invoice is only for £10 it will not be much I hope.

I wrote Bluestein that the book should not be sold for less than £1.75 or \$2. They are the last copies available. After these will be disposed off and those I have mailed to Los Angeles, 25 copies and 25 to Chicago the edition will be exhausted. Nor is there any likelihood of another edition. Besides, Sasha has gotten precious little from his Memoirs, a work that meant so much suffering and misery. I do hope he can get some money out of the sales of the last copies in existence. Will you see my dear that Bluestein and whoever else will help with the sales should try for some substantial profit from the book especially as the cost of shipment will have to come out of that? I have asked Bluestein to write me directly he gets the books. Will you also impress him to do so since I will be very anxious until I hear from him or you.

Don't be frightened dear, Sasha underwent an operation and is in a hospital in Nice. I only learned ~~over~~ about it last Thursday, two days after the operation has taken place. He and Emmy write that it was not very serious and that Sasha stodd it admirably. He will have to remain in the hospital about three to four weeks. Of course he will have to pay for his stay and treatment though he did not have to pay the specialist. Not so far anyhow. This is another reason why his Memoirs should bring him some money. Surely \$100 should be realized outside of the cost. Please my dear see about it. And write Sasha it will cheer him. Write him to his Nice address of course, 101. Blvd de Cessole. Nice A.M. France.

About my exploits you will gather from the inclosed. Some of the hopes I had expressed in the statement did not materialize. The drama group here fell down on the job. And there is still a mix up about dates in South Wales. But I am phodd ing on. I don't see what else I could do. Of course I would have dropped everything and rushed back to the South of France if Sasha were in a seious condition. Both Emmy and he write me that S. is comfortable without no bad effects of the operation. But that he needs close attention in the hospital. Emmy takes great care of S. So there is no immediate necessity for me to drop everything and rush back. So I am returning to London Monday to finish up my dates. I shall probably leave for France early in April. Please write soon.

Love,

Emma

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861114143

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 17, Plymouth [England to] Minna [Lowensohn, New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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Plymouth Feb. 17th 36.

Dear Minna.

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861114142

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 17, Plymouth [England to Abe] Bluestein, [New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Plymouth Feb. 17th 36.

5368

Dear comrade Bluestein. I am here only for a week when I return to London. Last ~~First~~ Thursday I sent you via a shipping comp any hundred copies of comrade Berkman's Memoirs. The shipment cost ~~\$12.13~~ \$2.13/. That amounts to about 13 dollars. In addition there will be some duty to pay. I am inclosing the invoice, the original has gone with the shipment. I hope it will not be much to pay at the other end.

You will gather from the cost that the Memoirs will have to be sold at a much higher price than the A. edition used to bring. ~~and because~~ First because of the transportation and secondly because the book outside of the copies sent you and the rest that got to Chicago and Los Angeles is completely out of print. Lastly because comrade Berkman has had so little out of the work that he has caused him such agony to write surely deserves to realize something from the last copies in existence. I hope therefore that you and Rose who have advanced the fifty dollars will make a special effort to sell the book for \$1.75 or two dollars a copy. That would bring a few dollars for our comrade who is very much in need of them.

By the way comrade Berkman has just undergone an operation and is in the hospital. He is feeling fine according to his letter received to day. But he will have to stay on in the hospital for at least three weeks. And I tell you that it will mean a considerable expence. So anything you can do to dispose of the Memoirs as quickly as possible and for a decent price would help tremendously.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 17, Plymouth [England to Abe] Bluestein, [New York] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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5369

About myself you will learn from the inclosed statement. You may have read it in the Fr.Arb.Stimme. It turned out that I was somewhat too optimistic. The Plymouth drama venture has fallen through. and South Wales is still in the air but not very distinctly so. Altogether it has been a fierce struggle to get a hearing. The poverty of the masses in England is appalling. Even if they attend lectures they are neither in an habit to pay admission nor have they the means. So while I have made some inroad it has all been labor of love and expectations. You know well that one cannot live from that. However I have plodded on. It was not so much because of much return now as for the purpose of laying a foundation for my return to England as a definite proposition. To stay on in France means merely slow atrophy. I cannot bear to face such a future. So I must keep on breaking ground in this country. Believe me it is frightfully difficult and barren ground to break. But I am certainly not one to give up easily.

Please write me directly the books arrive. They were sent c/o The Index I.L.G.W.U. as per direction of Minna Lowisohn. I hope that is correct. Tell me about yourself, your union work and anything else you care to let me know. Give my love to Rose. She owes me a letter. Give my fraternal greetings to the comrades you meet.

Fraternally.

Any money you will have from the Memoirs please send to ~~Mr~~ Alexander Schmidt Bergmann 101, Blvd de Cessolo, Nice A.M. France. This spelling of comrade Bergmann's name is on his papers. It will make it easy for him to collect money or cash checks than if you were to write him under ~~Bergman~~.

Hoping to hear from you soon.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023152

[Letter, 1936 Feb. 17, Nice to] Emma [Goldman, London] / [Emmy Eckstein].—
3 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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THUR Monday [1936]



Emma dearest:

I thought I wouldn't write you today, but there are several and especially one agreeable thing to tell you about.

I am just now waiting for the man from the police who wants to make the statements about Sasha's pay etc.....

Until he comes I'll write you and also will add the result of our "session".

Well, dearest, today I had a very big relieve re Sash.

Now, I will tell you the whole business. As 1st IS ~~the~~ Sasha needs two operations. The second, is to be made one month after the first and therefore he can go home in between, and there is a man who has to come here and clean him and make him a bandage every second day. That can't be helped, dearie, because, as "nice it is there in the hospital, our Sasha impossibly can stay there one month waiting for the second operation. It is an atmosphere of sickness all around and then it is not first class, as you know dearest.

So in 5 day - approximately, our Boy will be in a clean bed, I'll wash him since he is there he wasn't washed yet and will give him all he needs and will make him strong with fine things until the second operation.

Well, Emma. Now that is the thing I want to tell you, here:

They have invented a machine for the second operation in many or somewhere else -- and this machine is a marvel. It does not CUT out the prostate, but burns it out, so -- that the patient is absolutely safe from bleeding, fever or even pain. Dearest, believe me, how difficult that was to hide from you, you and nobody can believe, because I KNEW IF THIS MACHINE WILL NOT BE IN THE HOSPITAL I will not allow Sasha to be operated on. And if there is hell or scandal. Because, between us, many men died from this operation WITHOUT THE MACHINE. So, then, the good star for our darling has once more sent his rays of his dear being -- Emmaohen, the machine ARRIVED. And they are waiting for that one year!!! I am so relieved, because I just now had a long talk with a dentist who is waiting in the same room like Sasha for the second operation. A terribly pedantic type but O.K. in so far Hygiene is concerned, himself being a dentist. My dearest I was a different human being when I came home. The other day I wrote you a gloomy letter, mostly because of that machine that had not arrived yet. BUT IT CAME TODAY! Hurrah, hurrah, Emma. It means to us Sasha's soon recovery..... the ancient procedure was just impossible the bleeding almost 75 percent fat etc. What do you think that I had allowed this kind of operation on Sasha?

My dear ---- today I convinced MYSELF if really the machine arrived. Yes, it did. And in a few days the first patients are going to have the second operation, so we will see the effect. And our beloved one will have it in a month.

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881023152

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- 2 -

Our Sasha, ungerufen is FINE. My dear, he looks rosier than ever. All this piss and acid made him so bad tempered, and yellow like king. You will have a new boy this summer, I tell you. All the relatives who come tell me that their men all look rosier..... it's a fact then, not imagination.

Sasha with his pipa, nebbich, dear, bei all seiner goldigen disposition -- I hate him to be there (andererseits ich habe nichts zu kochen, he looks swell) and the others---- my dear! But, it is rather primitive (not so primitive than in my Russian hospital, by far not) but you know, it seems that they are never washed! My dear.

But you know our Sasha. He is terribly "busy". Has to write note down, read, talk to patients and the time flies. Am I glad that he is that way. He IS a marvel.

Now, Emutschka, I will of course not be quiet until the operation, I mean the second one will be done. But now, that they have this marvel of a machine --- it will be Kinderspiel..... There were a number of patients they are starting soon and I will report you everything, of course.....

The doctor, by the way, Sasha has, my dear, ~~from~~ by pure accident (since we followed the directions of that good Russian doctor) is a capacity. My dear, a better surgeon Sasha could not find ANYWHERE. He is renowned. And I saw this man. My dear, impeccable, like an American, a wonderful chap personally, young, modern, and has a tremendous renom  , it is to him, alone, that the patients owe the machine. He made the hospital to buy it, since he refused think of it, simply refused to make the operation without the machine. I think, Emma, that is splendid.

So, Sasha is in the best hands, darling..... and that is, why no I can tell you why I had to hide you the second operation. I trembled for the machine. You know dear, I would,--- in case the machine wouldn't have arrived within one month, written to you and have Sasha transported ANYWHERE to Paris or anywhere, but would not have allowed to have him cut there. So, then, ALL IS WELL. Think of it, Sasha came in time! One year they are waiting for the machine already.

That's all today. I'll add a line when the man was here. He is already half an hour late.

I am very tired, dear. Getting a bit thin again. Am weighing with coat 49 kilo. So you can see. I will go to bed, later on. But, my heart is so clear re that machine, dear, that today actually I do not think of my own trouble. What a relieve..

Sasha, Emutschka, is like a child. Like a troges Kind. Not now, oh no. Now he is so sweet and gentle, my----! But before that. To get him to that marvelous doctor. Emma, I felt

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- 3 -

like a criminal when I told him to go there. I had backstabbed
a row with Sasha m. He did not want to go etc. And I was literally
sick, had to go to bed. So upset was I, when he said it is a
"Crisis and imposition" of the Russian Doctor to give HIM a
time, to dispose about his time. 'And I, darling, I knew from
my English friend, how terribly dangerous that urinating business
was if neglected) On the other hand, Sasha was very angry with
me (HE with ME, not I with HIM). Have you ever seen something
like it, dear? If not for me, what would happened with that
boy???? He came just in time to have an operation. If he had
waited to the last, my dear things would have been differently
from now.

Believe me, of these reaction Sasha doesn't think of, more so,
has not the slightest ideas. I, who is not strong brings these
things down to the last, you know...

Emma, this is very private, but you know, when this fuss about
going to that marvelous doctor was, I wrote you a 10 page long
desperate letter, but tore it up. As I use to do, if I think
it .. useless. Now, when all is over and well I tell you.

Well my dearest, now all is well, nothing to be afraid of.
Keep in mind, that Sasha is not to be operated on before another
month. But, with this Machine ist es eine Anskretzung, enstatt
einer Operation. Er wird nicht einmal betäubt. Isn't it grand???

Good bye, dear, will add a few lines later on.

I embrace you

Sasha gets everyday his fresh fruit, and Bräches and so
forth and I bring him butter etc. So he is well off. Of course
he shares with the very poor ones. My dear, what a misery, you
have no idea! Or better you have.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216019

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 17, Enfield [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton]. — 2 p. ; 19 x 13 cm.

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6277

ENFIELD 2953.

111, Browning Road,

Enfield.

17-2-36.

My dear Emma,

Bring up the local hospital
assistant and find out who is their
head doctor, his telephone number,
etc. and arrange to see him. You must
wait for an examination -- and you can't
wait much at the same time -- do not
worry. Don't worry about expense. I
love you sufficiently to come to your
service.

I like Mr. Barr much more than
I could possibly like my fat friend
Riff. The former is calm, alert and willing;
the latter is a fat piker -- calm and lazy.
However, Mr. Barr is getting about
his own way and has a suitable
date. He will have to try and make it
a bumper meeting to make you to
his good stuff.

I am sending my type writer to
see if he can do things in a
good & proper manner.

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870216019

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 17, Enfield [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton]. — 2 p. ; 19 x 13 cm.

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On Saturday when we saw you
if you had a picture of health
and grin full of smiles. I would
have been much happier if I knew
that you actually felt your looks.

Still you will have to be good
and feel good too. Will see to it
that you do. Between David and I,
sometimes I believe we can knock you
into good form.

Meanwhile do your best
by keeping cheerful. Try and have
David with you. Would you perhaps
prefer to see a specialist here? If
so let me know and I'll fix
up an appointment.

With all good wishes

Yours

Shloime

P.S. David will be writing
later in the week.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

891109050

[Envelope] 1936 Feb. 18, Plymouth, England [to] Milly [Witcop] Rocker, New York /
E[mma] G[oldman]. — 2 p. ; 11 × 13 cm.
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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Envelope] 1936 Feb. 18, Plymouth, England [to] Milly [Witcop] Rocker, New York /
E[mma] G[oldman]. — 2 p. ; 11 × 13 cm.

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K.O. Colton o/o Mrs L. Koldofsky
20, Beecherof Court
London, N.W.11.
England

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216020

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 18, Plymouth [England to] Shl[o]ime [Sutton, Enfield, England] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

6279

Plymouth Feb. 18th 36.

My dear Schleime.

I had just started to write you when your letter arrived. You are a dear to be so concerned about me. I consider it my greatest achievement in "our" bloody country to have met you and Beryl and to have captured your hearts. Its all very well to stand stress and storm in the battle for ones ideas. But to be able to do one does need friendship, affection, kindness, or as dear Beryl would say, "some one to make fuss over you". I would not be surprised that even you my dear ~~Shleime~~ Schleime, hard boiled and matter of fact as you try to make yourself appear is not a wall adverse to being fussed over. Now honestly, are you? Yes, I do consider it a great conquest to have your friendship and Beryls. You will appreciate how much I needed it when I tell you that you two are really the first to show human interest. No one else has come forward since my arrival in England. I only hope you may never have to regret your fine spirit that prompted you to demonstrate your interest and concern.

I cannot possibly begin with a specialist here because of my lectures. Though I have only two more, actually I have already done enough talking here to cover an half dozen lectures. Saturday evening and last night I had a lot of people to ask questions. I wish I had the certainty it is not curiosity that motivated them. Anyhow, I cannot bother about the specialist. I am convinced it is warmth and sun I need to be saved from my cough. And now a specialist can give me that. However, if my cough continues I will see someone when I returned next Monday afternoon. I will let you know later the time of my arrival. Perhaps we can take tea

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216020

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 18, Plymouth [England to] Shl[o]ime [Sutton, Enfield, England] /
[Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.
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3

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do their utmost to help along anything I might decide to publish. I wish we had such earnest and active chaps in all the provinces in England. I would then come back with a song in my heart.

Far from feeling as happy as I looked on Saturday I really felt wretched. For two days before I received a letter from Berkman's young wife that he is in a hospital where he underwent an operation. Fortunately it was a minor affair but he will have to remain in the hospital three or four weeks. I knew of course that B. was not at all well. But I did not know his condition required him to go under the knife. It was a shock I can tell you. If I were not sure that my old chum is in good hands and is being taken care of in the best way I should probably have left England. Fortunately he stood the operation splendidly and is on the way of recovery. I already had several cards and a letter in his own hands so I feel relieved. I did not on Saturday and what with my cough I was miles from the need of smiling. But who can resist you? Besides, the station looked so gloomy I felt I must cheer up my gentlemen friends who came to see me off. Talk about achievement. Just think how many women would envy me if they knew I had THREE men to see me off. Well, if Berkman keeps improving and my cough lets up somewhat I promise you to ~~smile every time we meet~~ smile every time we meet.

Somebody is coming with a car to take me out for a drive to see the historic parts of Plymouth. The air may do my cough more good than anything else. But I continue religiously to take your medicine Schloime dear. Love to Beryl and quite a slice for yourself.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216020

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 18, Plymouth [England to] Shl[o]ime [Sutton, Enfield, England] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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The comrades here are most eager to carry on propaganda this month ~~month~~ the coming summer. I suggested they should invite you for a weekend to speak out of doors. Edmunds at once said he'd like you to come for a weeks holiday and rest, stay with his family and put in some work in the square where all outdoor lectures are held. I hope you will be able to do so. I also suggested Kavanagh. It seems to be this town is fertile soil and holds out better promise than London for something in the way of a good active group. We will talk about it when I come back.

Tomorrow I speak again, then Sunday. In between I deliver about a dozen talks so many people come to ask questions. I should not mind it but for my cough which simply does not get better. It makes me miserable and achy all over, but I suppose I will survive.

I just heard from Sutton, he writes he likes you more than he could possibly like "my fat friend" meaning Lif. I don't blame him. I am delighted he has taken a fancy to you, he will be doubly eager to cooperate. And he and his wife are most genuine.

I heard from Dorothy Glesnecke, the sect of our group in Toronto. The group will pay for the Freedom soon. See to it that it is not stopped. She wants to know whether Freedom knows of some one act revolutionary plays. Do you? I will let you know letter what time Monday to expect me.

Fraternally.

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810519443

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 18, Plymouth [England to] Liza [Koldofsky, London] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 21 x 17 cm.

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Plymouth Feb. 18th 36.

Dearest Liza. Just a few lines to tell you that Sasha is improving. I had a letter from him in his own hand yesterday and also a letter from Emmy. He will have to remain in the hospital three or four weeks. After much bargaining the hospital reduced its price to twenty four francs a day. The ordinary price for foreigners is 44. But even the small price is a terrible expense when S. and I are so poor. But of course he will stay as long as it is necessary. Emmy spends five hours every day on her visits to Sasha. The trip takes nearly three hours a day and she is permitted to see him for two hours every day. That is a blessing because the poor kid would have suffered frightfully had she been permitted to see S. only twice a week. I do not need to tell you that my heart is with Sasha and her. Perhaps it is just as well. For who needs my heart in London. True, I now have three gentlemen friends. But there is safety in numbers. Anyhow, I feel reassured about Sasha's condition. I only hope he may be in better health when he gets back to his place.

Apropos of my gentlemen friends, Barr wrote me an enthusiastic letter about his tea with Suttten and Liff. Both men are going to finance my farewell lecture in some nice Hall with paid admission where I will speak on L.M.L. Barr has been commissioned to look about for a suitable Hall. The date will be set when I return Monday. Suttten and Barr will probably meet me and ~~will~~ ^{we} will have tea before I come to you. I am really rubbing back because Evelyn Scott is coming to London for only one day before sailing for America, and I do not want to miss her.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029065

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 18, Plymouth [England to] Bank of Montreal, Montreal / E[mma] G[oldman]. — 1 p. ; 24 × 20 cm.

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Plymouth Feb. 18/36.

BANK OF MONTREAL
West End Branch
950 St Catherine Street West.
Montreal Que, Canada.

Gentlemen.

Kindly send the balance of my account for me to
BANQUE SELIGMAN, 45, Blvd Haussmann Paris. I am returning to
London the 24th and will continue to be at 20, Beechcroft Court
London N.W., 11. In case you wish to notify me that you have mailed me
the amount I still have in your care.

I take the opportunity in thanking you for your
fine service and your prompt attention to my requests on prior
occasions. When I come back to Montreal I shall certainly avail my
self again of your banking accommodations.

Yours truly

E. G. Calton

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880206053

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 18, Plymouth [England to] George Fearon, Coventry [England] /
[Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Plymouth Feb. 18th 36.

23107

Mr George Fearon
Resident Manager Coventry Repertory Co.
Opera House
Coventry.

Dear Mr Fearon.

Please pardon the delay in replying to your letter of the 13th inst. I got it just before my preperation to leave for Plymouth. Since I arrived here I have been kept frightfully busy.

Alright about the subject, THE RUSSIAN THEATRE. I never speak much longer than an hour. I can promise you the subject is most interesting. I hope your audience will find it so.

Since Coventry is only a two hours trip from London I mean to come early Sunday afternoon, March 15th. Thank you for your efforts to find me a hostass. The main thing for me on the day of a lecture is to be able to keep to myself. For strange it may seem and although I have been on the lecture platform for about forty years I feel most uneasy and unhappy before a lecture. I am alright once I face the audience. So if I can have a room to myself from the time of arrival and the time of the lecture I will indeed be happy. Another failing of mine is that I cannot eat before a lecture. If my hostass will kindly give me strong coffee about five o/c and toast that will be all I will want. Then after the meeting I do get very hungry.

Now you know some of my ~~like~~ failings. I would not dare to confide the many others.

I return to London Monday. I will of course let you know the hour of my arrival. I too am lloking forward to meeting you and the group working with you.

Sincerely

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023156

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 19, Plymouth [England to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

B.

Plymouth Feb. 19th 36.

My dearest Emmy. It is splendid of you to write me every day and such newsway letters. I appreciate it more than I can tell you. Your letter of Saturday reached me late yesterday evening and the long one written on Sunday came this morning. I am lecturing to night as it is impossible to answer either letter as it should be. I will do that tomorrow. To day I only want to say how awful I feel that you are again on the bum. As I wrote Sasha sometime ago your having recovered from your severe attack in no way solves the problem of your trouble. You are still a very young woman and it is impossible to let you go through life with recurring torture always present. It is for that very reason that I was so set on Sasha taking you to Paris. Of course I am not fool enough to believe that any physician can perform miracles. Still, he has cured Senia from a condition of horrible boils of 16 years. He has cured ~~Ulanovsky~~ ~~Samir Nuiwhenhuis~~ from an equally horrible condition of cancer, and he has cured an artist friend of our of some stomach trouble. Why may he not also help ~~fix~~ you? At any rate he must be given a chance. How it will be done now with Sasha's illness I don't know. But I do know that you should be enabled to go to his and try him out. IT WOULD BE DOWNRIGHT CRIMINAL TO ROB YOU OF THAT CHANCE. AND NEITHER SASHA OR I WILL SUBMIT TO IT. I realize it is out of the question now. But some way will have to be found before long. When Sasha is on his feet again. For the present you my poor dear suffering child will have to continue your martyrdom for another few months. In addition you will have to be very brave in order to be able to take care of our Sasha. At least until I come back. I already have an idea which may be a way out, ~~fix it~~.

Here it is. When Sasha has ~~recovered~~ recovered sufficiently to be about and I am back in ~~Paris~~ Paris 3, will send you to him and I will take you to the doctor. The when we know how long your cure would take we might arrange for you to stay with Suzanne if you wish to. Or in some inexpensive hotel room. And I will go South to take Sasha to St Tropez while you remain in Paris until you have gotten rid of that monster in your system. After all we have a few devoted friends, Melia, Hollie, Suzanne and a few more. It would not be us if your had no one in case of an emergency. Then too the treatment is not of the kind that would keep you in bed or inaccors. It is a system of internal douches taken about twice or three times a week. You would hardly need anyone for that, would you? Think it over and let me know. Perhaps it will be best not to say anything to Sasha now. He would feel rotten that his illness prevents him from going with you to Paris. Later on when our boy is quite all right and I am back in Paris we can carry out the scheme if it appeals to you. It would only mean for us to be alone a week or ten days between your departure and my arrival in Nice. Just think about it for the present and don't decide hastily.

Damned fool official to scare you so. But the French are crude in many things, their sensibilities seem dulled. I can visualise what shock it must have been for you. Ixx ss, our Sasha has marvelous recuperating powers. Anyone else

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 19, Plymouth [England to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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who had been subjected to so much suffering with no longer be among the living. That our child has withstood it all proves what a marvelous constitution he had in his youth. In this respect he and I are certainly alike. I too would have been dead years ago but for my horses strength. Its all he that is left me. I do not know whether to be glad or sad about it. For in the last analysis it will mean a high old age. Of what good is that without ways of earning ones bread? Its horrible enough to become a burden in ones youth. But in old age it is doubly so. Well, no use brooding on that now. We have other things to keep us busy. Do we not kid?

Darling there will be no need for Sasha to do garden work. We will get Marcelle, Maries husband for once a week and that will have to do. Of what importance is the garden compared with Sashas health. We will do the best we can. Thats all one can do anyway.

I have already written you not to bother in the least about finding a house in Nice. There is loads of time. We may not be able to sell Bon Esprit at all. And then there is no use wasting your energies. I heard from Ann. She writes she had decided not to buy a place now. I really do not blame her because life in Europe is so uncertain. We will see my dear. Only please dismiss the whole matter from your mind. You enough enough to do as it is.

Goodby dearest Anychen. Do not grieve too much. Sasha as you say is on the way of recovery and we will manage to pull along as we always have.

I take you in my arms to drive away your disturbing thoughts. With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880206054

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 19, Coventry, England [to] Emma Goldman, London / George Fearon.— 1 p.; 19 x 21 cm.
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23106



F/L

10th February, 1936.

Miss Emma Goldman,
20, Beechcroft Court,
London. N.W.11.

Dear Miss Goldman,

Many thanks for your very kind letter of February 7th. Mr. Percy Edgar of the B.B.C. should have spoken here on March 15th. Unfortunately he has had a serious motor accident but will be better by April. Would it therefore be possible for you to come down here on Sunday evening, March 15th? The meeting will take place at 8.15 p.m., and I should be happy to arrange hospitality for you with some nice people near the theatre.

I fully appreciate what you say about your fee and I think it extremely kind of you to treat the matter so charmingly.

I shall be glad if you will let me know by return, so that I can make the necessary announcement.

Yours sincerely,

Resident Manager.

I believe Jan and Vera Jordan are your mutual friends. They I met long ago.

I will get Mr. Edgar to speak in April.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023155

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 19 [Nice to] Emma [Goldman, Plymouth, England] / E[mma Eckstein]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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February 19th 1936

Emma dear:

I already wrote a postal card to you today but I have to write right away. First of all because I feel somewhat concerned about your condition. You suffer dear. I see that, and I do understand that under these trying circumstances. On top of it a cough and cold. Well, dear, alles Gute kommt immer zusammen.

Of course, dear, I got your check and a dollar inclosed. I told you so I believe at least that fortunately I do not need it and will keep it for you when you come. May be by now you got the letter.

Sasha is getting on splendidly. His poor ass is sore. Emma I have become vulgar to an extent that you will be shocked. So, then, his ass seems to be sore. And that is no wonder if you would see him sitting there—always in the same position. But today he got a bandage and all looks alright.

"Geschaeft dort geht glanzend," Emma. Das kommt und geht. Und was nicht mehr fortgehen kann wird fortgefahren." There came in a fellow to Sasha yesterday. He seems to come from an insane asylum, Sasha told me. My god he pisses himself to death. Each time I come to Sasha, he stands in the corner, with his head on the back. Not that I have anything against it. No, "immer lustig zu" oh, piss solange! Du pissen kannst! Ist der Refrain in diesem Zimmer.

Now we found out, that he pisses too much, and therefore needs a treatment, and seems to be all on the bum. Poor chap, ar' a dooh 'ns falsche Zimmer. How envious those others must be of him.

Dann, Emmachen, das ist eine unheimliche "Gewitterstimmung" in Zimmer. I do not shrink from telling you that the thunder comes down on you whenever you enter the "department" and there is no sign of a lightning of leave alone fresh air. All windows are closed. It is typically.

I have a real desire to buy myself a pair of rubber gloves when I come there. They tell you hallo, with a naive smile and he rtiness whilst you shudder under the pressure of that hand, "die immer in den Tiefen weilt"

Sashenka waescht meine Hand mit Eau de Cologne. And he himself, Al O. with Eau de Cologne, but not with water. They seem in that hospital to be anti waterists. Anti-cleanists. Anti hygienists. And you never and tell if they are not doing it with the knowledge of progress. So we must not mix up.

Sash will get up Friday. And then in may be a week he can come home.

Of course, dear, I have to be carefully enough with the money. I bring everyday things along to the hospital, and the fare makes 4 francs already. We will have also to pay the man who comes to give S. bandages. etc. But, Emma darling,

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[Letter] 1936 Feb. 19 [Nice to] Emma [Goldman, Plymouth, England] / E[mma Eckstein].— 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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- 2 -

if it will not last too long with our Bay, we will have enough. It is so strange that they do not tell me when he can come home. Probably they do not know themselves.

Have to close, Emma dear, am so tired. Feeling not well at all.

I am sure, dear, that you have a fierce struggle. And then, there is something that within you feels lonesome amongst all those friends. At least, I know, from my own experience how lonesome one can feel amidst of ever so many people.

Sat. enka will write you personally. He'll get up soon and then he may write as much as he pleases. Yesterday I put a letter from him to you in the box.

I suppose Modest is sending another bit of money, because I had a notice and he said so in telegram that some will come yet. Wouldn't be great?

~~Enclosed are two telegrams, one from Modest and one from Sat. enka.~~

Yes, I wrote you already above that I received blank check and will keep it here until you come.

So long, hope to hear from you soon. May you stay in your splendid health a long, long, long time yet. That is what I wish you. And -how precious that is.

Love always

E

P.S.

Emma, I hope ever so much your cough is better. I remember in St. Tropes it was rather obstinate. Wonder what that always comes from. Because there it was NOT cold at all. Take care of yourself dear. And what I believe is that you are apt to perspire a lot and all of a sudden you catch cold. You should not go always with your throat so free, dear. One of us three, you know has to stick it out. We both are no heroes. Or are we?

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19th February 1936

INVOICE No. **D 4781**

Mrs. E. Colton.

20, Beechcroft Court,

Golders Green, N.W. 11.

To packing & despatching 50 copies
"PRISON MEMOIRS"
in 50 packets at 1/- each

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023111

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 20, Plymouth [England to] Es[landa Robeson, London] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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Plymouth Feb. 20th 36.

Dear Esie. Your letter was forwarded to me. I cannot begin to tell you how relieved I feel that the cause of your silence is due to somebodys neglect rather than to your and Paul estrangement to me. Frankly I thought both of you ~~had~~ did not want to see me anymore. I thought and thought of a possible reason for your neglect of my letter. But I could not find it and I was most desolute about it.

Of course I heard Paul sing. Nothing but severe illness and downright poverty would ever keep me from that. As it happened I was invited by English friends. I waited for them at the ticket office. Of course they were late. I had already written a note to Paul to pass in asking him to take me inside the hall when my friends arrived. I wanted so much to go to the reception room during the intermission as I had to rush away to catch my train for SOUTHEND-ON-SEA where I had been booked to lecture. But since I heard nothing from you I felt it would be an imposition to try to see Pau. And that it might have disurbed him.

Needless to say I was as stirred by Paus golden voice as I have always been, except his Russian song which did not seem to bring out the wealth of his voice. But I went away with an ache in my heart because I was sure something had come between us and our beautiful friendship of years. Now you understnad why I feel relieved.

I am returning to London Monday in the late afternoon. I will be delighted to hear from you and to come any time you and raul can have me except the 28th when I lecture.

With love to you and Paul

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022102

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 20, Plymouth [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 5 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Plymouth Feb. 20th 36.

Cash, my dearest. To day I must write you at length. I shall not be free for the rest of my stay here though I will always make time to write you and E. short notes. I enjoyed your letter of the 17th as I have not enjoyed anything for a long time. Your humor seems to be growing richer every day. Your operation, far from losing its flavor has only made your humor more colorful. Really, dearest I laugh to tears. Where do you get it all? No matter how difficult our condition becomes you can still crack jokes. I wish I had part of that capacity. I should not find life quite as trying. Well, its fortunate one of us can laugh at this stupid world of ours. So you must keep it up dear heart. It makes my struggle easier to know how splendidly you keep up under every stress.

Yes, dear I agree that you and E. were right in not writing me before the operation. For I should have dropped everything and rushed to Nice. Not that much would have been lost. Talk about Kustarni. Nothing like it even in our early activities. The poverty, and perhaps even more so the shriveled attitude to life poverty has created chills one soul. For you must know that British poverty is of a long past. It has always been here perpetuated from generation to generation. Until it has molded the masses into a distinct, emoliated, spinless and nerveless class on par with what we used to consider *Das Lumpenproletariat*. A hopeless class for any revolutionary change. No wonder it is so bitter hard to rouse the English. Perhaps because of the enervating effect of abject poverty transmitted for centuries almost has made it possible to establish a labor machine by far more deadly than even the German trade unions have been when we were in Germany. Its a regular treadmill where each one is chained to the other in an ~~eternit~~ round and round. It is simply impossible to interest these workers in anything outside of that mill.

To give you an example, Tom Edmund has been in the labor movement since his early boyhood. He has worked in all sorts of trade union issues. He is known and respected by everyone though he has never denied his anarchism. Do you think he could get a single trade unionist to attend my lectures? Not one. You see our meetings did not have official approval. It is not much better with the I.L.P. gang. This time they had voted against any support for my return. And so the members did not come near our meetings. There were a few, the so called Left, non Communist opposition. But even they were afraid to antagonise their officials and the Communists. As to the latter, they have worked day and night to prevent my return. They have spr ad the most fantastic rumors about me. And they are furious that my meetings though not so large as last time still draw audiences. So you can see what an uphill fight it has been. And what ~~if I succeed~~ I will have to face should I decide to return next autumn. It is just hell. Of course, it would take more than the combined efforts of the official ~~ch~~ gang and the lethargy of these poverty stricken ~~poor~~ devils, poverty stricken materially and mentally to stop me. But I cannot deny to myself and to you the almost insur

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[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 20, Plymouth [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 5 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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mountable obstacles before me. If I am not physically broken and disillusioned beyond repair it is my horses constitution, plus by doggedness.

In all this misery I was sustained very considerably by the interest of the Suttens and the untiring help of Barr. The Suttens have only recently come into the picture, but even so it has been a revelation to find two human beings entirely out of *all* own ranks so interested, concerned and so willing to be of the utmost help. Fact is I have to restrain these good people from showering all kinds of gifts. I wrote them that my cough hadn't improved though I had religiously ~~faithfully~~ taken the medicine Beryl Suttan had given me along. A letter came back immediately from him saying they would take me to a specialist on my return. "Of ~~what~~ what good is my love for you, Suttan wrote back, if I cannot pay for the specialist?" I have already written you that he gave me a check for £5 to pay for the shipment of your *memoire* to A. In fact it is dangerous to mention anything. He immediately offers to help materially. And Beryl Suttan is the same generous creature. These dear people then of all the hundreds I have met are the only ones who show genuine interest and helpfulness. But in as much as they are certainly not rich, or Mrs S. would not also be working though she insists that she would in any event because she cannot stand idleness and dependence, I don't see how they can do very much. Thus Suttan has interested a friend of his who is also willing to help, and other friends of the Suttens might. Yet it seems improbable that two or three people can raise a fund sufficiently large to make it possible for me to lecture without any regard to fees, or to ~~engage~~ in any publishing scheme. Well, I will see what is being achieved between now and early April when I mean to return to France.

Meanwhile Suttan and his friend who by the way used to do a lot for our movement and has dropped out, have determined to organize a farewell lecture with paid admission for which they will also undertake to sell tickets in advance. They will finance the hall, printing and advertising. This meeting is to be used for the purpose of an appeal towards the fund Suttan wants to raise to make my return and stay in England possible. Of course I let them go ahead. But I am not optimistic of the results. Its only that I do not want to throw a cold douch on such zeal as the Suttens have already displayed. And also to encourage Barr who has been so bitterly disappointed that his efforts failed to bring out crowds.

To day I have received the inclosed note from the Film man *Authie* took me to see and your *Machno* Mss. I am giving him my St Tropez address. But of course I do not believe for a moment he will change his mind about your story. Emmy sent me Ann Lords ~~letter~~ letter. What a frightful time the poor kid has had. She and her boy must have reached utter and black despair if they consented to the hospital. That means they have given up their Christian Science belief. Two years ago Jeanne Levey offered to raise money to send Anns son to a sanatorium in Colorado or Calif for a cure. Neither would hear anything about it. Ann refused point blank. Just imagine doing such a thing when the boys life is ebbing away and every day is so precious in his case. It is too bad that Ann

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[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 20, Plymouth [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 5 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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waited so long only to be forced to let her boy go to a general hospital. What can they do for him there?

This rotten business with the lawyer must have been instigated by the damned communists. I am sure he never got in touch with the author. No doubt the Communists have. This action is on par with everything else they do. Talk about corruption I do not think even the Jesuits went to the length of mean uncorruptness and rottenness as the C. gang. Well, I am glad Ann finally disposed of that shyster lawyer. But where did she get the idea that you know the author of the story. I wish people would not make such statements because it can only embarrass you in case Sassoula should ever hear of it and deny knowing you. I suppose Ann meant for the best. Still, it's bad tact I think.

What an idea of ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~rich~~ to stop Ann's subscription to his magazine when she had paid for it. Even if he blamed Ann for his troubles it was no reason to withhold the magazine from her. People have crazy ideas. I wonder whether it was worth Emma's labor to send the M. story to the man. He may now be afraid to publish anything by you. But of course who have to put him to a test. I wish you luck my dearest though it does not seem *oh* you are I will ever have that with any of our writing or with any thing else we undertake. A letter from Jeanne "evy" tells me she has finally gotten an estimate from a printer for a pamphlet of THE PLACE OF THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY for 12,000 copies. She thinks she can sell at least three thousand in Chicago alone. She hopes other cities would so as to raise some money for me. She is optimistic, don't you think? Yet I do not want to stop her. We have so few people who still show zeal and enthusiasm it is cruel to rob them of either. Of course, if we had one Jeanne "evy", or a Yaffee, or a C.V. Cook in every city in the states it would be easy to sell 12,000 brochures in a. But we have precious few who are reliable and would ever return the money for sales.

Speaking of the pamphlet I have been thinking a great deal about the people who contributed to the fund for a new book. They will be furious not to get something in return. Yet I know I will not be able to write the book. If I am to return to England in the Fall I will have to use the summer to prepare new lecture stuff besides getting a little rest from the drudgery of this visit. And I really do not feel the urge or inspiration for a book of portraits. It occurred to me that it might not be a bad idea to prepare a collection of my lectures which Knopf might take for publication if he will not be expected to pay advance royalties. Or perhaps Daniel would, or the Sutters and their friends might raise the cost of such a collection. What do you think? It would be something to appease the contributors to my fund. It would at least show them willingness on my part to give them something for their money. As to the lectures, I have several in mind. The ~~the~~ Communists, The Individual, Youth in Revolt which I worked out into a creaking lecture, perhaps also a revised Patriotism from my old essays, surely as applicable to day as 22 years ago. Also a revised copy of Anarchism in the old book. Some material up to date of course that would make a book of thirty thousand words and could be sold for \$1. I would like to hear your view about

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022102

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 20, Plymouth [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 5 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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it when you can write me at length. I feel the damned money of the fund as a stone on my heart. There is little left and I have done nothing about the book and I don't know when I will. You know how people are, they will feel cheated and money gotten from them under false promises. I cannot stand that.

I heard from Ann. She has decided not to buy anything for the present. She writes the weather has been so awful she has had no use whatever of Bon Esprit. She asks if she can remove the telephone since she is never there and does not use it. Of course it is not our fault that the weather prevented Ann to be at Bon Esprit. I wonder what she would have done if she had leased the place for a year as she wanted to. Or still more binding if she had bought it. Anyhow, the fact that she could have no use from our place must have scared her off from buying it. Nor do I think anyone else will. France is in such upheaval I suppose no one will want to invest money, or if they do nothing what we would have to ask to make it worth our while holding the place. Nevertheless I mean so see an agent here in London before I leave. No matter what happens I should not like to give up our place this summer. If it is to be the last we should at least be able to have another summer there.

Dearest, I said I think you did right and very thoughtful not to let me know in advance about your operation. But that did not make the shock any less effective. And now the news of another operation. You say you would not have it done except by that machine which the hospital hasn't got. Is it likely to acquire it in two months. Well, the main thing is that you recover from the first operation. I can readily visualize how awful it must be in that hospital. But you can not afford to get out of it too soon. In any event do not let the expense decide your removal to your place. An extra week will not break us, since we are broke anyhow. Besides, Emmy writes Modaks has promised to send more money. Yes, indeed it is splendid of him to respond so quickly. I am glad he has such soft spot for you my dear.

About the tragic cases in the hospital. Simion K. found as many though of another nature in the Jewish hospital. Imagine the patience must bring their own provisions, such as tea, coffee sugar, eggs fruit and even soups and meats. And the attendance though trained is very inadequate. Simion wrote about his experience in the hospital for his paper. Well, the Jewish doctors and contributors have just mobbed him. So you see all hospitals in Europe seem to be alike. They are behind American hospitals in equipment, and in trained care. That is London, the richest city in the world does not maintain its hospitals. The money for it has to be raised by public subscriptions and contributions. The city does nothing for them. Naturally, the patients suffer the consequences.

Last night's meeting was poorly attended but by an attentive audience. Sunday is my third and last lecture. To night I expect a few people to see if I cannot organize them into a group for systematic work. Monday I leave for London.

A funny thing happened. I wrote the Robesons a month ago asking for tickets to Pauls concert. I received no answer of

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or tickets. I thought and thought about the possible cause of their illness. I knew that Essie tries to keep people from Paul. Yet I could not believe she would do the same with me. Anyhow to day I received mail forwarded by Liza and among them was a letter from Essie telling me that they had only now discovered my letter among newspaper parcels that had accumulated during their absence. I really felt relieved that it was only carelessness of the people who look after Paul's mail and not anything else. I will see them when I get back to London.

About Emmy. Don't think I left it to the last because I do not consider her case important. I do very much so. I knew when she and you wrote me that she is so much better that it is no permanent bliss. I feel now as I did since I learned of her attack that something drastic will have to be done to get her radical relief. To my mind it is Senias doctor whose treatment seems to bring phenomenal results. Somehow we will have to devise a way for A. to go to Paris and see the man. It can be done dearest even if you will not be able to go with her. I did not mean to broach the matter now, but since you know that K. is again feeling rotten I might as well tell you that I have suggested the following to her. ~~When~~ When you have improved far enough to remain alone for a week or ten days you should send Emmy to me in Paris. I will take her to the doctor. If he can undertake the case with some assurance of being able to help her she should remain in Paris. We have friends there, so it would not be as if K. must remain all alone. Besides the treatment would take place only twice or three times a day, and it would not necessitate Emmy's keeping in bed. And I would come to Nice to take you to St Tropez. I hope you and K. can see the logic and necessity of this suggestion. I am sure if the three of us make up our minds it can be done. It really ~~must~~ be done to save Emmy the tortures she goes through.

Well, dearest heart this is enough of a magille for to day. Please ask Emmy to buy cigarettes for your neighbors in the ward from me. I can imagine the effect K. must have on these god and man forsaken creatures.

Woodby my dearest.

Will send letter from Alice
man next week

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 20, Plymouth [England to] Walter C. Mycroft, Elstree [England] /
[Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.
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23743

20 Beechcroft Court, London, N.W.11.

Plymouth Feb. 20th 36.

Mr Walter C. Mycroft
Director of Production
B.I.P.
Elstree Studios
Boreham Wood
Elstree

Dear Mr Mycroft. Your kind note and MSS were forwarded to me
here. Thank you very much for your interest in the Machno story.

I am returning to London Monday Feb. 24th. I will continue
to live at 20 Beechcroft Court until the latter part of March
April when I will leave England for the South of France. My
address there is BON ESPRIT, CHEMIN ST ANTOINE, STORPEZ VAR, FRANCE.
I will very glad indeed to hear from you at any time.

Yours sincerely.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029154

[Invoice] 1936 Feb. 20, London [to] E[mma Goldman, London] / C.W. Daniel Co—
1 p.; 17 × 20 cm.

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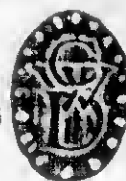
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20th February 1936

INVOICE No. D 4786

Mrs. E. Colton,

20, Beecheroff Court,

Golders Green, N.W.11.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023075

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 21, Plymouth [England to] Jeanne [Levey, Chicago (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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Plymouth Feb. 21st 36.



Darling Jeanne. Your letter of the 10th inst. was forwarded to me here. It reached me Wed. when I had to lecture so could not write at once. Bless your big generous heart for writing me often and being so concerned in my welfare. The struggle would not be half so madning if I had a few more such precious friends as you. But you know yourself my dearest how few there are who understand the real meaning of friendship. With most people it is a sort of desert, after a good meal, pleasant company, nice wines etc. Then comes friendship in small portions. But you my sweet Jeanne know and feel the depth and beauty of this rarest of flowers which alone makes life at all bearable.

I wrote you before I left London that copies of Sashas book have been sent to you, Joe, the Halperines, the Weiners and also to Ray. ~~Two~~ Two such shipments have already gone, and two more will be sent, if they have not already, this week. In all you are to have 25 copies after they will be collected from the people they have been posted to. In this way duty and bother will be spared you. Darling I must ask you to concentrate on the sale of the Memoirs before you do anything else. Don't be shocked, Sasha is in an hospital where he has undergone an operation ~~on the prostate~~ for some urological trouble he had. I knew of his trouble of course, but not that it had gone to a ~~dangerous~~ such a grave condition. Sasha not wanting to worry me did not write about the impending operation. Nor did he permit Emmy to do it. I got word only when everything was over. It was a frightful shock. Fortunately Sasha has marvelous recuperating powers. He stood the chloroform and the operation wonderfully well. I get daily Bulletins ~~about~~ his condition. He has to remain in the hospital for a while. The trouble is another operation though less serious and even without an anesthetic will have to follow in about six weeks.

Well, you can imagine we need money since the whole illness will cost a fortune. Stein whom Emmy ~~sent~~ cabled sent \$100, in francs just half of what it used to be. That's why I want you to concentrate on the sale of Sashas Memoirs. If you could get \$2 a ~~piece~~ piece would be of tremendous help. The pamphlet simply must wait as Sashas ~~current~~ needs are more important now.

It is splendid of you to try so hard ~~about~~ to bring about the publication of the pamphlet. I hope with all my heart it will have a grand ~~sale~~ sale. About addresses of reliable people, and they must be that or you'll never see a cent returned. I know whereof I speak. We'd be rich now if I had the money from the vast amount of literature sent to comrades in the different parts of the U.S.A., England and even Australia. To that country alone I once sent \$1500, worth of literature when I myself had planned to go there. I never got one cent back for all the stuff. So I feel it would be fatal to send the pamphlet to groups. It must go to individuals only who care intensely about me and my work. Unfortunately there are not many. Would you believe it I have no one in New York, yet that was our headquarters for thirty years. We do have a lot of comrades there. But none who would go to the trouble of selling the brochure or sending the money if they sold it. Perhaps it would be worth while to send

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of the brochure, they may order some cent by inclosing stamps in an envelope. The trouble is I cannot get at the addresses until I return to St Tropes and that will not be before May. A better method might be advertising in the Nation, the New Republic and Possibly the Mercury giving your address or whoever will handle the pamphlet. Of course that will mean an expense. For this reason I would suggest that you charge 15 cents and not ten. It will surely make a 24 paged brochure and if you would have it on heavy paper it would be worth the 15 cents. Don't you think? Another matter, my memoirs might be advertised on the back of the cover. Perhaps Knopf would be willing to pay for that ad. You might write him explaining that you are publishing my essay and that as ~~it would be worth~~ you plan a 12,000 addition it would be worth his while to advertise L.M.L. Even if Knopf would pay \$25 for the ad it would be worth while to invest that money to advertise the pamphlet. He may pay more. What do you think of this idea? I myself think it more practicle than postcards.

Now as to the few personal friends who would do everything to sell many copies. In Los Angeles there is ~~one~~ Cook and a veritable wizard in activity. I will send you his address on my return to London, Monday.

Cooks address is 1038 Alvarado St. Los Angeles. In St Louis I believe Handshear 6323 Delmar Blvd would undertake to sell the pamphlet and would be reliable I am sure. In Detroit we have a reliable comrade who I think would try to sell copies. His name is A. Zubrin 9504 Jos. Campan. I know one person ~~who~~ in New York who could be dependaed upon, but I will first have to write her. I will let you know when I hear from her. In Toronto we have several people who'll work their heads off. But it will be best to deal with only one, Dorothy Giessecke

Chine Drive, Scarboro Bluffs Ont.

She will arrange for my other women friends ~~who~~ of whom there is about six that they should sell the pamphlet among their frien's and Dorothy would take public meetings. She is very active and efficient.

Florence Spanier in St Francisco 147 Mason Street may undertake the job and do it well. I will also write to a friend in Montreal. I have a lot of friends there. But no one who would undertake the sale though they will want copies for themselves. Of course it is never so satisfactory to send bundles to different parts for sale as if it can be done individually in the same city. But of course it will have to be done. We will have to leave England for next autumn. Provided I will return. Its been such a bitter struggle with such insignificant results it hardly seems worth while to continue next Fall. Of all the hundrs of people I met only two have shown genuine interest. I am not sure whether I have not already mentioned them in my last letter. Satten is their name. He is a Jew and she a lovely young Welch Scotch girl. Mr Satten means to try his damndest to make my return possible. He wants to start a fund for that purpose and to enable me to lecture without any regard to fees which no one seems to be able to pay. I wish him luck. But whether he succeeds or fails

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B.

It helped me greatly to bear the uphill climb to have found these dear people. So few understand how much those who give out so much as I do need fellowship, affection and kindness. Certainly our comrades do not realize. The Suttens have been an oasis in this damp, bloodfreezing and indifferent country. For their sake more than for mine I hope Suttens will succeed to rouse interest in his plan to bring me back next autumn for a permanent stay.

I have been thinking a great deal about the people who contributed money to the fund for the book I was to write. It lies like a stone on my mind because I have done nothing about the book, nor do I look forward to doing it this summer. Yet the largest part of the fund is gone. It occurs to me that I might recompense our contributors by something else than a book of ~~portraits~~ portraits, something that may not appeal to the popular reader but that would yet be of far greater importance. Namely a book of essays. I have enough material which only needs revision which might be the very thing for such a volume. Some of the essays would be the Revolt of Youth, analysing the causes back of the young generation that backs the Communists as well as the fascists. Another one on Constructive Revolution, The Tow Communism I have read to you in Toronto. The MSS you have, a revised version of patriotism as needed to day as in 1910. And several other things altogether about ~~approximately~~ thirty thousand words to make up a book that might be sold for \$1. Perhaps Knopf would publish it. or the publisher in London who got out my disillusionment. I am not thinking of that now. I just ~~presently intend to~~ would like to know your opinion about the scheme. Those who have contributed would see that I am no parasite. And it would relieve me greatly from the feeling of having given nothing in return for what I have received. Besides we need ~~literature~~ modern anarchist literature. Do write me how this proposition strikes you.

I have come to the conclusion that I will have to part from Bon Esprit. It will be an awful wrench because I love the place so, the only retreat and joy I ever had. But I don't see how we can go on especially now that Sasha will be an invalid for months. My plan would be to sell Bon Esprit and buy a small place in Nice or within the outskirts. That would do away with Sashas rent and other double expenses. And as I would come to France only for a few months in the summer I could fix me up a room in ~~the new house~~ that would not interfere with Sashas menage. The rub will be to find a buyer ~~and a condition~~ who would not expect to get Bon Esprit for a mere pittance. Well, I will see when I get back.

Yes, that was shocking news about Amy Davidoff. I saw her in Madison two years ago next month, so vigorous, so alive and so full of energy. I can imagine what it must mean to Bessie and Davidoff, but even more so to Bessie. Horrible. I am going to write her though words seem so banal in the face of a great tragedy.

So far Sasha has received nothing from Lucille or he would have written me. Please darling you write him. He will appreciate hearing from you now that he is ill. Tell Julia to write. It will cheer our wonderful Sash whose rich humor has not left

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[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 21, Plymouth [England to] Shloime [Sutton, Enfield, England] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.
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Plymouth Feb. 21st 36.

My dear Shloime.

I am so glad you too have a sense of humor. You see I am so frivolous myself I shock people who pretend they carry the weight of the world on their backs. I really believe it is my sense of humor which has helped me to survive such people and this rotten world of ours. To know somebody who can laugh at himself is the only way of feeling free with that person. And you ~~dear~~ having the grace of the funny side of life surely can also laugh at himself. Anyhow I feel freer now being frivolous since I know that ~~dear~~ you are a little that yourself.

Alright about teaching me the art of love. I am never adverse to that, I mean to being taught all the arts. Bless you my dear I know A.B.'s condition would make you feel bad that's why I did not say anything about it Saturday. You will be glad to learn that he is improving. He will have to remain in the hospital for a while. The trouble is he will have to undergo some other drastic treatment. I will tell you about it when we meet Monday. A.B. is the wonder of our age. In the most frightful suffering he could crack jokes and make light of his own condition. He wrote me a letter by hand sitting up in his hospital cot that made me laugh to tears. It is his spraling humor that helped him to survive sixteen years of hell. In this letter he write about you as follows: "Sutton sent me a beautiful letter with one pound. Got it just before going to the hospital. Did not acknowledge it yet. Please tell him I am sick. Ask him to please excuse me. Tell him is pound came handy. His letter was grand". Now my dear, write Berkman a line. it will cheer him. Write him to 101, Blvd de Cassole, Nice A.M. His girl

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216015

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 21, Plymouth [England to] Shloime [Sutton, Enfield, England] / [Emma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.
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will take it to him. You see any mail from America or England would make the hospital authorities think A.B. is a millionaire or has rich friends and he charges would go up sky high.

I said we will meet Monday. I will leave here at 12,30 P.M. and arrive Paddington at 4,40. I hope you can meet me.

I heard from Barr and have just written him that he should come to the station. It will give us a chance to talk over a number of things. Barr gave me the price of Conway Hall, £ 7.7/ It is preposterous. I have written him to look into MEMORIAL HALL, Wexton and Kingsway. They maybe much cheaper and available for a Sunday. He will I am sure go after these and bring us word when we need. If you can get Lif to come by all means let him.

My cough is somewhat better. I am sure if I had the time to be out of doors more it would leave me altogether. But I have not a minute. At the machine all day, evenings crowds of people who come to ask questions about a thousand issues. Anyhow, the cough is no longer so dry and painful.

I suppose you have heard nothing from Daniel. He must still be ill, poor man. I will have to phone his office Tuesday.

Goodby dear Shloime. So happy you have Beryl to turn into when depressed and when not.

Affectionately

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870820065

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 21, Brooklyn, N.Y. [to] Emma Goldman, London / John Haynes Holmes. — 2 p. ; 25 × 18 cm.

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THE COMMUNITY CHURCH OF NEW YORK

6900

MINISTER
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

STUDY
26 SIDNEY PLACE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

February 21, 1936.

Dear Emma Goldman:

I had intended long before this to reply to your fine letter of October 15 from St. Tropez, for I want always to keep in touch with you. But I have been living a hectic life this winter, busy as I have almost never been busy before, and keeping up with my correspondence, especially with my friendly correspondence in contrast with business and professional letters, is difficult. When I write a person like yourself, I want to write a real letter, yet that is almost impossible. But I must at least send you a word of greeting, lest you think I have dropped out of sight altogether.

I have an exciting bit of news to tell you, and that is that I have met Dr. Balabanoff. She recently arrived in this country and I had her speak at my church. She made a profound impression on the audience, for she is a great person, as you well know, and has an amazing mastery of the English language. She spoke not only accurately but eloquently. Within a few moments after we had met, and while we were waiting to go on to the platform, she spoke of you, and we indulged at once in reminiscences which warmed our hearts. How perfect it would have been if you could have been with us! I am trying to do what I can to get a hearing for Dr. Balabanoff, and my prophecy is that she will soon be addressing meetings everywhere. She was written up effectively in George Seldes's book on Mussolini, "Sawdust Caesar," and that is a help, as Seldes's book has created something of a sensation. You must not miss it, as this seems to be the first book that has told the real truth about this Italian crook and mountebank.

I imagine that you have been in England during recent months, and very busy there. How are you getting along with the writing of your book on your visit to this country? I have been hoping to see announcements of the book as I am anticipating a great deal in the expectation of reading your impressions of what you found here under the existing regime. Things have been drifting into pretty desperate confusion during the last year or so, and the state of the public mind is one of great uncertainty and growing alarm. We all of us feel the menace of inflation, and yet seem to know as little of what to

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870820065

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 21, Brooklyn, N.Y. [to] Emma Goldman, London / John Haynes Holmes. — 2 p. ; 25 × 18 cm.

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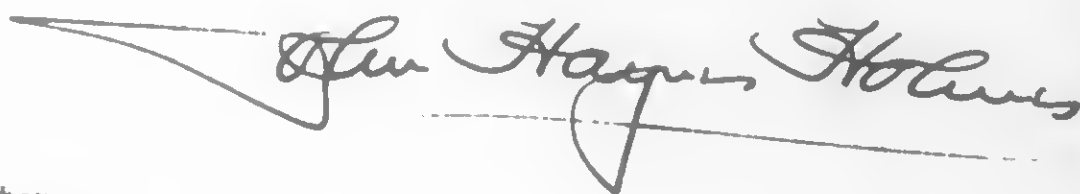
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do about it as the Western settler who sees a black tornado cloud sweeping down upon him. Roosevelt is rapidly losing his popularity, and the New Deal is being thrown bit by bit into the ashcart. The campaign will be the most exciting and villainous since the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884, with little if any permanent worth or hope to come out of the fracas. I myself have little confidence in the President, am tired to death of his smile, and am fed up on the political gang that is around him. Yet I see no alternative, especially as the progressives and radicals are fighting furiously among themselves, and thus proving themselves utterly incapable of presenting a United Front against the enemy. As regards European affairs, things seem even worse than they do here at home. What a world! I am more and more becoming a complete pessimist, yet fight on as though I really had some hope.

I hope that you are well. I shall look forward to hearing from you before long.

Very sincerely yours,



Mrs. E. C. Colton,
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky,
20 Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Avenue,
London, N.W. 11, England.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

900111005

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 21, Brooklyn, N.Y. [to] Emma Goldman, London / [John Haynes Holmes].— 2 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.

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Institutional Location: John Haynes Holmes Collection.

February 21, 1936.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter] 1936 Feb. 21, Brooklyn, N.Y. [to] Emma Goldman, London / [John Haynes Holmes].— 2 p. ; 28 x 22 cm.

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-2-

do about it as the Western settler who sees a black tornado cloud sweeping down upon him. Roosevelt is rapidly losing his popularity, and the New Deal is being thrown bit by bit into the ashcan. The campaign will be the most exciting and villainous since the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1894, with little if any permanent worth or hope to come out of the fracas. I myself have little confidence in the President, am tired to death of his smile, and am fed up on the political gang that is around him. Yet I see no alternative, especially as the progressives and radicals are fighting furiously among themselves, and thus proving themselves utterly incapable of presenting a United Front against the enemy. As regards European affairs, things seem even worse than they do here at home. What a world! I am more and more becoming a complete pessimist, yet fight on as though I really had some hope.

I hope that you are well. I shall look forward to hearing from you before long.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. E. C. Colton,
c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky,
20 Beechcroft Court,
Beechcroft Avenue,
London, N.W. 11, England.

Dr. John
26 Sidne
Brooklyn

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The Emma Goldman Papers

890317092

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 22, Plymouth, England [to Max Nettlau, Vienna] / E[mma] G[oldman]. — 7 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Max Nettlau Archive.

Plymouth Feb. 22nd 36.

SG N.

Dear Comrade. I have received your two letter of Dec 28 and Jan 24th with the note from our friends in B. inclosed. I have been very much Harassed by a severe cold and cough and the frightful uphill ~~struggle~~ struggle to break through ~~here~~ in England to write you as soon as I would have liked. My mail, far from diminishing grows daily larger. And as I have no Sec. as I did in Canada, I have to spend many hours a day at the machine which added to the numerous other tasks have kept me hard worked most of the time. This evening I have an hour. So I have decided to write you at last.

I have written the friends though I am not in a state of mind to bring much cheer to others. I have never learned to pretend joy when there was none in my heart. Or pretend ^{that I see} even ordinary human ^{event. la} ~~affairs~~ give reasons for rejoicing. But I have written as simple and personal as I could. I hope it will help the friends if even a little. Danke asked where he might go? What should I reply to that with the whole world a fortress? There is nothing more paralyzing than to write ~~whatsoever~~ into a black void. Well, I did what I could.

I admire your faith in England. The more I see and know of it the more convinced I become that it will be the last country on earth to go in for any social changes. The English are too steeped in their past, their Parliamentary achievements and their Royal House. You should have witness the prostration at the funeral of King George, the ~~more~~ sickening pretense of grief and sorrow you probably would have been less optimistic about the Liberalism of the English people. True, the English

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are less cringing, ^{less a} ~~as~~ in the vise ^{of the masses in Germany} ~~as~~ the masses in Germany. But they too move in herds, like flock, of sheep. If they are less drilled in a military sense they are yet cogs in the machine of their organization, societies, clubs and what not. No one moves on his own independent of his neighbors. That's what makes any free lance effort in England ~~seem~~ so futile. I did not credit it when I was told by intellectual Englishmen and women ten years ago that free lance work is "not done in our country". But after my attempt ten and three years ago, and the last three months I ^{have} had to admit that they were right. Patience, dear comrade I have plenty of that. If I had not I would no longer be among the living. But patience do not bring audiences, or pay rent or printing, or pay ones living.

however, I did find a wee bit more interest than three years ago but nothing that would hold out hopes of building up a movement, or rousing people to the falacies of ^{every} ~~any~~ form of dictatorship. Though the Labor Party, the I.L.P and the trade unions refuse to have anything to do with the British Communist they are yet sold to Russia. Look at the Webbs, supposed to be ~~honest~~ honest social investigators. Yet their book on Russia is such a perversion of actual facts it makes one's blood boil. With such a situation to confront one, and the traditional objection to free lance activities how is one to gain ground here? Why, forty years ago when I began in the States I did not find it so bitter hard and difficult as I do in England now.

Forget America. My dear comrade how can you say such a thing? I find that A. and Russia are the only countries worth wathing for, the only countries that have unlimited possib

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3

SEN

ilities. Europe seems to me decadent with traditions, in age long grooves from which it refuses to budge. If there is some hope from Spain it is because the Spanish people are naturally individualistic in the best sense. But even Spain is bound by traditions which are likely to keep the masses far afield from fundamental innovations. ~~Now~~ Now, I know the grave faults of the American people but also I know it is young, adventurous, willing to risk changes. I saw a greater and more profound change after and absence of 13 years, much more social awareness in all layers of society than I found in this country or any other I have returned to. My hopes, whatever I still have are in the U.S. and not in Europe. And though I have not been in Russia since the end of 21st I know enough of the Russian people to retain my faith in them. They too, are willing to dare, to throw caution to the wind, to rise against their detractors. Never mind if they now seemingly submit to the deadly dictatorship. But even, if I did not believe in the future of the States how can you of all men suggest I should irradicate from my mind and heart. Why, I have grown up there, it has been my field for 35 years. I have my people there, friends and comrades. No, I will never feel at home anywhere except America. I am pulled back to it by every heart string and every thought.

But then, one does what one must. England being my only alternative I will probably come back for permanent settlement. But I am not deceived. I see with open eyes that it will be a desperate struggle and very small results. A few things on this visit prove that I need not expect much. Thus the dramatic group in Plymouth has fallen through. And the San South Wales dates are also up in the air. And of all the hundreds of people

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S. G. N.

I have met socially only two, a couple, have come forward to offer some support for my work. They wrote me if I wanted to "retire" they would be happy to offer me a home. I assured them that I am far from that because, if I could abide in my garden and do nothing else it would be Bon Esprit and not the murderous climate in England. So now they are trying to get others interest to raise a fund to bring me back, establish me in an independent quarters and enable me to lecture and publish literature without regard to fees or material return. That is of course most gracious. But as these new friends of mine are far from being rich though they seem comfortable ~~that~~ it would be impardonable for me to accept their offer. *if others do not understand* Well, I still have some weeks in England. I will see what success my friends will have.

In any event I am going back to St Tropez. It will probably be the last time. Material necessity will force me to sell the lovely place if I can get anything near what it has cost. I am not lamenting it for I was never much attached to property. It is the beauty and privacy of Bon Esprit that have endeared the place to me. But if it has to be sold it will have to be done though the wrench will not be easy. The main motive for disposing of Bon Esprit is the insecurity of my dear old chum A.B. and Emmy. They are both invalides. Emmy has just come out of the worst attack she ever had, and A. had to undergo an operation on the prostate. He is in fact in the Pasteur hospital since last Pousda. Worse luck he will have to have another operation in about six weeks. Fortunately it will not be by the antiquated method from which about 75/00 of patients died. After years of efforts the surgeon in the Pasteur

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N.

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hospital, a very ~~slow~~ ^{able} man, the slow French hospital authorities have at last imported from Austria an electric machine which cauterizes the ~~propaganda~~ ^{propaganda} without need of chloroform and without the least evil ~~result~~ result. It has of course been in use in Austria for years, is in fact the invention of a Vienna surgeon. I hope you will feel sufficiently proud of your native town. It is sheer luck that ~~that~~ the contraption was acquired just when A.B. will need it. Though his scores of patients in the Pasteur will benefit by it. Just now our comrade is feeling fine. At least this is the report I get from Emmy. A.B. too sitting up in bed was able to write me in his own hand. So I feel somewhat relieved. Still, I want to get to Nice as soon as possible which will probably be the first week in April. You can see, can't you dear friends, that in our lives it never rains but it pours. This does not make the struggle to adjust myself to life in England any easier. Or to keep trying when the results are so inadequate. However, I am not one to give up until the bitter end.

What you say of the masses is true in a measure. Yet they and they alone can rise to revolutionary heights even if they cannot always sustain themselves there. The Liberal and middle class intelligentsia is too emaciated. It shouts Revolution but when the time comes it takes to its heels. Besides, the intelligentsia is wedded to Russia because in its heart it too believes in dictatorship. Its defense of liberalism is only a pretense. It would do exactly as the Bolsheviks once it would capture the power of the state. I am not denying that there are ~~not~~ some sincere liberals. But they are few and far between and they are all in favor of the present system. They want to retain political freedom. But economic dependence

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along side of their democracy. Well, you know yourself that there can be no peace between the two. At any rate, it is certain that we Anarchists are caught between the two streams and it requires ~~out~~ ^{all} most strength of conviction to get through into clear waters. Many of our comrades, and some of the best among them either go under or attach themselves to one or the other stream. And as I cannot and will not do it I need not hope to reach shore in my life time. I am convinced that Anarchism will be listened to and accepted in years to come. But I am no longer foolish or naive enough it will come in my time. That hardly matters, does it? While I live I shall go on fighting.

I did not realize when I sent you inclosures that my letter to C.V in Calif in re the Rocker translation was among them. I am sorry to have sent it because it was a closed matter and there was no sense in sending it to you or anyone else. I do not care to go back to it except to tell you that A.B. is too honest and too conscientious to take liberties with any author unless he has the consent of the latter. He had R.R.'s consent to use his own judgment and as he masters the English language as few modern writers do, and certainly better than R.R. he felt that involved German sentences might long do not read well or make sense in English. But as I said it is a closed and painful subject. You will be glad to know that R.R. is to get a year extension in the States, that he had a very successful tour, especially in Calif. And that his MSS is nearing translation and may soon be published. This is after all the most important nothing else matters.

I will send your note in re the Canadian publication to one of our comrades. You should know by this time that our foreign comrades live a life time in a country and know nothing of what is

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SGN.

going on around them. They do not even learn its language. That is the case with most foreign born in the States and Canada.

To night is my last lecture here on constructive Revolution. Tomorrow I return to London. I have about eight more dates to cover. Then back to France.

If I keep you waiting long for a letter I have at least made up in ~~last~~ number of pages. So I feel less guilty.

Goodby dear comrade.

Fraternally.

EG

You will smile in reading that I am called a "philosophic Anarchist"

I always used to say in the States that the philosophic is only the cover for anarchism on the part of people who lack courage to admit their anarchism. But I am sure my good friend John Poyes meant for the best. N.W.11. is the Golders Green suburb, one station from Hampstead. Its quite newly built up and though far from the center of life in London very accessible to all part by underground and buses.

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870930089

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75124

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5

18126

Hospital, a very able man, the slow French hospital authorities have at last imported from Austria an electric machine which cauterizes the prostrate without need of chloroform and without the least evil result. It has of course been in use in Austria for years, is in fact the invention of a Vienna surgeon. I hope you will feel sufficiently proud of your native town. It is sheer luck that that the contraption was acquired just when A.B. will need it. Though his scores of patients in the Pasteur will benefit by it. Just now our comrade is feeling fine. At least this is the report I get from Emmy. A.B. too sitting up in bed was able to write me in his own hand. So I feel somewhat relieved. Still, I want to get to Nice as soon as possible which will probably be the first week in April. You can see, can't you dear friends, that in our lives it never rains but it pours. This does not make the struggle to adjust myself to life in England any easier. Or to keep trying when the results are so inadequate. However, I am not one to give up until the bitter end.

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I will send your note in re the Canadian publication to one of our comrades. You should know by this time that our foreign comrades live a life time in a country and know nothing of what is

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least made up in ~~lxxx~~ number of pages. So I feel less guilty.

Goodby dear comrade,

Fraternally,

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I always used to say in the States that the philosophic is only
the cover for anarchism on the part of people who lack courage to
admit their anarchism. But I am sure my good friend John Poyne meant
for the best.

N.W.11. is the Golders Green suburb, one station
from Hampstead. Its quite newly built up and though far from the
center of life in London very accessible to all part by under
ground and buses.

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881023154

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 22, Plymouth [England to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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Plymouth Feb. 22nd 36.

Dearest Emmy. You must have been feeling worn out on the 19th when you wrote me your postcard. You sounded impatient and somewhat peeved. I am sorry if it was due to my not writing you more often in acknowledgement of your letters. You see my dear I am laboring under most depressing conditions. My cough is so bad and I feel so achy everywhere I have to keep in bed during the day a good deal to be able to lecture at night. Then, the poverty stricken aspect of my meetings and the place where I live. It requires fierce strain of will to go through with it all. Last but not least is my ever growing correspondence that has to be attended to. Anyhow I am not in a state of mind to write cheerful letters, and know in what a time you are having I refrain deliberately from writing long letters every day. Besides, my letters to Sasha have been intended also for you, else I would not have sent them open.

Yes, of course I have received ALL your letter and postcards. Since I arrived in Plymouth I received from you, letters of the 15th, 16th and 17th, and as I said some postcards as well. I have acknowledged every letter either by postcard, letters to Sasha that also contained something for you and a long letter on the 19th. You must have received the latter yesterday. Surely you will have seen that I appreciate your prompt report of Sasha's condition and that I feel sympathy with your suffering.

When I wrote you not to bother about a place in Nice it was only because I was afraid that in your eagerness to be of assistance you might also look over some places or go to agents. You know yourself dear how any suggestion takes hold of you and how intensely you go about carrying it out. I did not want you to do that when you are again feeling rotten, and besides being worried

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about Sasha and using up five hours a day to go to him. That was the reason for writing you should do nothing about a house now.

For your sake even more than Sashas I hope fervently you may soon bring him home. I am sure the exertion and excitement of your hospital visits must be the cause of your new relapse. And then the feeling of responsibility of the operation and the fear for the outcome. I should think that was more than enough to throw you back. The more I think of your misery the more convinced I grow that something will have to be done this summer to bring you relief.

Even if Serins physician should not bring about a complete cure he will bring relief. And if he succeeds in that we can arrange you should return to him from time to time. But first every nerve must be strained to let him diagnose your trouble and try his treatment. I feel very intensely about it, and as far as it is in my power I will leave no stone unturned to get you to Paris somehow.

However, just now you have a precious patient on hand. Yes, indeed, Sasha is born under a bright star. For, in spite of all he has gone through in life he has retained such marvelous resistive power and such capacity to overcome all difficulties, whether physical, mental or spiritual. He is a wonder in every respect. So we have reasons to rejoice ~~that~~ that our boy is so fortunate. I am beginning to think it was Sashas shining star that has also moved the French sticks in the mud to import that prostate medicine. Perhaps now his good luck will serve those poor wretches in the hospital. I should almost consider it worth while that our dear one had the operation, if by that he will have brought cheer and recovery to some of the victims in our rotten cruel system. Sasha writes me what

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5

Perhaps Anne Meagoo was right when she insisted that there is some good in bad experiences. Still, I do think the three of us could do with more of the good and less of the bad. Don't you think?

Your last letter did not say whether you succeeded in getting a reduction of the Hospital charges. I hope you did my dear. Of course your expense ~~kindness~~ of Sasha's care at home will also be pretty high. But at least you will have him with you, and the care you will give him will certainly be better than where he is now. By the way my dear you should get a rubber sheet. Not oil cloth. But a sheet of rubber for the bed. It will keep Sasha's bed dry and it will be soothing to lay on it. It may not be cheap in France. I wish I could send you one from here. Perhaps Auntie will go back to France soon. Then I would send a rubber sheet along. But in any event you will need one for S. when he gets home. While I think of it, write me if there is anything you need, or S. Woolens and rubber are cheap in England, I mean cheaper than in France.

Tomorrow is my last lecture here. The attendance will probably not be bigger than the last two. But the audience was attentive and the few comrades we have in this city are among the best in England. To day I am sending off a book to Sasha which will amuse him. I will have no time to write you or Sasha at length until next Tuesday. But I will feed you both on postcards anyhow. I leave for London Monday.

As they say in America, keep a stiff upper lip my dearest. It has to be done to survive all that happens in one's life.

Love to Sasha and you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022103

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 22 [Plymouth, England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Plymouth Feb. 22nd. 36.

Ask, my dearest, old Sam. From our Rnys letters I can see that you are still the old wonder. How many men at your age are there who would show such recuperating powers as you. A week after your operation and doing so splendidly. Marvelous. But then you have always been on top of the world whatever happened. Remember how ill you were ~~when~~ when you came to the Duford? And how one of your nearest, Fizzi, Stella our I believed you'll pull through the voyage. Then you go and surprise the whole lot of us. Or your stomach trouble in Russia, sick as a dog one day and up and doing the other. We are one in this respect, aren't we dush? Only you are much braver and you laugh at the world quicker than I do. I love you for that. I think it wonderful to have the spirit you display. Keep it up my dear. You have to you know, so as to look as vigorous and handsome as I left you. You have at least six weeks in which to get all well, better than ever you will be if you will be able to piss. I hope the operation will also help you ~~to look as vigorous and handsome as~~ not to have to pay hourly court to Tante Meyer. After all you have two girls who want your attention. I ask you was it fair to Mary or poor me to sit for hours with Tante Meyer. Perhaps now you will pay her regular visits, I don't begrudge her that much. But not for such long periods as in the past. It was downright indecent I call it.

Dear heart I lecture to night so I can not write much. But I hate to leave you and Rnys without daily greetings. Especially Rnys who so faithfully sends me daily bulletins of your condition. With all the other work she has to do it is grand of her not to forget how very anxious I am about you.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022104

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 22 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, Plymouth, England] / [Alexander Berkman]. -- 8 p. ; 19 x 24 cm.
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2
The penis until after the final
operation)
Well, these operations are
extremely painful, for they will
give you aching & alleviate the
pain. But, as they say here, "il
faut souffrir pour être belle!"
after it one feels relieved,
though. But there is a constant
burning sensation in the head of
the penis & one feels all the time
that he wants to urinate though
he can't. But that is only
seemingly so. As a matter of
fact I urinate through the
hose (soud in French) and I am
not conscious when I urinate
of just drips of itself, all the
time, though the hose into the
"pistolet" - the piss basin where
is always with me in bed.
However, these details are not
important. Just so that you should

3
know I am all OK. Getting
better, though it's a very slow
process in the business.
May be in 4-5 days I
can go home & have the
assistant. Let some one
& make up the necessary parts
wants (clean & change) a
couple times a week. They
don't change very much
for 12, so I am told.
As I work you before, I can
the sound (sound, like) remain
in my belly all the time. In fact
it is a short thing, about
1 1/2 feet long. But when I
am out of bed, and when I
am in bed, those is attached
to 12, altogether about 4
feet long, or may be only 3
feet long. That is the wire about
an hour & then it has to
be emptied.

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⁴
Through the spigot at the
end of a regular spigot,
the same as in our kitchen
in Bon Esprit in the sink
of course of a very small
size.

Now, dear, I am
again sure in getting a very
bad relapse again. The last
few days when she came here
she looked yellow & worn
as if she had a cold.
She is as skinny as a stick
but her head is absolutely
lost. Last relapse, because she
can't even cough or
sneeze, a soft vegetable
condition, she has been very quiet
again & jessy here
she could hardly walk about
she stays in bed now all the time
except to visit me. Well,

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5
she says hardly anything
about her condition till yesterday when I clearly saw that she is on the down. The trouble now seems she is a different side of the interesting. She thinks it's the stomach, but I believe it's mostly the intestines. She's full of water again. She's worse than ever before. She says (and she has hit) well, I insist she should go at once to the X-ray & get in the hosp. She's in the ward yesterday. They told her she might come with note from her doctor. She then went to see her doctor. I am afraid he will give her a note and a hospital. She has a rotten face. He gave her X-ray and told her it was no good. She hardly moves, nothing could be seen. But in this

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hospital they may be it better
Berkman, 12.12 a. morning clean
inaction she needs I hope to be
manage to get in here. I'm very
frightened about this & in the
hospital at the same time &
may be even in the same. We'll
manage to communicate of
course, most probably - if they
accept her at all - if I write
to you for example from
X. I hope to be able to do this.
The morning is a beautiful day.

Later S. came. Poor
very tired in fact, but was
a beautiful girl. She got the reputation
of being a bit of a flirt. So that they
it was worse. So that they
will probably accept her.
(otherwise they said you to
St. Paul & that is an
awful place.)
Brought some things (clean
clothes, towels, oranges etc.)

and also brought along
some things for herself (night
gown, toothbrush, soap etc.)
in case they accept her
here. That was very clever
for one used these things. They
don't even give you any
soap here - no kind of soap.
No bedclothes or anything else,
though they take away one's
clothes.
Well, from me I went
to the X-ray dept. here. What
they did there I don't
know yet. no way to find
out. But she'll visit me
this evening. They have pro-
bably put her to bed for ex-
amination. That's the system
of the hospital. Is it today
if they didn't tomorrow, that
they'll do it tomorrow, that
is, if she is accepted as a
patient. I hope she will be.

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8

Well, dear, let us hope she
needs no other operation. Though
they say that the surgeons
here are ok. Mine - for urinary
troubles - Dr. Tourton - has
quite a reputation.
Anyway, we got to find out
what's wrong with her & see
what the new X-ray will show
of the trouble. I don't think that
- especially - I don't think that
we shall have to be so
- the hospital at the same
time. That will be a
- I will have to pay little, be-
cause she can't work & does
not earn anything.
As for myself I am out
of the ward & probably I can
go home in a few days. But
we'll see till then. How things
stand with S. We will have
more news,

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9
1936 Letter (8's from) visit
u.s. I think so far no one con-
cerned, I don't need any visitors,
except our own people of course.
We can send out for what little
things we need, — like a ci-
garrette, orange, etc. The food
here is plentiful & rather good
(mostly, some of the vegetables &
meat are a bit) except that
it is always exactly the same,
— nothing new. But I don't
mind shipping to eat any
meat anywhere & my apple
has not been anywhere extra
since I am here.

Now, the main thing is a letter
our most. In the present letter
write as before, dear, to my
name, to the home address. The post
letter will be kept in the Post Office
I claim them. Ordinary letter
will have my name get out
of our letter box and

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11
Do not write at present to
Sunny Direct. You can put in
a note for her in my letters,
— I mean, in case she has to
stay in the Hosp.
Remember, in my Pavilion
82 is known as Ward B.
But in her own Pavilion
(which is a different department)
she will have the Ward
8.8 according to her papers.

I say this for future use,
in case she stays in the Hosp.
and you write to her Direct.

Well, I'm in life,
my heart 2 fm. As you say,
it makes rain - but pours.
Well, we'll see what the next few
days will bring. Don't worry
about me, dear. I am on my
feet, go about like I'm O.K.

Not to worry a bit. — Miss D.
Says 5 O'clock. My me about to come
right now in your car, dear. Take
care of yourself. So at least you stay well.
Love S.

10
bring on forward to us. But in
any case, with only postals -
short letters - notes of impor-
ance, for per letters may mis-
carry under present conditions.
Anyhow, it will take a
couple of days before you
will get this, and then
again 2 days at least before
your reply can reach me.
and by then I may be able
to go home.

In case of any over-
sight I am giving you the
my hospital address:

a. Berkman
~~Pavillon B1~~
Hôpital Pasteur
Pavillon B1
Nice, France

Pavillon B1 is vital, else
letters will get lost.

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881022105

[Letter, 1936] Feb. 23 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, Plymouth, England] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 2 p. ; 20 x 13 cm.

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Sunday, Feb. 23

Dear Emma - I send you
last one a long letter.

They took 8 in there
yest. P.M. She is
in the Hospital now
in the examination.
Tomorrow or day after
they'll take 4 more of
her stomach. So all
is OK.

I am doing fine but
in the morning I
go separately
to the hospital
I visited her & can visit
her every day & that
cheers her up. But
her spirit is low. She is
in a room with 3 other women.

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2
An "international" card, for
the women here is Russian
9/1 year, re; another Spanish,
a third French.
Here they'll give out, I hope
what's wrong with her.
You need not worry
about either me or S.
We are OK. Have eve-
rything we need & we'll
have visits from M.Y.
Lerner, S's Engl-Jewish
friend & she will attend
* whatever little things
we may need.

So all is OK.

Can't write more now.

Love to you

S

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022106

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 25, London [to Alexander Berkman and Emmy Eckstein, Nice] / Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Feb. 25th 36.

My own beloved Mide. I will have to write you a joint letter because I have so much to do I cannot manage separate megiles. Yesterday morning before I left Plymouth I got your dear letter Emmychen of the 19th, your short note dearest Sash dated the 20th and a postcard of the same date. I had not a minute to answer except by a post card which I mailed from here last night.

I am happy beyond words that you dear sasha are making progress. It must be sheer torture to lay in bed so long with out such care as alcohol rub downe and daily change of linen. I hope you have not developed bed sores. That often happens. They may say what they like in Europe about America. But they seem a century behind the states in the care and attention of patients even in such horrible hospitals as Ballview. As to Mount Sinai, Presbyterian, St Lukas, Beth Israel or any of the more modern hospitals Europe is simply not in it. I don't believe that even Austria and Germany before the war could compare though they certainly must have been cleaner than the French. Well, I am praying that you may soon be permitted to go home. Though a private place has not the same access to the doctor or other facilities, still you will have first rate care. I am hoping for your speedy return home for your sake Emmychen as well as Sashas. It will save you the wear and tear of going to the hospital. And since you will have to prepare meals for Sash it will force you to eat and not to run down from lack of food and nutrition.

I am now fully certain to be able to return before your second operation. I have at last heard from South Wales. After months of correspondence I have three dates there. Here are my final engagements! This Friday I lecture in London for the Arb. Ring again. March 8th I again go to Leicester for the Secular Society. March 15th to Coventry, March 25, 26, 27th South Wales. March 28th last meeting in England on this visit. I mean to leave for Paris the 2nd or 3rd of April. If the operation is to come off then I will proceed straight to Nice. If not I will remain a few days in Paris. So you must keep me informed.

Now I know that you dear Emmychen can take the best of care of Sashas. But I want to relieve you after the frightful strain and anxiety you have already gone through and still have before you. That's why I want very much to be present at the second operation. There must be any number of small hotels not too far from your place. I could take a room there just for sleeping and be with you during the day. Or if Sash must go back to the hospital and you Emmy will have me I can be with you and we can change off in our visits. We will see about that when the time comes. I may have to remain in Nice until the middle of May and maybe a little longer. Poor Ann has had nothing from Bon Esprit and she has had a lot of expenses. So I want to give her a chance to enjoy the spring months in Bon Esprit. We will see later. For the present you know now how I stand.

Plymouth while frightfully poverty stricken is really the only place I have visited that has promise for a real

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revolutionary, Anarchist proletarian group. I have made a beginning. I have gotten together ten most sincere people and I believe they will continue to work. I have suggested open air meetings with Marr and other capable out of door speakers and also the sale of small pamphlets. Also they will start a weekly contribution toward a fund to enable them to organize lectures during next winter when I return as I most likely will. Its a small beginning but Plymouth gave me real gratification because I was able to get close to English workers and their lives. The Communists are freighting at the mouth because of our success. They are busy spreading the most scurrilous lies about all Anarchists and myself in particular. But I paid them my respects last Sunday, hot and heavy. I challenged their big guns to a debate on Russia and our boys are going to continue the challenge. If it is turned down it will stuff their filthy mouths and it will prove to the workers who have heard me th at my facts about the murderous regime of Staling have not been refuted. That is a gain.

I am glad to say my cough has let up for a bit. The weather continues to be frightful. I found Lisa and Simon suffering from colds and Auntie too was laid up and is not feeling very well. The Editor of the Express who read her stuff wrote her a very favorable letter saying that ~~the~~ others had read it and found it interesting. But of course, it would have to be typed before they could decide. I hope with all my heart they Express may buy the serial rights. Auntie may return to France with me.

I think I wrote you Sasha dear about the strange experience I had with the Robesons. I wrote them asking for seats to his concert Jun 19th. Not a word and no tickets did I get. While in Plymouth I received the inclosed letter from Essie. I was really relieved that it was not anything else that had caused their silence. Essie called up an hour ago. I am going to dinner to h their apt Thursday.

I am also inclosing Angelinas and George Seldes letters. I am writing them to day.

Emmy my poor sick child. It is heart breaking to know that you must suffer so. If it is any consolation that it will not be for many more months then I wish to assure you once more that I will move the heavens to get you to Paris and to Senias man. This may not relieve you pain now. But it should help you to hold out bravely for another little while.

I take you both in my arms with love.

Samuel

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Will send \$8
after next mail

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The Emma Goldman Papers

840521006

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 25, London [to] George [Seldes, New York] / Emma [Goldman].— 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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London Feb 25th 36.

Dear George.

Thanks so much for your letter and your work which I also received. I read the latter immediately and found it in every way a better written book than your BLOOD, IRON, AND PROFIT. That does not mean that the other was bad. It had most informative material. But it was not as well written as your Sawdust Caesar. And your data is simply overwhelming. I congratulate you my dear. The Fascist together with their tin god must love you as the Communists love me. I really cannot blame them. For your work is the first critical analysis of the crooked way of Mussolini's ascendancy to power. And the historic data it contains nothing the damned fascists can or will say can refute it.

Dear old scout, you say you were shocked that I could even for a moment "harbor a suspicion against me". I did not suspect you. If I had thought you capable of a crooked ^C and act I should not have bothered writing you at all. I was simply pulled about the mix up. After all, Angelica is not the type to charge anyone lightly with any dishonest act. Nor to believe anything lightly. Now, I happened to read the letter of Fenner Brockway who was representing her with Golancz^a. And F.B wrote that in as much as your book contained identical material as Angelica's he could not accept her MSS for publication. I can see now that Golancz must have referred to the chapter you credit Angelica with having written specially for your book. After all, it is really not important how much you have used of the material ~~you~~ she gave you. It is that you have used it at all, and that you credited her with having written it expressly for your book. I suppose that is the objection that decided Golancz against handling

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2.

the the rest of her material about Mussolini. It is a very unfortunate mixup and I am frightfully sorry this happened.

On reading your book I find that you have certainly given credit to Angelica and also a very fine tribute. But you will admit my dear that taking out 300 words of her MSS, or the material she gave you has impaired the chances of sale of the article?

You say you had asked A.B. for the right to use part of her material in return for the article you wrote for her. A letter from Angelica tells me she has never given you that right. I must conclude therefore that you simply did not understand her, or that she did not understand you. Surely there must be some way of straightening out this muddle. Won't you please try?

I assure you, if Angelica were not so poor and so helpless in practical matters I would not have written you in the first place. But no one knows her condition as well as I. And it is for this reason that I hope you will see your way clear of letting her have some money. It really does not matter whether you used three hundred or three thousand words of her material. The fact that you have taken any at all, and that you have stated that she has written a chapter expressly for your book has detracted from the value of the original article. You should reimburse her for that. At least that is my opinion.

I hope your book has had a great sale. It deserves to sell in hundreds of thousand copies. You bet if I speak of MUSSOLINI, HITLER AND STALIN again as I probably will I shall speak of your book. I consider it a splendid piece of work.

I am finishing here the first week in April and am then returning to France. Sasha has undergone an operation. He is in the hospital in Nice now. He is improving and may soon be permitted to go to his apt. Unfortunately he will need another operation, even less grave than the first, but also resulting in considerable suffering. I will be in Nice by the time he needs to undergo that. In May we will go to Bon Esprit. It maybe for the last summer as we will have to sell the place. It will be a wreck but cannot be helped. Maybe you would buy it if your new book brings in some real money.

I asked you about our mutual friends Lee and Virginia, and how is Miriam Lerner and Don and his lady. Now be a dear and write me, since they do not. And get rid of the idea that I meant to hurt you.

to our old friendship.

Greetings to the bunch and have a drink
Give Gilbert my best.
Affectionately.

Emma

The Emma Goldman Papers

870924263

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16280

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Give Gilbert my best.

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23109

London Feb. 25th 36.

Mr George Fearon
Resident Manager
Coventry Repertory Co.
Opera House Coventry.

Dear Mr Fearon.

Thanks so much for your letter of the 19th inst.
It is most thoughtful of you to book a room for me at a hotel. It is
not so much that "hostesses would fuss me about", as it is that I
always feel obliged to make up for hospitality in being sociable.
And that has usually a disastrous effect on my talk. In point of truth
I have found English hostesses much less invasive than American. Still
I love being alone before my lecture. When it is over I love meeting
people. I am only afraid the room in the hotel might cause you
considerable extra expense. In that case it will be alright to find
a hostess. Do what seems best to you.

I am delighted to hear of your forthcoming transfer
to Stratford. I suppose your coworkers at the Coventry Repertory will
miss you. But it is certainly a more important post with the
Memorial Theatre. I congratulate you and wish you great success.

I wonder if it would be presuming on your kindness
to ask if it will be alright for me to bring one of my works along,
MY DISILLUSIONMENT IN RUSSIA, that might be displayed for sale
at the theatre. I regret I have not my autobiography, LIVING MY LIFE
with me. But perhaps it will not be out of place for the other book.
You can be quite frank, if you would rather not have it. I will under-
stand. I will write you the time of my arrival on the 15th. I will
carry a copy of MY DISILLUSIONMENT IN RUSSIA in my hand so you will
not find it difficult to recognize me.

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870919144

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London Feb. 25th 36.

My dearest Anegelia. I was delighted to get your letter. Sasha sent me yours to him and the clippings. Of course we do not mind the stupid stuff. We know from our own experience what news papers are. How could we possibly blame you? As I said am am happy to hear from you direct. I knew when I advised your going to the States that it will take time for you to gain ground, become known and get remunerating lecture dates. I was sure of one thing however, that your struggle to get a hearing in America will be nothing at all compared to the superhuman efforts one has to make in England. For one thing lectures are an institution in the States. People are used to attend lectures. In fact they love to do so. It helps them much more than reading intricate stuff. Still more, lectures make it easier for them to understand what they read. Another American trait is paying for lectures. These things are unheard of in England. The Intellegentsia never attends lectures. And the workers are too frightfully poor to pay even a few pennies. Last but not least is the fact that free lance worker in America is welcome and successful if one has ability and knowledge of affairs. In England free lance work "is simply not done". That is what everyone tells me and it is unfortunately true. For this reason I feel confident that you will find much easier sailing my dearer than I find it here. And I am glad it is so. At least you will not have to go through the agony of heart and the distress of spirit that have been mine since I arrived.

The very fact that you already have a managress shows that it will not be such uphill climb. I hope she is efficient and knows how to go about organizing lectures for the kind you are capable of delivering. Everything depends on skilful organization. If I had had such manager during my ninety days in the States my tour would have been a huge financial success. But my men botched the whole thing. I hope yours will not. The main thing is to get bookings rather than have independent lectures. You then have no responsibilities and no expense. True you came too late for the winter lectures courses. But perhaps for next at Fall and winter you will get many dates, or your managress will. I know a woman in Boston who has a lecture bureau. But I cannot recollect her name and address. She was very keen ~~xxxxx~~ to book me all through New England and Massachusetts. When I return to St Tropez I will send you her name and ~~address~~ address and your agent could get in touch with her. I believe she offers definite fees. Anyhow it will be worth connecting up with her. It will be plenty of time in May as programmes of lectures are not made up before the summer.

In any event you should not worry that you are making letters or have not yet translated them into French. I think it is better to write in time inimitably interesting piece of work by it will become documented and known up than BLOOD IRON AND PROFITS. I am enough to see the tribute George paid you. But it is a cheap piece of misrepresentation to say that you wrote "a special chapter for the book". I am writing George Seldes to this effect. I had

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870919144

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 25, London [to] Angelica [Balabanoff, New York] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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a letter from him in reply to mine I wrote right after you left. His paragraph in re your material reads as ~~from~~ follows; "I asked Dr Balabanoff to write out some material for a magazine article which I was sure I could sell at once and for a high price. I wrote the article, 'Three Dictators Called Her Comrade'. I sent it to my agent who thought she might get from \$300 to 500. I had intended giving this entire sum to Dr.B. in return for a small amount of Mussolini in my book. The magazine article is still making the rounds? I have explained that to her but she refuses to believe me and goes on saying that publishers have refused her stuff because I had incorporated all of it in my book. I assure you that outside page 38 and the few paragraphs on page 39, there is nothing of hers in my book. Of course it maybe that no publisher will publish an autobiography now that my book is out. But that has nothing to do with the case. After I saw Dr.B. Harpers called me up to ask my advice on buying her her memoirs. I told them they should by all means and if necessary I would help in putting them into shape. I hope she seals the book and that the magazine article will now sell". George closes his letter by saying that he was shocked by the fact that you could even for a moment harbor a suspicion against ~~me~~ him.

Well, I am writing him to day that I was also shocked to think he would use your material and not give you credit. I see now that he has given you credit and a fine tribute. But at the same time he had stated something not true, that is that you have written a chapter specially for his book. I am also writing him that though he used only 300 words out of the article of 3500 he ~~has~~ thereby ruined the value of the large article, hence he should pay you something. On the whole I now feel that George did not perhaps go about deliberately cheating you of anything. It was more the irresponsibility of the journalist that made him say you had written the chapter especially for his book. By the way, did he tell you that he would turn your material into an article in return for the use of some of it in his work? Can you recollect that? In any event the unfortunate misunderstanding with George should be settled amicably and quietly. I hope it will be done in that way.

About Kate Wolfson. I am very glad indeed that she is acting as your secretary. You could have no one more sincere ~~next~~ devoted and willing. But as to taking her with you on a tour, I don't see how you will be able to do it. It will mean double travel and living expences. It were different if Kate could act in a double capacity, manager and sect. I don't know if she knows anything about managing lectures or getting publicity. And even a lucrative tour does not pay to have two people. However, wait and see the kind of dates you will get and how much they will pay. I repeat as a friend, companion and secretary you can want for no one better than Kate. I hope you can also take her with you.

About myself. I have not much to say. After three months of superhuman drudgery I succeeded to breaking only one insignificant piece of ground. But it is a beginning and may prove not entirely useless for next autumn and winter when I

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intend to return to England. That is something of course. The trouble is that one cannot live from love and expectations alone. And my work here has not paid enough for the nearest necessities. I have already written you that the poor workers cannot pay admission and are not in an habit to do so. And those who could afford it do not attend lectures. However, I do not regret the travail and hardships so long as it holds out hope that I might eventually become known in England. This is the very first condition to get a hearing. It is the more necessary because I have to overcome so many difficulties here. The Labor Party is a regular octopus a political machine that crushes every individual endeavour. The I.L.P. though less conservative is afraid to hurt the Communists though the latter are by no means afraid to lie and malign the I.L.P. Maxton and Fenner were scurrilously attacked during the last elections. Anyhow, the I.L.P. will not have anything of me. And the Communists have been fraughting at the mouth because of my attitude to Stalins regime. So you see my dear that I must fight on every front to be heard. However, it takes more than all these combined forces to crush my spirit. I mean to go on until the bitter end. I expect to be through in England at the end of March when I will return to France. I should have done it right now because Sasha has undergone an operation and is in the Pasteur hospital in Nice. Emy who has come out from one of her worst attacks had to pull herself together to look after Sasha, visiting him every day and prepare things for him. But I am glad to say he is daily improving And so I will finish my dates and then go.

Unfortunately S. will need another operation though not as severe as the first. I will be back by that time. I am going to try hard this summer to sell Bon Esprit. It has to be done since S. and I are at the end of our resources. Perhaps it is just as well. It was wrong in the first place for me to acquire property. It will hurt to dispose of the place which S. and I love so much. But it will be no tragedy to do so. The rub will be finding someone to buy Bon Esprit who can afford to pay something that will not mean throwing the place away for nothing.

No, I did not know that Mrs De Silver has married Tresca or he her. But I suspect that they must be very close because I knew that he was living in the Apt of Mrs De Silver. Now that would be no cause for suspicion in the case of Russian, or American comrades. But it is in the case of Italians and especially Tresca who has always been very much of a ladies man. Well, I wish them luck. Please remember me kindly to them and to all the friends who ask about me. You can reach me here until April First. Then c/o Sas 101, Blvd de Cessole. I shall be in Nice until S. is on his feet again and will then go to St Tropez which may not be before the middle of May.

Give my fond love to Kte and loads of it to you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022107

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 26, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 3 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London. Feb 26th 36.

Dearest own Sash. What a frightful thing for E. to have ~~gone~~ into the hospital. Who will care now for either of you? I wish I would have gotten this news yesterday. I would have wired South Wales that I can no longer accept their invitation. As it is they have kept me in suspense two months. I could very well have ~~cancelled~~ cancelled their date. Then I could have left for France after the 15th of next month. Now I am bound and must hang on until the end. I realize that in a way it maybe for the best that E. went in for observation. But for the love of all the saints don't consent to an operation. Of what use would it be anyhow when all the physicians who have examined her agree with Muller about the twist of her large intestine. No operation will cure that. Besides how can we have her undergo any drastic thing now with nobody to do anything for you and her? It makes me feel faint to even think of it. Please, please dearest Sash set your jaw against any ~~business~~ of the knife. Poor E. has already suffered so much she will hold out another month. When I am back we can send her to Paris to try Senias man. I am sure that Mollie and Senia will do their utmost for Emmy. And the doctor may really be able to help her. She will be able to be at ~~peace~~ peace then because I will be in Nice to take care of you. ~~earle~~, please do not think I object to E's going into the hospital for observation. I think a weeks rest in bed near you and where she will be given some care will do her good even if nothing more comes of it. She could not have stood it in the apt alone and so far away from you. So thats alright. I only dread that the doctors may rush her into an operation. You know y yourself how surgeons are. They see nothing but the knife. It makes me shiver to think of such a possibility. If only you were well and on your feet I should not feel so anxious. But now the two of you in bed, who will do anything for you, look after a bit of comfort for you and E? I cannot stand sticking around here when you both need me so much. And I want so much to be there to help. But as I said if only I had had your postcard yesterday I would most assuredly not wait. Now I have definitely written South Wales to go ahead with the arrangements, and a hall for my farewell lecture in London for the 31st of March has also been booked and a deposit given. It means another five anxious weeks as I will not be able to get away before April 2nd. Of course I will not stop in Paris except over night. ~~But~~ But it means sickening anxiety and wait for five weeks that will seem five years.

Dearest Sash our lot is behext. Every day some new misery, new horrors. There seems to be no end to it. My one consolation is that you are improving, at least according to your and Emmys letters. I hope it is really true. Never mind the second operation. I am sure it can wait until I return. Please do not go in for it before that time. After all the care of a patient is even more important than the operation. And I want to take care of you also for Emmys sake. So she should have a rest. I am sure the feeling of responsibility over your operation and the rushing back and forth to the hospital have caused her relaps. She must not be put to such a frightful strain again, not as long as I can be near. Until then I pray a few days in the hospital may do her good and get her on her feet. From recent letters

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022107

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 26, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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by E. and your description of the hospital it does not seem very much different than the other of which you both had such horror. The idea of permitting a patient to lie wet all day, not giving him the care needed to prevent bed sores and all the rest you have written me about does not tally with your first impression. If at least you both were in a hospital of the American style I should not worry so. But I know how sensitive E. is to cleanliness and thoughtfulness. It would be too terrible for her to be in the place long. So I hope with all my heart it will not be necessary. As Wiser used to say "Schneiden kann man immer, leider lässt sich das geschnittene nicht wieder ersetzen". It was in answer to the charge that he refused to operate and that he tries other methods first. That is how I feel about any operation on E. Yours is quite another matter though I wish you could have first consulted "enise man. He may have eliminated the cause of your piss trouble without the knife. There are modern methods why always go back to the ancient? Funny what hold they have even on the most advanced. However yours has been done. Its all right. But I am convinced that an operation will do E. no good whatever, though it may relieve her for a little while as the Alexievsky operation did. So I can only urge you both do not go in for it no matter what the surgeon tells E.

I received your postal sent on from Plymouth. I wrote you and E. a communal letter yesterday. Addressed it to the house. As E. left a forwarding address. Is somebody going to bring you both your mail? Something may come from Kapp. I hope it does soon.

dearest own Sasha, my heart is with you and E. I shall not have a peaceful moment until I hear about E. I ~~know~~ *know* I may will give nothing more than the old. But it may reassure our poor sick child. I am sure she must have reached the limit of pain or she would not have gone into the hospital as long as you are bedridden. Please my dear write me again soon, post cards if letters are too much of a strain.

With love and anxious devotion

UG

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022107

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 26, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. —
3 p.; 24 x 19 cm.
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But it is no good being certain
with the importance of the
fundamental principle in the
to, sure your trouble. Iq,
still insist that if I get many
he should take your doctor
physician. My dear thing
is not an extravagance. It
is an absolute necessity
to do away with the cause
of your suffering.
In the other hand Sashas
coming to Paris alone to be
with me would be very extra
vagant. Especially as we
can have most of the summer
to get her in the north. Remember
I may be the last summer in
the north as Sashas will have
told you. He may also have
told you that he will be missed
in the north. I have heard
that a house is being built
with all the things of the camp
at Nice. Don't rush now
at all. Wait for the

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880206050

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 26, Coventry [England to] Emma Goldman, London / George Fearon. — 1 p. ; 28 x 20 cm.

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Manager's Office - 4318
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F/M

26th February, 1936.

Miss Emma Goldman,
20, Beecheroff Court,
London. N.W.11.

Dear Miss Goldman,

I thank you for your letter and a room has now been booked for you at the Queen's Hotel. After your lecture we shall look forward to a bright and breezy talk with you.

With regard to your question re selling your book in the theatre, I am afraid this would not be possible, as we find that when we sell books we upset the local traders. I am, however, communicating with W. H. Smith and Son and will ask them to get a supply in and have a display in their window.

Looking forward very much to seeing you on the 15th,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

Resident Manager.

P.S. In case you miss me at the station, my car is a Ford and the number is ARW.110. The car will be parked outside the main entrance of the station.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022108

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 27, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 1 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Feb. 27th 36.

dearest. Your letters and postals continuing to go to Plymouth and from there forwarded here was much of a delay. I got your postal yesterday morning. ~~Two~~ letters late last night and another postal dated the 24th this morning. You evidently forgot that I wrote I would leave Plymouth the 24th, ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ the latest the 25th. I left the 24th. Well, I got all mixed up and so confused with the news of ~~my~~ entering the hospital I made the blunder of addressing you to Pavillon IV, instead of I. That happened yesterday when I wrote you, and also ~~my~~ inclosed, in your letter. In case it got lost I inclose the copy.

I am still mixed up where you want me to write, to the house or hospital, which. ¹⁰ days postcards tells me the hospital. In your letter you wrote the house. It seems foolish to have mail go there and depend on Mrs Lewis to collect it every day. Else you will have to wait hearing from me. and so I am sending this again to the hospital but the right Pavillon. I hope it will reach you. ^{dearest} I can add nothing to my letter of yesterday except to implore you to think twice before you consent to let E. go under the knife. I don't know why I have such a horror of it in her case. but I do. One cannot help one's forbodings. I do not think it means anything at all, except that she has had one operation and it has not helped her. I even think her condition has become worse as a result of it. so please consider well. E. will do as you ask her. I have already said the operation will not run away. I know it means suffering. but an extra month cannot make much difference. I thought you would send her to me to Paris at the end of March when I get there and I will take her to J. man. If he too says an operation I will take E. back to Nice to have it done. What do you think? I will write more tomorrow I must get away now. Love to both of you.

only received
March. Has
ad one time
sent. Made
subject
sent

cf you

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216018

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 27 [London to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton]. —
2 p. ; 24 × 20 cm.

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METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF STEPNEY.



RATES OFFICE

238, CABLE STREET.

ST. GEORGE'S, E.1

27-2-36.

My dear Emma.

Since I telephoned you Barr has been on to me and gave me particulars of his activities. I arranged to see him at the lectures. I have also been in touch with the Customs & Excise, who are sending me a leaflet pertaining to tax on amusements. Lectures, I understand, come under a reduced tax. Anyhow I shall have all information by tomorrow. Meanwhile you are not to worry in the least. You must reserve your energy to matters of major importance. I know it is an effort for you to smile, but I want one at least each time I see you.

I promise you, most faithfully, that I shall put it across Beryl, when I get home, real good and proper. And when she recovers her breath & surprise I will explain that you, dear girl, are the culprit.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216018

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 27 [London to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton]. —
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When you are so ill I'll give you the love you deserve - could then
you must have the love you want. Yours & Shloime's.

I wish to goodness I could ease your
worries about Berkman & his wife.
Unfortunately I am not a religious individual
to say:

John Bill Gop - Gopson

I can only stand like a 'gayleem'
sucking my thumb and feeling sorry.
You talk about being an Internationalist
but when it comes to illness Jewishness
simply oozes out of you.

But never mind, Emma dear, with
all your faults I think a hell of a lot
of you; and, if I were not such a
'Jewish bocher' I would put it in more
poetic language.

Meanwhile if you want to get across
to see your beloved Berkman, pick up
the telephone & say: 'Emma'. It answers!!

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022112

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 28, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].—
2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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London Feb. 28th 36.

dearest. This will have to be a short note. I lecture to night. But I hate to let a day go by without writing you. Especially now that you are ill and E. also under care. No word from you to day as yet about E. It may come late to night. But I do not want to wait. Yesterday I sent my letter registered to you addressed to Pavillon A.I. I hope it will reach you alright. Of course I am most anxious about Emmy. I hope for news to tell me what was found by the X-ray and the tests though I feel sure it will be the same as Muller found and every physician since. That does not help Emmy any. I realize that. I only fear that an operation will also not help. It is the accumulated poisonous gases in her large intestines that has to be removed. I confess I have more faith in the washing out system of Senier man than in the knife. Well, you and E. will have to decide what to do. Being so far away I really should not worry you by my misgivings of an operation. I cling to the hope that it may not be necessary after all.

I spent the evening with Paul and Essie Robeson. Essie had a theatre engagement so she left early. I remained with Paul. As I thought, there is not a word of truth in the reports that he had joined the gang in R.U. that he embraced their dogmas. He stands to day where he stood three years ago, for the independence of the artists to give out of himself without any regard to any particular dogma yet feeling deeply and expressing the suffering of humanity. Paul is indeed a great inspiration. He was deeply moved about your and E's troubles and he asked me to send you both his love. He said he wants to help with my return to settle in England. I am sure he will. Altogether it was the rarest evening I had since

The Emma Goldman Papers

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I came here. To think that rotten, brutal and savage men in the State could stifle Paul's golden voice or take his life for no other reason except his color. It makes my blood boil. I would not change him for the whole miserable thrash in the South. Not only because of his art but because of his splendid fine ~~character~~ character, his understanding and his large outlook on life. Frankly, I know few of our A. friends among whites quite as humane and large as Paul.

Dearest, own Sasha I hope you are really getting better and stronger. The question is how will you manage alone in your apt if E. is bent on an operation and you are not able to go home? Its too awful to think we have no one in Nice. We do have Nonore and I have asked Mollie to write her to visit you. I know nothing about that Mrs Lewis, except what E. told me. I do not think I'd care to depend on her. And one must have somebody for emergency. After all Nonore shares our hopes. So please do not get angry because I have written Mollie to ask Nonore to go over to the hospital as soon as she can.

I will write again tomorrow. Give my love to E. I will write her too. I can't to day. Devotedly.

E

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022109

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 28, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 5 p. ; 20 x 30 cm.
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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Hopital Pastern
Feb. 28 36

dearest Em — I sent you a letter at 3 P.M. That is, I gave it to some one to mail. But after I received your letter (the first one direct to the Hosp.) I am replying at once.
The letter I received from you today, together with the one for Jimmy & Rose, was much loved by it. It let me read it & it was a very beautiful letter.

However, I see you are extremely anxious about E & her operation. Well, you may be right, but I cannot let E have an operation. Because she has been very weak (even before I came to the Hosp.) in a way that she has not been in for a long time. She felt very, almost so weak. But it is not that alone — only 8-10 days. Then came the last relapse & she suffered. She has 2 or 3 ~~small~~ ^{small} relapses, getting weaker & so on. She cannot stand it any more.

Well, I want you to know. I let Jimmy know that the Paris doctor, if Jimmy cannot walk, let E have an operation. I heard that she Paris told you no. I heard that she must at last be forced to an operation if the surgeon & doctor here say it is necessary.

But since you are so anxious, I see and since you are against it, I said (after reading your letter to her & to me) that she is willing to wait another month till she can go to the Paris doctor.

So, of course, I leave the final decision to her & I agree with you that after

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881022109

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 28, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 5 p.; 20 x 30 cm.
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all right is lost by trying first to Paris
We talked the matter over awhile
ago and decided to respect your wishes
and advise in this matter.
So far the doctors have not really
said anything about S's case or whether
she needs an operation or not. But the
chances are, they will ~~not~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ
advise an operation. On Monday (they are
7 days) they will take the X rays. Only
12th, in charge or two afterwards, they will
give an opinion. Both S & I will then
tell them that we do not want an
operation for her, as per your
advice.

In that case they will probably not keep
her here very long, maybe only a few
days, unless after Monday. Then S. will
go home & stay in bed most of the time &
take care of yourself. I think S. does
not need to visit me every day, once or
twice a week would do. But she insists
that she will come every day. That will
be all right, since she will rest the balance
of the time.

So, then, we will wait till you
are in Paris & then S. will come home.
By that time I shall most likely be
home myself. My second operation
can be made any time — even 3 or 5
months after I leave the hospital.

of course, I'll need a permanent nurse or 3
times a week, but that is all. I already
have a man who makes me the house-
hold (wash & clean) to help & clean the
draw etc. He works here only in the fore-
noon. In the afternoon he visits with
patients like myself at their homes
& makes the payments there. I don't
know the price, but it's probably about
15 fr. per visit.

Now, dear girl, you may rest easy
now re S. There will be no operation.
Her case is not one in which S. cannot
wait another month or so.

But you are wrong in my case, dear.
I don't think there is any other way of curing
my trouble than an operation. Modern medicine
is the most modern method in the U.S. is
also an operation. But to say it's a simple
one, but there is some to be rather a bit
complicated: first one operation, the another
one. In any case, I could not wait my life.
My case is of long standing. I began having
trouble with it over a year ago. I paid
no attention to it & I don't regret it. But
anyhow, it got so that I could not sit at
all the time. I went to St. Roch. So that was
no time to lose a foot it. They put a
screw in me in St. Roch & then sent me
here, for it is here that they operate
such cases. And it was the

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611

881022109

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 28, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 5 p. ; 20 x 30 cm.
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Anyhow, since I am up now & in pretty good condition, so you will have us out of about me.

about me.
You rather misinterpret me about this
Hosp. near it is not so bad as you write
in your last letter. May be I gave you
the wrong impression. The female ward
are fine, clean, airy & sunny. There
are three single rooms, like 3 others
with 3 windows & a view over the hills
and the gardens & the lake all splendid.

The men I left in with La Farge but
stop quite a long time. In one big
large room + 13 men. In another,
a smaller one, 5 men. In another, 2 men.
Food is good, well cooked, even if not
much variety. The Dr. & Surgeon are
OK, only we have a Catholic Sister-
nurse who is unpleasant & is disliked
but that's not important. On the whole,
this hospital - as hospital, go -
is very fine. The only hospital here
is the little one, one for 23 persons,
which is of course not enough. But

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022109

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 28, Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 5 p. ; 20 x 30 cm.
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I have no found out that in case of a
cess of one may have to tell the
"service" So this one. Don't worry
about these matters, dear.

Must close. Yes, Miss Lewis came
a couple days. I'll come again, may
be tomorrow, though she is ill.
The day, also come through me
Cyril. We have everything we want,
when I can send out a big supply.

Have a chance to see
it soon. Miss Lewis
Living room is on the
first floor, very nice
Rings

Dear, you wrote on the
envelope Pavilion B 4, you address
it to me.

I am in Pavilion B 1.
My E. who is in Pavilion B 4.
If you write her, address her
E — E. — by her
own name, and Pavilion B 4
(over) Hospital Pastur.

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6

How much
and much
love, with I could
tell you in my arms
The
V. M. A.
S.

P.S. Maybe
E. Goldman will
I can't see her till
tomorrow 1-3 P.M.
Send the kids & the
friends.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022110

[Letter, 1936] Feb. 28 Nice [to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].—
3 p.; 20 x 32 cm.
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Alexander Berkman

Par B1

Nice

Feb. 28

Dear Emma - Your good & long letter of
the 20th rec'd. It was add. sent to E. K. The
of course I let P. read it too. There was also
to not put it in it.
I hope, now, you have read all my
letters to Plymouth & also those sent
since I London mostly postals. Because
some days I have to stay in bed, but you
& write to me. Today I am out of bed, but you
understand, I can't it is not really writing
with a hole in your belly & a pipe sticking
in it. To the pipe is now attached a
long hose that hangs down almost to the
ground. When that hose is full of piss, I
have to empty it & keep the pipe in a special
criss, so they can see how much piss is
of it & what you eat. It's still full of
stuff & you long with this stream of piss
off. But that's ok, for my neighbors
pisses stones, actual stones as big
as a pea - a good-sized pea & you can
imagine how that feels

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615

881022110

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after lunch, I say this to you'll understand
that here it is almost impossible
to write a letter. The crowded, the noise
& the rain. Besides, I have to
go on the right for the morning and
sit on the left. I have the time as I
as on the left, writing is difficult
and I have to write all the time, when
I am alone, all the time, when

borders, one sees here even terrible things
 & the fearful cries after the patient comes
 out of the ether. I am doing my best to
 console her & encourage her, but I
 can only see her 1-3 P.M. Anyhow, I think
 that unless she is here, and the surgeons have
 all specialists — she'll have to have whatever
 the specialist says. She might have in
 better perhaps in Paris, except of course
 in the Amer. Hosp. But now that she is
here, it's best & make the trial, for
 she has been in great misery all this
 winter, & I might do something for her even
 of Song's operation. But I doubt
 if that's the case now, anyhow. So we
 have to have the chance. I have consid-
 ered & I have the surgeons here; they are good,
 or at least in this line.
 case in well, years in my ward there are 8 or 10
 from first operation,

have a fair
 or all this time.
 case in well, seen in my ward there are 8 lesions
 & large 3 of them just operated on,
 for kidney & prostate. Fearsful smell of
 rotten, all windows & doors shut tight,
 for fear of them catch cold. It's the
 with these they put Rose right after
 an operation - Am writing this

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in the next week. 13 people there and a
steward + taking + getting from Jack /
one could write a night story
+ also - how many story of this or -
for me. But last 8 with some. 132, 132
some how I have no patience (under these
conditions) and I read the newspaper through
one in front of me in front of all the time
pass. They are a good many who
gave me so much information in their words
me just yet, make a new paragraph
etc. all this is painful - so hard
can one write a thing of a story
as to you. I can't have of you
be it as - I don't want to
require more time in work. We'll
take it over as soon as you come.
I'm sorry about Sedgwick but we
fought, fought. Yes, of course. I'll see
Kaff. I'll see Sedgwick. I'll see
yes 2. 100. and life (no letter) from
Kaff with 100. \$100. — It is not in my
letter in which I told him that I don't
to my letter. There is no time yet
in my letter. How are you, dear?
for a reply. I know what
you want. an uphill job. You
love.

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617

The Emma Goldman Papers

870216014

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 28, Enfield [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton]. — 2 p. ; 21 × 14 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

6269

ENFIELD 2953.

111, Brooking Road,
Enfield.

20/2/36

My dear Emma,

You are the best girl in the world for writing me on the 18th inst. I really did not anticipate receiving such a lengthy "magila" when I know you have to correspond with the world and his wife.

One piece of news in your letter distressed me beyond words — I felt utterly dejected all day. In addition I had an unpleasant case to deal with in the office. Believe me at the end of the day Berly, bless her heart, came in very handy.

Sure, I like to be fussed over. I am a normal being. I want love, affection and kindness. I want above all friendship and all that it implies. But I hate being the "receiver", so I do my damndest to counteract it.

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[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 28, Enfield [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton]. — 2 p. ; 21 x 14 cm.

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P.S. Beryl has been
praying for some cold
weather — she is waiting
a "confinement" jacket for you

6270

Heard from
Burr today and
replied by return.
S.H.

No true affection or love can
survive unless the parties
concerned try and mix with
each other to give more.

Do you understand, big sister?

Anyhow, I love you a whole lot!
But what's the use of talking to you
about love — your interpretation
does not coincide with mine.

I don't think Beryl wants me
to read your Book. I'll read it
all the same, and I'll perhaps be
in a better position to tell you
that you don't know the A B C
of Love.

Until I see you on Monday
Beryl will fill the gap admirably.

Yours earnestly
Shloime.

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619

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023153

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 29, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London Feb 29th 36.

Dearest Emmychen. I have written Sasha to the hospital every day. In my letter of the 27th I inclose a letter to you. Unfortunately I addressed the letter to Sasha to Pavillon IV. I have written him yesterday to tell him about it. I hope the letter was not lost. In any event I sent him copies of the letter of the 27th. So you and he will know what the original contained. To day I will inclose a note for Sasha in this letter. I really have not much to say to him and it is no use wasting postage when you can give him the note when you see him, or send it over to him.

My dearest I cannot tell you how anxious I am about you. I felt it in my bones that you will not be able to go on under the strain of going back and forth to the hospital and seeing all the misery there every day. It were different if you had not just come out of weeks of illness, months really and on a starvation diet. I was surprised that you kept on your feet since S. went to the hospital. I hated the thought of you being alone in your flat, ill and exhausted from your daily visits to S. I therefore welcomed your going into the hospital. At least you will have a chance for a rest. What I dread is the idea of an operation. I realize dearest that it is easy for one who does not suffer physically to tell the other to wait. Yet I must again caution you against going under the knife. There is always time for that my dear. Everything else should be tried before the knife. It is for this reason and because of my terrible anxiety for your future condition that I wrote S. and you in my last letters not to submit if the surgeon urges an operation.

I wish the news about your being in the hospital would have reached me sooner than it did. I would have arranged to leave here the middle of next month. But unfortunately it came after I had diffidently tied myself with South Wales and two last lectures in London. I will therefore not be through until the 31st of March. Of course I will then go straight to Nice. Whatever happens I will at least be there to nurse you and S. Then too I thought if you would wait with the operation until I reach Paris, and Sasha would be home by that time perhaps you could come on so I might take you to Paris doctor. I firmly believe he would help you, or at least try. Then if he too fails you and S. will have no cause to regret that you did not try every possible method. If Sasha is not well enough by the latter part of March to remain alone for a week perhaps he would remain in the hospital until I get to Nice. Of course dearest E. you and S. must do as you think best. Yet I hope you will accept my suggestion and see the practicality of it.

I hope Mrs Lewis is visiting you and doing the little things you and S. need. I have written Mollie to get in touch with Monore and ask her to go to the hospital. I don't know anything about Mrs Lewis, how reliable or willing she would be to help you. But I am sure Monore would do everything in her power as far as her time permits. Besides she has a car and it is easier for her to get about. Speaking of visiting until I reach Paris, of course you will

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have to have a femme de menage. Even if she comes for three hours a day it would still not cost you as much as the hospital if you and S. are home. Under no circumstances ought you to attend to the house alone. That is another thing that helped to sap out your depleted strength. However, you will do what you consider most relieving for you. It is only my affection and concern in your health that makes me write you my thoughts about operations.

My cold and cough are better though I still keep hacking. I am sure it will leave me as it always has in the past when the warm weather sets in. It is already much warmer but always dreary in London. It is sunshine I need more than anything else. I suppose that too will come. I had a letter from Ann saying she is in Bonaparte with a friend of hers and her child. I mean the friends and that it is so warm they are sitting out of doors. Marvelous.

Dearest Emmychen please write me if only a few lines. Tell me how you are and whether you are getting decent care. Keep your courage my dear. All will be right some of these days. It must since we have already gone through so much. I hope we may meet in Paris and that after your cure there you will be well for the rest of your years. So we can really have a grand time without fear what you eat or drink. I am longing for some relief from the bitter struggle, the everpresent anxiety about Sasha and you. I think if that time would come the three of us would be different human beings and our relation would be different.

I embrace you tenderly dearest child.

Devotedly.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023153

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3 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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21. Speedwell 71 35.

20, Beechcroft Court

London, N.W. 11. Feb. 25th 36.

Amner Hall Esq.
Royalty Theatre

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880726238

[Letter, 19]36 Feb. 29, London [to] Nell[y Lavers?, Bristol, England] / [Emma Goldman].— 3 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

London Feb. 29th 36.

23744

Nell, my Dearest.

Thank you for your confidence in telling me of the stress of your spirit and that of Tom. To tell you the truth I had been suspecting for some time that something must be wrong with Tom and you. His letters have been frightfully depressed and the fact that he never mentioned your name as he always had in the past made me feel that something is wrong. At first I thought it is because he is having trouble with his jobs. But even that though unemployment does affect us did not seem enough. Then when he wrote me last week that you are thinking of taking a position in "reading and you would have to break up your home I thought you had lost your old place and in addition you two were having other trouble.

Well, my dearest it is always frightfully painful to lose what we cherish. It is painful to see an exquisite flower die or a loved one suffer from an incurable disease. Why should it not cause great anguish of heart to lose the love of one who means our very life? I can therefore understand Tom and the tragedy it must mean to him to know that you love someone else? I can imagine what he must have gone through. Certainly the unfortunate situation of having to depend ~~on~~ for his job on the very man whom you have grown to love must have added to the agony of his heart. Yet I know Tom will act in a large way, not only because he knows that love cannot be forced or stifled, but also because Tom is by nature big and fine. It will mean a wrench, it must already have meant that. But I hope he will overcome the pain and come out finer and more understanding than before.

And you my dearest? Of course you suffer because of

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23745

2.

the pain your love for the other man ~~has~~ wounded Tom. You would not be the sensitive and sensitised girl I have always known you to be to have no compassion with Toms tragedy. I am sure that you did not lightly follow the new call. That you have tested your self before you went the new way. For after all you and Tom have had a beautiful comradeship and love for so long. I cannot imagine you throwing it over for a mere fancy. And I hope that it may be a mere fancy and nothing more profound.

I am not clear whether the position in Reading will mean going away from both men for a time. I hope it is that. For only when you are away from both and analyse your new love from the proper perspective will you know whether it is deep or superficial. Whether your love for the other man is such a force that you must follow it at any cost. I hope it is that. But if it is not then you will break away and yet do it with the least pain to Tom. I know the power of love from my own experience. But also I know it is possible to love another and yet be tender, kind and friendly with the one we have loved before. It is possible to retain a beautiful friendship and comradeship. I think Sashas and my friendship is prove for that. With all my heart I hope that you and Tom may readjust your relation to something like Sashas and mine. Though I know it will mean time, infinite patience and much pain.

Thos about Toms job is awful. It must corrode his every thought and feeling. Is it possible that he can get no other job even if working for less? It would add the three of you to clarify your feelings towards each other. He really must try to free himself from the obligation to your friend. Of course, if the

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880726238

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23746

3.

not be so humiliating as it must be for Tom now. Is there no way out?

I want awfully to come to you and Tom, now more than ever because I maybe able to sooth Toms wounds. I have written him that I could come the week end of Saturday March 21st and stay until the 23rd. I have to speak in one of the South Wales towns, the smaller ones it seems. I could go there from Bristol. The question is will you still be there and will you still have your home? I hope to hear from Tom perhaps tomorrow in answer to my letter saying I want to come. It may help him a great deal though I hate to sort of bud in. I feel no one has the right to meddle in the intimate and complex emotions of another, in this case of three other people. But I know Tom would not feel it that way with me. Now that he has need of some gentle touch and loving understanding I would be happy to give him both and thus also help you. Write me soon whether you are staying on in Bristol for a little longer.

I hope you and Tom have gone to hear Paul Robeson. I know tickets were left for you both in Toms name. If you did it must have been a great inspiration as it always is to me to hear Paul. I spent ~~Friday~~ Thursday evening with him and Essie, more with him and I went away walking on air.

I do hope everything will come out harmonious in your relation with Tom. You are both too fine to go apart in anger or resentment. So you must both be brave.

With much love.

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881022111

[Letter, 1936] Feb. 29 [Nice to Emma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 6 p. ; 19 x 13 cm.

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Handwritten: Feb. 29. ex
Dear A - Just received your
registered of the 27th, with the
copy of your letter of the 26th.
The original of the 26th
was also received.
But you addressed the
registered all wrong.
It is not Pavilion 1.
I am in Pavilion B 1.
(B. one)
And Benay is in
Pavilion B 4.
(not IV)
But from now on
write to the house.

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2

The surgeon wanted to operate
me on Monday (day after to-
morrow). I said No, as
I have affairs to arrange
first.

He did not like it. Thinking
it a reflection on his
ability. So he told me
I must leave to hosp.
today, as he needs
me. But the place is
very crowded.
I told him I can't leave
today, but he said I must.
His word is law here.

My neighbor, who is also
waiting for the second oper-
ation after months al-
ready, offered me his

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³
bed as he wants to go
anyhow. The doctor agreed
to it.

So I have made ar-
rangements to leave
Monday, late in the
afternoon, about 5-6 P.M.

The Englishman Percy is
all OK. He came again
today, brought our mail
& things and even brought
me money. I can never
know who is a friend
till a critical moment
arrives. He actually offered
me 500 fr. & "never
mind about it", he said.

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881022111

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⁴
Fortunately we have money
& do not need his help,
but I was greatly harassed
I took from him 250 fr.
— borrowed, of course,
as I may need to pay
something when I leave
here Monday.
Rocy will come for
me Monday 5-6 PM
to take me home. I
am OK & can walk about
& can prepare soups and
vegetables for myself
in the house. Besides
our concierge is very
fine & will prepare
food for me.

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629

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[illegible]

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Dear Emma, I had a letter from
Lucille Hopfling (from London)
etc. (I don't know where)
Can't — and you
tell your friend that I got
the £1 you sent letter for
and that I got it just
the day I wanted (to send)
— and that even as now —
I can't find it. I know it's
in London. Please tell him
and give it to him. I'll be
— and since I'm in the
land here you know how hard
to remain in the house & not pass
the way (and I'm) — I will
want to stay a considerable
time. The conditions in female
ref. are better than in men's
— clean, better. In 24 men
evening in the prison. Trouble —
here — all what's in the trouble —
in only one toilet. Imagine!
— there's a toilet at 5 am if I want to
— I don't know if I have a good shift
— chance to go to the toilet. S.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115062

[Letter] 1936 Feb. 29, Scarboro Bluffs, Canada [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Dorothy [Rogers].— 2 p.; 26 x 21 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

5772

Scarboro Bluffs
Ontario, Canada.

Feb 29th. 1936

Dearest Anna;

I received your letter a week ago. The first two copies of the "Memoirs" came through to me here without going to the customs. The other three, however, they held at Front Street. I went in yesterday, but the official found something ~~XXXXXX~~ on pages 203 & 4 which he said was "obscene".

It took them ^{three} three weeks to get them through. I couldn't think what was on page 20, and they wouldn't tell me or let me see, so of course, as soon as I got home I looked it up and much to my astonishment found it was that remaniscant passage about Luba's little greecian breasts that proved the stumbling block. What an amazing thing the average human is.

Dearest, you misunderstood me about the money. Re the E.G. fund:- the \$25.00 I mentioned as being sent to you was what Nesbitt sent last August or September.

The \$25.00 we sent for the Memoirs was another matter entirely. We obtained that in this way:- Mr Seltzer advanced \$10.00 towards the payment of 10 copies which he wants, and the other \$15.00 we borrowed, to be returned when we make our sales.

The figures I gave you in my last letter reffered to the E.G. Publication fund only. As soon as the weather moderates (we have been having most extreme weather this winter) I will call a meeting of the Committee and either wind things up or find out what they intend to do.

Bill Taylor brought the letter you sent to Joe to me for forwarding. As I was expecting a letter from Ben I held yours for a day or two and it was as well I did for he asks me not to send any more mail to Tacoma until he writes again. He is active there for the IWW and the police are now intercepting their mail. Ben is in the States illegally, and under an assumed name. As he has been deported more than once, Two years is the least he will get if caught again. If I don't hear soon I shall send a letter to the Vancouver address. But you will understand ~~his~~ his silence.

We held our affair on Feb 25th but made only about \$5.00 out of it. We plan to hold another in April. We have to wait until Lent is over as Toronto people are so holy that they have no time to be human. The English speaking members of the Italian group are working more with us now. We are doing our best dear to keep alive our group and to spread our ideal. The dire poverty of all of us is a terrible obstacle over which we are ceaselessly climbing, but I think that at least we are holding our own. The One act play we put on on Feb 25th, was received very favourably and more asked for. It was good propaganda. People like sugar coated pills.

I am enclosing a copy of the letter we are sending out this week in the ABC campaign. We are progressing in that, although slowly. We obtained the plates for \$75.00 plus \$3.00 for packing. The ~~A.A.S.~~ ^{A.A.S.} are storing them free of charge. We still have in the ABC fund about

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115062

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5773

29.00. Did I tell you that the price given to you by Chicago for printing did not include binding. Joe, when he was in New York got a price as I have said in the letter. Do you think that the price 75¢ is O.K. That will allow I think at least 25¢ per copy for Comrade Berkman.

I want to write you a real letter soon. There are many things to say. My husband is going away on Mar. 10 for two weeks and I shall have more time to myself. I may go and stay with Dein for a day or two.

As soon as I know about the Prison Memoirs and the customs I will let you know.

In the meantime, your struggling infant the Libertarian Group sends you most comradely greetings, and I, as always, all my love

Travelling

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633

The Emma Goldman Papers

870916097

[Letter, 1936 March 1? Chicago to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Frank [G. Heiner]. — 4 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Dearest Emma:

10324

I find it very hard to write this letter. Certain explanations are due you and I am not only willing but eager to make them. When you mean so much to me and I have never said anything I did not mean, how could I neglect you and have in past months? The point is that it is so hard to make myself clear on paper.. I do not expect that any of this will be very clear.. I could easily tell tell you all of it in conversation. Conversation is fluid and can turn in any direction but in a letter, one leaves out just the significant and clarifying word.

It must have seemed to you that I had simply forgotten you in the midst of other interests. You also felt that I was completely absorbed in my struggle for economic independence which is not the case as I am used to that by this time like the man hanging. That really happened is that the past year was a terrible one for me. I was black with suffering. Things are better now though and at a stage of calm and understanding. I gave you a hint of the storms which I saw approaching when I was with you in Canada.

Before I met you, Mary made a discovery which gave her infinite pain. I did not clearly know this about myself but she discovered it and pointed it out to me. This discovery was that due to some primary fixation of early life, I had a craving amounting to a physical necessity for women who were physically above the average weight and who could give me definitely maternal responses. We had always assumed that my random desires were simply a wish for variety but the affair with Winne before your coming proved a revelation. It was not my wish for variety but my transparent inclination to monogamy which wounded Mary. Besides she detested Winne. Let me hasten to mention that Mary is not jealous of you personally. She has real feelings of affection and esteem for you and is anything but jealous. Well, to go back, Mary was wounded, not by my physical act with another woman but by the feeling that she was replaced. Meanwhile, my love of her had not changed. My worship of her was more being, my feeling of complete companionship with her was the same as ever. But she could not accept that. Mary is morbid and hyper-sensitive, give in to the feeling that people do not like her and that she is a failure. I tried to adjust. I tried to explain. I could not rectify my fixation. I was even willing to do so. But though I would have undertaken any number of deaths rather than hurt her, I knew clearly that if I resolved to renounce the longing which was so much a part of me, the result would do her no good. I would simply be a nervous wreck on her hands. Please do not think that Mary was coercing me. She was just hurt and trying to find a way out and to save our relationship which had been so gay and trusting and beautiful.

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19328

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I gave up Vinnie for her sake... I did it voluntarily. It is true that she told me I must choose. Still, I cannot feel that she intended coercion. That loss, however, brought me to the verge of insanity or at least, nervous breakdown. It was a sudden wrench.

Then, shortly after, in time to save me came the Goddess whom I had loved without knowing her and in whom I discovered response to those fundamental physical needs as well as the intellectual bond. Mary was glad of my resurrection but later, that same personal torment began to be set before me, not jealousy of you but the feeling that I did not love her.

He went to Oregon with the intention of not returning. I was not fully aware of that though I suspected it. She felt that I wanted to be rid of her. That was never true except that I did want to be rid of the tension which all the misunderstanding caused. I fear that this account makes me the pure martyr and Mary the demanding tyrant. Nothing is further from my wish. No doubt, she has ample cause for all her doubt and pain and I am the guilty party but she was mistaken in her conclusions. Any reasonable person would say, though, since I had these fixations of which she was aware... since I could not be monogamous with her and could with others, why could we not part as friends? Because the real need of her needs which we were satisfied for each other. She was a marvelous intelligence and companion to me and attractive to me with all though I could not know the ultimate ecstasy with her. As to her interest, I am the only human being in the world who understands that timid, bruised, reserved personality, picturing her as a child with struggles and aspirations for education and for beautiful expression, the intentions of her life, so fair and so kindly toward others, her achievement against heart-breaking odds, her professional disappointment due to poor health and the responsibilities of married life, her feelings of innate quality wholly unjustified but potent for damage and pain.

Any reasonable person would say, why could we not part as friends? Our difficulty reminded me much of the conclusion of your union with Sasha. The real was the same bond between us and the same difficulty of a primary fixation on my part though in the opposite direction. But Mary was not you. She has not your self reliance. Essentially domestic, her world was in ruins if she lost what she had put her life into. I know that many of our acquaintance have felt that that I am imposing on her because she has supported me but the fact remains that her need of me, her psychological dependence upon me is great. I am the one person who can repress her to herself if and

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10326

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convince her that she is not a failure which she is not and that life is endurable after all. I have no desire to sever the union.

Mary returned from Oregon. My lonesome letters and the flop I had with some of my financial ventures did that. Still there was the same pain and suspicion. Then, last autumn, on reading Floyd Dell's autobiography and his account of his second marriage, Mary decided that she and I ought to separate. It was to be done in the friendliest manner, our friendship remaining unspoiled. A few days later, in a moment of morbid vexation, that feeling of depression which some times besets her, she became furious at me and asked me not to see her. I knew, however that it would not turn out that way. In an hour, she called me to tell me that that part of it was all a mistake. I understood the situation. I went off on a bit of a junket for a day or for a day or so. Our next interview was a very satisfying one. The shock had made her realize one thing, that I genuinely loved her, that I had not pretended anything to her. We did not at once get back together again. Our separation lasted about a month and during the whole time, we were together more than we had been before. I have, for a long time, been living with my parents part time for purely practical reasons. We are together again. Mary believes in my affection for her but she knows I cannot ever be monogamous with her. For the present, we simply avoid the question. She has the kindest feelings toward you, urged me to send you the cable this Christmas. She has always been fond of you.

Question, why did I not tell you all this since it happened since I knew you loved me and would feel with me. Partly, for that very reason. Why add the burden of my misfortunes to one who had more than a reasonable share of her own. Again, you might blame yourself and feel that you were the cause of our difficulties which was not, decidedly not the case. I felt that I could tell you all that in conversation but not on paper. The next, I just felt it hopeless to make the whole situation, the strange psychological dilemma clear in a letter. It would take a book. I think that as it is, I have made a botch of the whole business. I fully intended to tell you all about it when we met. But my reticence often prevented me from writing you. I wanted my letters to you to be free from any pain or vexation or personal trouble and frequently, when I was in the midst of depression, I knew I could not keep them that way. So, I waited until I could. Then, when you misunderstood my motives, how could you have thought otherwise. I knew that I would have to tell you about it all or try to tell you. Ever since Christmas, I have been trying to frame a way of telling you and finally decided to give you the story hit or miss.

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10327

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I was afraid that if I waited to tell you in the right and clear way, I would never write at all. Please, please do not in all this, attach any blame to Mary. I fear that my muddled account may be colored that way, even saving myself, making myself the large, generous person put upon by a capricious and querulous woman. Such an explanation is furthest from my intention. Neither of us is to blame. Mary was simply the one to suffer from my particular personality and characteristics because she loved me. It was against my will that she suffered but in spite of it, she still loves me. We and both know that I am unchanged. I am no hypocrite. We know that I must act as I must but we want to do our best. I made no pledges of monogamy or fidelity or resistance nor does she ask it of me. I hope some of this is comprehensible.

Now, as to your feelings expressed in recent letters, so beautifully and tenderly in your last letter, your missing me but feeling that you must not think so much about it, I understand those feelings thoroughly my darling. I would be the first to help you and the last to hinder you in them. You must let me be a bit harder on you than I cannot write to you on a merely friendly plane. I would not, though, try to set up barriers against your happiness. I love you as I always have and always will but we have to hough to circumstance to a certain extent. I know you love me and do not feel that I have lost you. Some times, in the midst of last year's difficulties I used to dream of living with you permanently but a second's reflection showed me that such an arrangement was completely out of the question. The life we are compelled to lead, you on account of your work, I because of my financial difficulties would make it impossible. Looking at the situation as objectively as I can, I also cannot help advising strenuously against your return to Canada. I could be with you there only for short spaces of time at long intervals. For one of the world's most alert minds; for the esthetic spirit and vital, dynamic personality that you are, life in Canada would be terrible. It would be a prison. England is bad enough but it has culture. Canada is impossible. Still, dearest, I may get over to Europe in some way one of these times. I am a soldier of fortune in spirit and never cease to count on the future. I find no reason to doubt that the Toronto chapter can be repeated in as far lovelier way in the meantime. I do not see why things should not be much as they have between us. We may take it a bit more calmly but just as deeply. You are always the Goddess. It will be easier for me to write to you now. There is nothing to hold back.

You are always the Goddess and for me, to know you, to think of you, is, always, always, to love you.

Frank.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920170

[Letter, 19]36 March 1, London [to] Paul [and Eslanda Robeson, London] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4908

London. ~~Feb.~~ March First. 36.

My Dearst.

I wish I could convey to you what a joy it has been to spend a few hours with you both. I came with a feeling of loaden weight in my body and in frightful mental depression. You lifted both dear Paul. Our talk refreshed my spirit. You see it was the first in months with a kindred spirit. The lack of it has been even harder to bear than the struggle to gain ground in this cold and forbidding country. I think I am like Yank, I do not belong. The blood freezing reserve of the English has made me feel that every time I have been here. Perhaps it is ~~not~~ entirely my fault. I have my roots inextricably in the soil of America. And at my age it is no longer possible to acclimatize oneself as one might when one is very young. That is my difficulty really, more than any unkindness on the part of the people I have met.

However, I must try again and again to break ground here. You see it is the only country where I do not have to be haunted by the ever present spectre of expulsion—a far more devastating feeling than imprisonment. I know whereof I speak for I have known both. A few people in this city seem to be very keen for me to settle in England and they want to help. If I could rouse the audience ~~next~~ at my last lecture March 31st it would decide ~~my~~ whether it is worth while to struggle on in England for the few years still left me. I confess I have not succeeded to break through the reserve though I have broken an insignificant part of the hard soil. I dread that I may not get much farther with my last talk. If only I could have the inspiration of your

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870920170

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4909

2

glorious voice at my lecture the 31st. I might then speak with my ~~heart~~ heart in my throat as I always did in America. I wonder if you would care to sing if only one Russian song, or that and the one "SOME TIMES I FEEL LIKE AN EAGLE IN THE AIR". Do you think you might? It will help me greatly. Please let me know.

Meanwhile I thank you both my dears for the evening. I should have liked to have more of you dearest Essie. You are so alive so vivacious. You just tingle ones blood with new warmth. Perhaps next time when you let me come you will also be present. Bless your generous heart. You could not have left me in more congenial company, with know one else in England and even few in America with whom I feel such rapport as with dear Paul.

With love for both of you.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880209001

[Letter, 1936? March 2? London to unknown recipient (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 20 × 16 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

35517

2.

and socially aware people. I am not deceiving myself. I know it will be frightfully hard to accomplish anything. No other people are so tradition ridden, so bound by customs and habits. You would split your sides reading a report of a trial of a "scab" by his peers for killing a man through ~~such~~ careless driving of his car. Such mockery at this late day. Really it is to hawl with laughter. And all the life of the British is fettered with traditions and antediluvian habits. How can I hope to break through. Yet I must admit that I see a little more interest in what I have to give than ten or even three years ago. If only I were somewhat younger in years, or at least did not have ~~worry~~ about the material and I should not feel dependent of my success. Not that I am losing heart. It is only that one grows tired with the struggle quicker at my age than at thirty or forty. I should have come and stayed here directly I got out of Russia. I would be known by this time. As it is I am known only to the press and Scotland Yard. Seriously, very few people know anything about A.G. And the task of ~~himself~~ establishing a reputation for good or bad is infinitely more difficult than in the States where free lance work does have a chance. But here is no help I must go on. I cannot bear the thought of ending my days in silence. As I am determined to plod on until spring at least.

My plan is as follows; I will see what I have gained in response until the spring and if I can get some lecture dates for next autumn. Then I will return to St. Tropez for the summer. Try to write that book if possible. And return to England in Oct - to ~~visit~~ the ~~family~~ ~~home~~. And I will ~~report~~ ~~on~~ the next ~~year~~.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881010447

[Letter, 19]36 March 2, London [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / E[mma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 29 x 22 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

25610

London March 2nd 36.

Dear Frank. I have your letter. No explanation was due me my dear. I knew that you are ~~using~~ the devils own time economically. And I suspected some disturbing element in your relation with Mary. Of course I did not blame her. How could I knowing her concecration to you? But all that had no bearing on my condition which ~~made~~ decided me to make the break. ~~xxxx~~ You took me by storm, my dear, and you left me in a mad whirl which took me months to overcome. I had plenty of time last summer to analyze ~~myself~~ the madness that had taken ~~place~~ gold of both of us. And the more I thought of the event, the more fantastic and hopeless it became. I realised that if I do not cut the gordian knot I will become utterly useless to my purpose in life, the continuation of my work for our ideas. I had never permitted anything to stand in the way of this, my only raison d'être. In our case I had not even the excuse that I am doing it for the love you had awakened in my soul and the fires you had lighted. For neither could go on thousands of miles away from each other and without the least hope of ever again bridging the distance. So there was nothing else to do but suggest the change in our relation. I am frank enough to tell you that it ~~has~~ brought me considerable relief and peace. And I needed both to go through with the task I had set myself to carry out when I made up my mind to come to England. I would lie were I to boast of much success. It takes longer and stronger efforts to rejuvenated our movement. Anarchism has been dead in this country since the war. The few ancient comrades are living coprses. They are worst than dead. And we have but the fewest of the young generation. Added is the frightful opposition of the Communists, and the indifference of the labor cogs in the machine of the Labor Party. I could not hope to overcome all these odds in a few months. Yet I have roused interest though it was like pulling teeth. I have broken off an infinitissimal ~~of~~ the hard ground to encourage me to come back in the autumn for a permanent stay. I assure you my dear, splendid comrade I could not have done it if I had not first freed myself from thw terrific hold my love for you had on me. Even in my younger days I did not believe one can serve two masters. That was back of the fierce struggle between my passion for Ben R. and my work. It was only possible to combine the two more or less because Ben made himself part of my work. But at my age, and with insurmountable difficulties standing in our way it would have been false to you and to myself, even leaving Mary out which I never had the intention to do. I had to admit that the continuation of our love was bound to spell disaster for all concerned. Hence the break.

I wish you would assure Mary that even if ~~my intention~~ I had not broken our bond of love she would have had no cause to be unhappy. After all she had all of you. I had only your fancy. But now she will have you completely once more. I cannot conceive of you turning to the Minnas or anybody lesser than Mary. And I know there are not many of her stature. I hope therefore that you two will become more harmonious than ever and more sure of the love you have for each other.

Of myself there is not ~~much~~ to say. With

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2. have received the German money

28611

Through all the travail, mental stress and physical wretchedness from the English climate I have not felt so much at peace in a long while. Just to be on the firing line again, to plead for our ideal, to make people see its justice and beauty has put new energy into me. It is frightful uphill work, more than once I have felt lacerated my spirit bleeding from a hundred wounds. Especially after my encounters with the murderous Jewish Communist gangs. It is no joke to hear one called liar, Hitler, Fascist and to see the ooze oozing hatred in their young maddened eyes. But it will take ever so much more to make me give up. And so I shall come back to England and strain every nerve to bring our movement to a new birth.

My last lecture will be March 31st. I will go back to France about the third of April. I am going back to nurse two invalids, Sasha and his girl. They are both in a Nice hospital. Sasha had undergone an operation on the prostate two weeks ago. He is improving. Unfortunately there is another operation awaiting him though not so grave as the first. Emmy who has suffered all winter from her old malady was feeling better when S. went to the hospital. But the anxiety about him and the drain on her depleted strength from the daily visits to ~~the~~ to Sasha with long distances to ride has thrown her back. She too had to enter the hospital. It is largely for observation. An operation may be suggested by the surgeon. But I have begged both S. and E. not to consent to it until we have tried a rather remarkable Russian physician in Paris who has had great results with similar cases of Emmys. And so she will meet me in Paris the third of April when I will consult this Russian in her case. If he holds out hopes E. will remain in Paris and I will go on to Nice to nurse Sasha through his second operation. I would have dropped everything if either case were dangerous. But since that is not imminent I have to finish my engagements here.

Goodby my dear Frank. Nothing can take away from me or my memory the wonderful two weeks in T. I shall always cherish them and everlastingly thank my good star that has brought you to me. We have deeper ties than the emotional and they will never be broken.

I embrace you my dear in deepest comradeship.

With love and affection.

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After April 3rd I will come to the American Hospital, 11, rue Saint, Paris.

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870916098

[Letter, 19]36 March 2, London [to] Frank [G. Heiner, Chicago] / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p.; 25 x 20 cm.

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London March 2nd 36.

—10328

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With love and affection.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022114

[Letter, 19]36 March 2, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London March 2nd 36.

Cash, my dearest. To day two letters from you arrived, both dated the 28th, and a card from E. I feel very much relieved that E. and you have accepted my advice. You know me well enough to know that I am not a panicky creature, or that I see spooks. But for some inexpressible reason ~~xxxxxx~~ I have a dread of an operation for E. I feel it cannot do her any good, and that it may have grave consequences. Besides operations do not run away. Of course there are cases such as appendicitis where operations are indispensable. ~~But~~ Or in cases of blood poisoning with gangren set in. Naturally only the knife can remove the danger. But E's case is not among such emergency cases. True, she may suffer a great deal. And it is easy to be a balldoke over other peoples suffering. Yet I am sure it will be for the best. You will probably smile at my credulity about Senias man. All I know about him is that he has helped Senia to the extent of the failure of all other physicians who had treated him for so many years. Next is the case of Caesar Nulw ~~xxxxxxxx~~ who for years had suffered agony from Eozema. And several other cases of stomach and intestinal troubles. Now he may fail with E. But reason tells me he ought to be tried. If he fails E. will still have time to go back to the Pasteur and undergo the operation. At least, I will be near you two and I will be able to take care of you both. Anyhow I am so relieved that both of you have enough faith in your old sailor to accept my suggestion.

Saturday I have written E. direct to the hospital. I have suggested that if she decides to leave the hospital without the operation she should find a ~~female~~ ~~do~~ manage to look after the apt and prepare some eats for E. or both of you if you should be able to go home soon. There are so many unemployed I should think it ought to be easy to find some nice person who would know how to take care of E. during the day. I cannot imagine that would be a great exence. Of course E. should not visit you every day. I am sure her daily visits have ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ probably made her condition worse. It is too much of a strain. I know how she feels about leaving you in the hospital alone. But you are an old war horse in being alone in worse places than a hospital. So you should impress on the kid that it is unnecessary for her to drag her ~~self~~ sick as she is back and forth to visit you every day. As I already said, I am greatly relieved that you both do not think me an old weak fool about the operation. But, if you should still decide for it at the last moment I will understand that E's suffering was beyond her endurance and it had to be done.

Earle, I did not mean to imply that your operation could have been avoided. I only meant that Senias man should have been tried first. I meant it would have been very sensible if the two of you had taken the next train to Paris to consult the man. Then, if he ~~can~~ would failed you and E. you could still have undergone operations. But it is no use discussing what has been done. I only hope you will not be bed ridden long and that you will go back to the normalcy of your good old days when you could piss to your hearts content.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022114

[Letter, 19]36 March 2, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

E.

I am delighted to know that the hospital is better than my impression from your description. I am especially glad for K's sake. I know your power of endurance. But E. cannot so easily adjust herself to disagreeable conditions as you my dear. So I am happy to know the female wards are in better shape. Still I hope E. won't have to stay there long.

As, of course I have told Suttan why you had not replied. He has proven a real blessing. The only one deeply interested in my fortunes and my work. He it is who is financing my last lecture on I.M.L. It is to be with paid admission the 31st of this month. I have written to Paul Robeson asking if he will sing. That would pack the house and it would be a great inspiration to me. Paul was wonderful the evening I spent with ~~xxx~~ with him. He has since sent me a check for £20. And he wrote he would help along so I should not have to worry. Isn't that marvelous? I will keep the £20 for K's trip and need in Paris. I hope Paul will consent. It would help me to rouse the blood freezing Britisher but to come back to Suttan. He is determined to help me get back to England and settle here. He repeatedly told me he will do his utmost to get support from his friends and he will back whatever I wish to undertake. It is something to have made such a friend even if it meant nearly four months of bloodletting.

I am happy that you approve of my plan in re a book aside of it being desperately needed now it will appease the contributors to my fund. Only to day I had a letter from John H. Holmes asking about the book. I guess others must have wondered as well. I really must give them something. But of course it is sufficient unto the time. First you and E. must get well, then recuperate at Bon Esprit. Then we will see. I myself will need some rest before I do anything about the essays. We will see.

I wrote Ann that I am sorry she had so little of Bon Esprit. I assured her she will still have couple of months when it is lovely on our place. I had a reply saying it is already marvelous. The weather suddenly changed for the better. She is in Bon Esprit with a woman friend of hers and the worms baby. And that they were eating out of doors. She added that she had not regretted for a moment about our arrangements. It seems Charles husband has looked after the place. So that's alright. I have asked George Seldes if he would not like to buy Bon Esprit. I am also writing to Arthur Ross, he may know somebody who would like a summer home and would buy our place. You see, we will never get any kind of a price unless we sell it to an American or English person. And rather than throw away Bon Esprit for next to nothing we will hang on to it. We will at least have one spot where we can be for some months away from others.

Ask Mrs. Levin to buy you a pad and envelopes. But it will be alright if you can only send me postals. I will understand dearest. Besides you can write a whole sketch on a postal in your old small script. I am glad Kapp sent the money. It may be in reply to yours. I should think it is a month since you wrote him, time enough to reply. Of course I am writing our

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with loads of love.

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870925098

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

15518

London March 2nd 36.

Dear old Henry. Again you have allowed months to pass without a word to your old friend. Well, it is again the prophet coming to the mountain. I only wish I could give you good news. But you already know enough of Sashas and my life not to be surprised that it never rains on our streets but it pours. Sasha is in the Pasteur Hospital in Nice. He underwent an operation on the prostate two weeks ago. He is doing fairly well. But he will need a second operation only the god knows why. However that is not the worst. Emmy too is in the same hospital. This winter she suffered the worst attack of her illness. She was in bed most of the time on fluid diet only ~~until the Christmas~~ ~~ten days~~ ~~before~~ ~~Sashas~~ ~~operation~~ ~~she~~ ~~felt~~ ~~better~~. But the anxiety about S. and the strain of daily visits with bus trip of two hours a day threw her on her back again. So she too went into the hospital. To day Xrays are to be taken. E. and S. had already decided to submit to an operation if advised by the surgeon. But I begged them not to rush. I dread the result for E. in her present depleted condition. Besides, there is a great Russian doctor in Paris who seems to have extraordinary results with some new system of inner douches. He cured Senia Flechine from boils the boy was suffering from for 17 years and which no doctor has ever helped to eradicate from his system. And I met several other patients of this man who have recovered their health through him. Anyhow, I pleaded with S. and E. to try him first. The operation will not run away. To days letters from the tow tells me they have decided to act on my suggestion. E. will meet me in Paris the first week in April. I will take her to Senias man and see what he has to say about her case.

Well, old dear you can see that there is no peace for us. Imagine being here and keeping up the bitter struggle with the two creatures ill, helpless and without means. At least I could take care of them if I were in Nice. But I simply cannot drop every thing and run. Its not only a question of the few dates left. It is even more so my future. There is no escape my dear I have to make up my mind to return to England for a permanent stay. I cannot continue gagged in France for the rest of the years left me. Not now when the whole world is about to go up in flames. I feel that now more than ever is it necessary to cry out against the madness. Not that I am fool enough to believe it will stop anything or anybody. It is for my own peace of mind. To remain in France, retired in Bon Esprit and do writing which no one wants is beyond me. So I am determined to return next Fall, get me a room or small apart and continue the work I have begun. I have achieved very little since I came here in Nov. But I have interested a few people. They want to meet me and have expressed a desire to help me in this country. Its little enough and I have no business since I wrote it. Plymouth dramatic people have fallen down on the job. But my own comrades, the most intelligent and sincere of all I have met have had three more very worth while meetings. And they have organized to bring about my return to their city for further work. I have other advance dates for next autumn. All that is of course not going to bring me bread, let alone anything more. But it cannot be helped. Anything is better than intellectual and

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870925098

[Letter, 19]36 March 2, London [to] Henry [G. Alsberg, Washington, D.C.] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 26 x 21 cm.

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15519 I believe I have written you that I have not succeeded in concentrating on writing the proposed book last summer. Nor will I do so this year. I do not see any sense in writing in the void. And since I.M.L. has been such a batch there is no reason to believe that any other work I might give will meet with better luck. But I feel I must do something for the people who have contributed to the fund for me. So I am going to compile a lot of new material for a book of essays. I don't know who will care to publish it, if no one in the States maybe Daniel, a radical publisher in this city might get it out. I think such a book dealing with matters of immediate importance may find a better market than a book of personalities I have met. Besides if I live much longer which the furies may forbid, I will have enough material for an additional volume of I.M.L. In any event I must do something to show good faith with those who have contributed to the fund most of which is already used up. What will be when all is gone I don't know. I am not so much concerned in my future, to hell with it. Besides I will manage somehow when I get back here next Fall. But poor sick Sasha and invalid E. what's to become of them? I am sick with worry. One thing I am going to try, to sell Bon Esprit. Believe me it will be a wrench. It is the only place I have ever had or will have that has been a home. But anything is better than everlasting begging from friends. One becomes a damned nuisance. The rub will be to find a buyer who would not expect to get Bon Esprit for next to nothing. I wish someone from America would want the place perhaps you know someone. You surely could tell them how lovely and private Bon Esprit is. Maybe some artist, or someone who can afford a summer home. Truth is one can live comfortably in the house for six seven months a year. Do try to speak to some of your friends. You might ask what would I gain by disposing of Bon Esprit. The money would soon be used up and I would remain without a roof over my old head. Well, my plan is to find a simply reasonable place in Nice or on the outskirts for about forty thousand francs. That would do away with Sashas rental and other double expences two menages imply. The rest of what I might get for Bon Esprit would secure Sasha for a year or two. In the new house I would fix up a room for myself for occasional visits, or for the last few years of my life. The main thing is Sasha would be secured with a home and with enough for two years living expences. As it is now I have little of Bon Esprit and I am worried all the time about Sashas means of subsistence.

Well, this is not much of cheer is it? But I know you are interested in our life and our doings. That's why I made a clean breast. Please old scout write Sasha right away. It will cheer him. I am sure. Address him to 101, Blvd de Cessole, Nice, A.M. He may be out of the hospital within a week or two. The second operation is not to take place until later. In any event he gets his mail at his Apt. Please dear do write me also. Are you still with the PWA. You must be having the devils own time. By the way do you ever see that impossible cliff? If you do kick him in his behind. Perhaps he will cough up the amount he told Ann Lord he had collected for my fund. I do not want him to give me anything out of his own pocket. But I certainly consider it very unkind to withhold what

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I believe I have written you that I have not
concentrated on writing the proposed book last summer.
I do not see any sense in writing in
the void. And since I.M.I. has been such a batch
others gave him for the purpose. Of course, it may have just been
idle bravado what Cliff told Ann. Alright, then let him say so.
You can reach me here until the end of the month.
After that c/o the American Express Co. Paris. I don't know at this
writing whether I will go straight to Nice after a few days in P. is
or whether I will remain there for a few weeks, in any event. The A.E.
will forward my mail so write me there if not here.
I will have enough to tell you about the situation in the States
One cannot make head or tail from the news papers. It looks pretty
bleak in Europe. England as usual is playing her hypocritical part
as the world's great humanitarian, at the same time interested in
only one thing, its tottering empire. And the idiotic Labor Party and
Communists having pledged themselves to the gang in Downing Street
are being dragged along to the brink of blood and death, not only the
brink but from all appearance right over it. Its a hell of a world to
live in. I don't think I could go on if I did not feel I might try
out against the whole dastardly conspiracy. I know it means crying
in the wilderness, but silence would be even less endurable.
The rub will be to find a buyer who would not expect to get his hands
dirty with the money. I have some artists or someone who can
please. I really miss hearing from you.
Affectionately,
Emma
I have some artists or someone who can
afford a summer home. I have some artists or someone who can
house for six even months a year. Do try to speak to some of your
friends. You might ask what would I gain by disposing of Bonaparte?
The money would soon be used up and I would remain without a roof
over my old head. Well, my plan is to find a steady stream of
place in Nice or on the outskirts for about twenty thousand francs.
That would do away with the expense of an other double expense
two menaces imply. The next best thing I might do for Bonaparte
would be to give him a year or two. In the new house I would fix
up a room for myself for occasional visits, or for the time being
of my life. The main thing is that he would be secured with a home and
with enough for two years living expenses. I am not sure I have
of Bonaparte and I am worried all the time about such a matter of
substance.

Well, this is not much of cheer is it? But I must say
are interested in our life and our country. That's why I must say
please. I have some artists or someone who can
I am sure. Address him to 101, Blvd de Clichy, Paris. I will
be out of the hospital in a week or two. The second on which is
not to be placed until later. In any event he gets his mail at his
appt. Please don't do write me also, and you still with the P.M.
You must be having the devil's own time. By the way do you ever
see that incredible thing? It you do know him in his behind. I hope
he will cough up the amount he told me he had collected
for my fund. I do not want him to give me anything out of his own
pocket. But I certainly consider it very kind of him to do so.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870919130

[Letter 1936] March 2, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Angelica [Balabanoff].— 4 p.; 23 x 15 cm.

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AT THE GATEWAY TO
CENTRAL PARK



TELEPHONE ENDICOTT 2-3700

HOTEL PARK PLAZA

50-58 WEST SEVENTY-SEVENTH ST.

NEW YORK

11605

3.2.

My dearest Emma, I hope A. S. sent
you over my letter and the circular.
I know how interested you are and
how you would like to be free to
read you even the less important and
most futile. I hope not having as yet
nothing more important to tell you. I have
been home for some time ^{now} and the visitations
and reception cut you off half of the day.
You have even no time left for letter
writing. And still my true word has not
yet begun. My address has not yet
organized a single lecture (which I under-
stand gives the price at which I came).
I have earned since I came over, 25 dollars
and more debts amounting to 55, and have not
yet had the possibility to send anything to
my Italian friends or to German refugees,
but nevertheless I am happy to be here.

THE BEST HOME AWAY FROM HOME IS A GOOD HOTEL

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and thank you for the letter you encouraged
and helped me to overcome all the obstacles. 11606
People are exceedingly kind to me and seem really
interested in my work which is so very unimpor-
tant for me.
I must meet J. Gold at a conference
Leningrad, very nice people I met last time I
was in (Soviet Union) I was going to speak
of the contents of your letter concerning
my book in presence of the whole
"audience" of course I told him not
to do it. When we were near or less alone
I began to talk to him. He seems to be
quite amused and promised me to write me
which he did not as yet, which I do
not expect him to do. As a fact matter
of fact the situation is worse than I
thought it to be in Europe before I
read the book. He introduced it
as being written by me for his book
a month which I gave him for a
magazine. There I would like to
I can't do anything against him
periodically as for as the radical
press is concerned - I don't see what
paper I could appeal to. M. C. Rees
the lawyer you surely knew seems
to be interested in the case. Sois
your respect Paul C. whom I was
very happy to meet promised me too
to talk the thing over in a friendly
way with J. G. I don't exactly
remember how he was when I
met him years ago in France, he seems
me to be much more settled now speaking
of his form and my wife"

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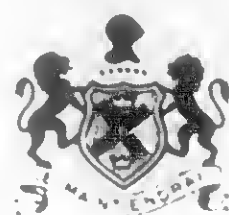
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TELEPHONE ENDICOTT 2-3700
HOTEL PARK PLAZA
40 58 WEST SEVENTY-SEVENTH ST
NEW YORK

11607

*K. W. Sefton rolled over me
As she is a very
willing to help me I would like to have her
keep me as soon as I shall be able to pay
her (she knows a few blocks far) I am
talking with Harpers about the editorial
publication of my "Memoirs" (this too is
somewhat threatened by Sefton's pretensions)
& in general I want somebody to assist
me. Now my paper to you is to tell me
whether you think she would be the
right person. Ask you to have my impression
controlled by a statement of facts
and I think that in doing so I don't induce
you anything which might be in contradiction
with your friendly feelings and affection
to K. W. For ever you doubt of my absolute
discretion, can you? I put you the question
because, in addition to the overmentioned it
may be that I shall want a secretary
to come with me to the country if
Harpers publish my book. In such
case I have to leave L. I. for a couple
of months.
I wonder whether you know that
- dear Carlo Treca married on Feb. 1st
both of them are very, very good to me.*

THE BEST HOME AWAY FROM HOME IS A GOOD HOTEL

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870919130

[Letter 1936] March 2, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Angelica [Balabanoff].— 4 p.; 23 x 15 cm.

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Of course we spoke very much of you,
Dear friend.

You know of course that Leo is
D. is dead. & everybody thinks, and
so do I, that it is much better
for her she did, and still it is so
tragic — I met Mrs Roman Warr(?)
— owner of the restaurant you used
to go to — I had not yet the opportunity
to call at her apartment, very truly
knowing your interests necessitates
my deep sympathy.

Do you know Mrs Giovanni, the
wife of Arturo, she is expected
to come to see me this afternoon,
as far as I can foresee she would
like me to join a party of the "League
Against War and Fascism" which I don't
want to do because though not officially
this League is influenced by Moscow.
I think she does not realize it.

Dear Emma, please write me
I was so glad to hear that
you feel a little more at home
in England — — —

Love very, very affectionately
and devotedly

Angelica

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022115

[Letter, 19]36 March 3, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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London March 3rd 86.

My Dearest. Your letter and card of Saturday just arrived. It is noon to day. It was a surprise to learn that you were on the verge of leaving the hospital. Of course I wrote you there yesterday since you said in your last letters that you may have to remain there for some weeks. I suppose it will be forwarded. At any rate I enclose the copy of my letter to you and Amy. I think it a rotten thing of the Surgeon to order you out because you did not agree to the second operation on the spot. I don't see how he could ~~suggest~~ suggest it when you are still so weak from the first. I thought he had told you not before another month. Terrible how callous physicians grow of human suffering and life. I hope my dearest the writing with the second operation will not harm you. By the way, did Modest tell you he had two operations? I was under the impression it was only one and that he had massage for the prostate. I wonder whether you do not need massage. The woman who gave me treatment when Stella and I was in Nice was first rate. Or a good male masseur could be found. Of course you will have the doctor come to ~~dress~~ dress your wound. Anyhow, please be careful. Do not be on your feet too much.

I am relieved beyond words that K. has decided to accept my advice. I am now anxiously waiting for word about the outcome of the X-ray. I hope she will soon be with you. And that you will engage some capable person to look after your place and prepare your meals. I am sure any number could be found for half days at a not too expensive. Better prevail upon K. to get somebody.

I will definitely leave here for Paris the 3rd of April or maybe even the second. I want to be on hand when K. comes. I want to take her to Senias man without loss of time. We will decide every thing else after that.

I am so glad your Englishman proved decent. You are right my dearest, only in a crisis do we know who are our friends. Not at any other time. It was fine of Mr. Roey to offer you money. I am happy though in the thought that you did not need to accept. I am sure Papp will send more of the cash he has for you. And if Modest promised to send more he surely will. At least we have that comforting feeling that you and K. are not broke. I dare say the hospital for both of you must have cost a fortune. But it cannot be helped. The main thing is whether the operation has helped you to some extent. I suppose you cannot tell for the present.

I must rush off to meet Suttan. Liza calls him "your gentleman friend". He is certainly a friend. Well, you and I still have luck in our misfortunes.

Give my love to Amy. I am so glad she has regained her faith in me. I am sure I have never changed towards her whatever the unfortunate and unnecessary friction there was last summer. I wish she could realize that and there would be harmony. After all, it is ones motivations that should count, and not always the demonstration of ones motives.

Goodby my dear. I will write again soon, also to Amy once I know where she is.

Love E.G.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022115

[Letter, 19]36 March 3, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. —
2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Dear Ady's birth day
is the 14th of this month
Send her a line at
the Pacific Union
14th St New York
City
I made her a long letter
to day. Dad & a yacht
party. Stella
Lutsky is also this month
came to New York at the 14th
is Stella. Ady's birth day
I also made Stella
about you & your
travels. CG

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023129

[Letter] 1936 March 3, Montreal [to] Emma G[oldman, London] / F.J. Buck. —
1 p.; 25 × 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Bank of Montreal,

WEST END BRANCH
950 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST

Montreal, Que.

Third
March
1936.

Dear Madam,

We are in receipt of your letter of the 18th ultimo and as desired we are to-day forwarding our draft on Montreal for \$203.43 (representing the balance of your savings account No. 5297 with interest to date) to the Banque Seligman, Paris for your credit with them. Your address as below has been noted on our records.

We would take this opportunity of expressing our thanks for the remarks contained in your communication and also would assure you that our banking facilities and best services are always at your disposal should you reopen your account at some future date.

Yours faithfully,

F.J. Buck
Pro Manager
F.J. Buck

Mrs. Emma G. Colton,
20, Beechcroft Court,
London, N.W. 11, Eng.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029061

[Letter, 19]36 March 4, London [to Frances] Briggs, [London] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p. ; 25 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Dear Miss ~~Max~~ *Briggs*

London March 4th 36.

Thanks a lot for sending me the announcement for the CATILINE performance. The management of the Rpyalty Theatre were good enough to send me tickets at my request. I went last Wed. I enjoyed the setlings even more than the acting though the latter was by no means bad.

March 31st is to be my last lecture in London before I return to France. The subject will be LIVING MY LIFE, ~~and~~ I will give some of the most outstanding episodes of my work in the U.S. and Russia as well as England. I wonder whether I could send you a poster of the affair and whether I might put some tickets on sale at your office. I realize that my theme not being ~~the~~ drama or theatre, though in a measure it is drama in the sense of life you may not care to have it annouced by means of our posters. I will understand of course. Please let me know, also if you and the Librarian would like to attend, I will send you complimentary tickets. Mr Paul Robeson the marvelous Negro singer may be present to inspire the audience.

Sometimes next week I will want to come to see the manager of your advertising Dept. And arrange for the insertion we talk about. I will find out when it is best to come. I suppose you have heard nothing, or something unfavorable from the Prof. you had written to. I am sure you would have communicated his reply to me.

658

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029061

[Letter, 19]36 March 4, London [to Frances] Briggs, [London] / [Emma Goldman]. —
2 p. ; 25 × 20 cm.

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4042

I am definitely coming back next autumn for another trial to reach the heart of my new countrymen and women. I cannot say I have been wildly successful so far. But whatever response I have had leads me to believe that I may have better luck next lecture season.

Does the Drama League ever undertake to obtain bookings for its professional members? Of course, I do not mean without due expences. Perhaps you would let me know. If that were at all possible, ~~and~~ I should be so glad to talk to you about it.

Hoping to hear from you soon.

Very sincerely.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216011

[Letter, 19]36 March 4, Enfield [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / S[hloime] Sutton. — 2 p. ; 20 × 13 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

6263

ENFIELD 2953

111. Browning Road,
Enfield.

4/3/36.

My dear Emma,

Of course I'll be at the appointed place & hour! You must however take it for granted that I love you without putting me to the test. But never mind, Thursday or any other time I'll be there.

Listen Emma don't attempt the impossible over your forthcoming Lecture. Let us do the best we can, consistent with our energies, and see what are the results! You have, I feel, nothing to worry about. Certainly I want to see you a big power; but I will be content with you being a small but important force.

Yours truly
P. R. O.

P. R. O.

P. R. O.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216011

[Letter, 19]36 March 4, Enfield [England to] Emma [Goldman, London] / S[hloime] Sutton. — 2 p. ; 20 × 13 cm.

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16264

Beryl is loving you
with knitting needles — every
stitch expressing warmth
and affection.

sign please: —

— Beryl

Perhaps I better explain that
the cross has nothing to do with
orthodox religion.

S. A. SUTTON

↓
not
H

↓
not
E

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661

The Emma Goldman Papers

881023188

[Letter, 1936 March 5? London to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
1 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Mumyehen. What wonderful news just a few words can contain. A post card from Sasha made the world look defused with hope and sunshine. Can you imagine my joy when I read that you need no operation and our beloved baby is home? I have worried so frightfully about both of you. I feel like new born with the wonderful news Sasha's post card contained. I am so happy Knore has come to help. I knew she would if only her time will permit. She is a lovely creature when one knows her well. And I am so glad your English man has proven so much better as a friend than a housepainter. One never knows what people are capable of doing until one needs them desperately.

Its great that Sasha is home and in a dry clean bed away from the nerve-racking noises. And you my dear? I hope you too are already home. Please dear be careful. Do not begin housework, washing and ironing. Nothing is so important than your rest. Get someone to do the necessary work. Please do.

Well, dearest Mumyehen, in less than a month I will meet you in Paris and take you to Senias man. What do you think about writing Suzanne whether she could put you up. Of course you will pay her. I will feel easier and I am sure Sasha will when you are not in some small hotel, alone. I take it that you and Suzanne are friendly. By the way, Suzanne maybe coming over here for Master to be with Bisham Holmes. In that case she maybe willing to let us have her apt for the time of her absence. Do you want to write her? If not I could. Let me know.

Goodby dearest child. I hope with all my heart that your coming to Paris may end your suffering. You have your life still before my dear, if only Senias man can cure you, or give you partial relief life will take on different meaning I am sure.

Devotedly.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

831121021

[Letter] 1936 March 5, London [to unknown recipient] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 28 x 22 cm.
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Graduate Library. Institutional Location: Labadie Collection, Emma Goldman Papers, Department of Rare
Books and Special Collections.

c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky,
20, Beecheroff Court,
London, N.W. 11.

March 5th, 1936.

Dear Friends,

Since you received my last statement, dated Dec. 24th., I have been busy as a bee. Most of the time it has been chasing windmills! But that, too, belongs to one's effort to gain ground.

I have to confess to having been too optimistic in my last account of my doings. Thus the Plymouth Drama Group fell down on the job and the month's lectures I was to give in South Wales dwindled down to three, but that cannot be helped. I have, however, been busy with three lectures in Plymouth arranged by our own comrades, three new ones in London and in several of the Provincial towns. The attendance everywhere, with the exception of Plymouth, was unfortunately small. But I have the satisfaction that the organisations which had invited me were pleased, to the extent of assuring me of new dates next autumn. The Plymouth meetings were the best; we are fortunate in having a few splendid comrades there of exceptionally high proletarian standard. If only all the workers were of that stamp, our ideal would not have been set back for many years to come. The result of my second visit has been the formation of a splendid group that will carry on the work during the summer and prepare for my return the coming season.

The Communists are furious, because for the first time the Russian situation was presented from an Anarchist-Revolutionary angle, and not on the part of those who either see paradise in Russia or who paint it as black as hell. Our comrades feel very much encouraged and so do I.

For the rest, the situation is like this: I have only broken the most infinitesimal part of the solid ground in this country. It has been bitter hard, but I believe a beginning is made. Now all will depend on the few who have become interested in my efforts and who are living in London, whether I will find it less difficult when I return here.

You will be glad to know that a few — very few, indeed — have become deeply impressed and are most eager to have me come back. I know that they will leave nothing undone to raise the necessary fund to enable me to settle in this country and to do the widest possible propaganda.

As I have explained in my last statement, the great drawback here is material. No speaker is expected to ask for fees for lectures. Most of them have other resources, because most of them are attached to organisations or are Labour Party officials. Thus my position is extremely difficult because of the fact that I have no resources and am certainly not a Labour Party official!

However, this is not the only difficulty. The fact that everybody moves in "flocks" and no one attempts free-lance work certainly does not minimise my difficulties. The Trade Union and Labour organisations in this country represent a veritable octopus: the members are mere cogs in the machine and will not divert one iota from the lines laid down by the Party.

On the other hand, are the Communists who, if anything, are more bitter and vindictive in this country than even in America. This is particularly true of the Jewish Communists. One has to strain every nerve to pull through a meeting without actual physical violence. Just to face the black hatred that fairly

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- 2 -

5/3/36.

oozes out of the fanatical eyes of the Communist youngsters at my lectures is enough to unnerve one. As to the charges hurled at one's head, they grow more fancy every day. At my last lecture on Soviet Literature I was even charged with being a Hitler (!). It would be funny, of course, were it not so tragic to think of what a devastating effect the Communist germ has created. It seems that it strikes people deaf, dumb and blind - utterly incapable of listening to what one has to say. Indeed, it is like running the gauntlet.

But, of course, it would take more than that to break my spirit or my determination to go on.

Well, this is my last month here. I am going to South Wales for three lectures and to Coventry for another lecture. My last lecture in London will be on the 19th of this month, when I will speak on Anarchism, and on the 31st on "Living My Life". The few friends and comrades I have gained here are trying hard to make the "parting" affair successful. I am then going back to the South of France, alas— not to rest, but to take care of our comrade Alex. Berkman, who has just come out from the hospital after an operation and will have to undergo another one when I return. It has been extremely painful to me to keep on with my activities here, knowing that my old chum is ill. Fortunately, his was not a dangerous condition, or nothing would have induced me to remain. As it is, I am glad that I am able to meet all engagements. You see, it is not only a question of breaking faith with people who are helping me, but it also concerns my future in England. One cannot expect the confidence and faith of others if one rushes off in the midst of engagements.

Of course, I will spend the summer at St. Tropez and mean to utilise whatever leisure I will have after nursing my old chum to preparing new lectures for the winter season in England. By next October I hope to have enough advance bookings in this country that will justify my return, when I could also establish my own quarters.

You see, dear friends, that I still go on planning. It may be overly optimistic to do that in the face of the present world chaos. The Governments, with Great Britain in the lead, are again rushing the masses fast over the top. The most terrible aspect about this is the stupid faith of the Labour Party and the Communists, in supporting the British Government in its loud insistence on sanctions. The Labour Party and the Communists are now doomed to go the limit, namely to also support the Government in its military clamour. It is a worse spectacle than in 1914. There was no Russia then claiming their loftiest ideals and in their name committing every despicable act.

With all this, it is in a measure childish to make definite plans, and yet one has to do so, or one would not be able to sustain life at all. It is fortunate that we can still dream, for though very few people will admit it, I yet insist that dreams make reality more real. I hope I may never lose the capacity to dream on.

After April 3rd I can be reached c/o A. Berkman, 101, Boulevard de Cessole
NICE (A.M.).

Affectionately,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860521184

[Letter] 1936 March 5, London [to unknown recipient] / [Emma Goldman].—
2 p.; 22 x 17 cm.

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c/o Mrs. L. Koldofsky,
20, Beechcroft Court,
London, N.W. 11.

March 5, 1936

Dear Friends:

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After April 3rd I can be reached c/o A. Berkman, 101, boulevard de Cessole, MICE, (A.A.).

Affectionately,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022117

[Letter, 19]36 March 5, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. —
1 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London March 5th 36.

My Dearest, I rejoice that you are home. At least you are away from the misery and the noise, and you can lie in a dry bed. It were different if one could ameliorate the human suffering one sees everywhere. But since one cannot do that it is hell to be so near all of it, ill oneself, and unable to help if only a little. So I am selfish enough to be glad that you, my own Sash, need not see and hear the unfortunates or their goans. I am delighted to know that your English friend is so helpful and that Monore has responded. Not that I doubted her. But having two business places it is not so easy for her to be of help. But I knew she would not fail you and E. Thank her for me as well as for yourself and give her my love. Tell her I will see her in about a month.

You lifted a stone from my heart by the news that E. does not need an operation. Muller is certainly a great diagnostician, all the doctors since he examined E. and how he examined her, have substantiated his finding. Has she any of the plates of the X-rays taken. Senias man will probably want to see them. Well, I can tell you I am delighted that we will be able to try the man. Perhaps he will be able to help. He has proven the wisdom of his method. Why should not E. find relief from it, if not complete heal h. Though I also hope for that. Anyhow, you will send her to me as soon as I reach Paris. I do not want to lose too much time. I am too eager to see what the physician will say and do for E.

I have already written you about my last two meetings. The one on the 31st is quite a costly affair, the hall alone is 4 guineas, posters and advertisements will bring it up to at least 12 guineas. It is really Suttan alone who is financing the venture. He has facilities of selling many tickets. The trouble is not half of his buyers will attend. They are somehow indebted to him, and will buy the tickets for that reason. Its alright since this venture alone is likely to give me a few pounds. But it is not enough. If the hall will not be full I will again only reach a bakers dozen. Suttan has been invaluable. Not only by his help but as a human being. He has tried his damndest to save me anxiety by looking after all kinds of details himself. I have never met with anyone like him and his wife in Europe, so thoughtful and considerate. That is really my only gain from the lacerating struggle here.

Dearest, tomorrow I will send you some Times and Nations they have accumulated because there was no sense in sending them before. I have meant to ask you to keep the Nations and the Literary Supplement. Both contain material I will need.

I have to meet Burr and Suttan this afternoon, so can write no more to day. I will before the week is over.

With abiding love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022116

[Letter, 19]36 March 5 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman]. — 4 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

At Home, March 3, 36, P.M.

Dearest Em, here I am at my little machine again. The FIRST typed letter for YOU, and it is time to write you a decent letter.

Now, dear heart, you probably feel confused about my contradictory postals and letters about E. and her condition. So I shall try to make the whole situation clear now in this letter, both in re myself and concerning E.

So here goes. Emmy had a very thorough X ray, several of them, for the different organs. She was naturally very nervous about the decision, and so the doctors told her "it's all right, no operation necessary". And of course you can imagine that we were both happy about it, and I immediately wrote you some postals about the good news.

But that was only to put E. at ease. You understand, dear. The doctors wanted only to quieten her fears. But the next day they told her that SHE DOES NEED AN OPERATION. The main surgeon in her department in Paster Hospital is Dr. Casiglia and he has a very big reputation. He found that the mouth of E's stomach has switched to the right side (while normally it should be on the left side). That is the cause of the pressure on her intestines and Dr. Casiglia said he is confident he can make a new and healthy woman of her. He said the operation is NECESSARY. Lavements are all right, (washings) but they can never replace the mouth of the stomach in the proper place.

Now, dear, I have faith in Casiglia, for he is a most able man and successful surgeon, one of the big men in his line. Emmy also has faith in him, and we therefore think that she should have that operation.

As to Senia's man, he may be all OK for certain things, such as eczema and blood troubles, etc. Senia did not have a misplaced stomach or anything of that kind. In any case it might happen that after treatment by Senia's doctor E. would still need an operation.

Anyhow, dear, a PEEVING is not easy to explain by mere reason. The fact is, both E and I feel now it is best to have the operation by Dr. Casiglia, especially since he has studied her case and is ready to operate her and seems to understand her illness thoroughly.

The ONLY important thing now is that you should be here when the operation takes place. For that reason we want to ask Casiglia whether E. can wait one month with it, for by that time you will be able to be in Nice. Emmy feels that she would have so much more courage and faith if you were here at that time. Her faith in you, your strength and affection and your ability to communicate your strength to others is really touching.

I think that Casiglia may agree to have the operation in a month's time. So that would be very fine. In the meantime E. is to have a good rest, gain strength and feed up. She has lost a lot of weight in the hospital. The hospital is OK for operations, but it is no place to gain strength or to rest up in. The sights and the whole atmosphere are MOST depressing.

Except for her pressure on the intestines and the other painful effects of her condition, E. feels very good now, is taking care of herself of her diet and

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is her old cheerful self. And that helps both her and me a great deal.

Now, dear, I said it is important you should be here when E. is to have her operation. It is also important for another reason. That is, concerning me.

I am feeling all right and gradually improving. I also have to gain strength for second operation. Now, the point is this. I require a lot of attention. I am supposed to sleep in a sitting posture and even during the day I need this and that, a rub down, or a washing, and things handed to me so that I should not have to move about much, etc. And Emmy is proving a wonderful nurse and is just splendid in that way. I also need certain kinds of food, vegetables and light things, and E. is preparing them for me just the way needed and in short is most capable. I don't need to tell you that she does it all in a most loving manner, and she has arranged her day so that she should not tire herself and have time to take care of herself and to rest. We don't want a strange person in the house to help Emmy. The washing she will give out and so she can devote her time to me and to herself without working hard. So in this point everything is fine.

But in case E. should have to have the operation in a week or so, then things will not be very satisfactory for either of us. She will have no one to visit her or help her or bring her anything at the hospital, because I am not in condition to walk about. I must either lie down or sit down most of the time. As to Mrs Lewis, as I told ~~her~~ you already, she is a sick woman and can't be depended on. Moreover, her daughter has arrived from Paris and she is also ill, and so THEY have their own troubles and cannot help others.

Now, as to Roxy. He is all right and has ~~now~~ proved himself a good friend. But he is not the type of men that can visit a woman in the hospital. For that he is not any good. Nonore has visited us in the hospital and has also brought me some cooked vegetables when E. was still in the hospital and I had come home. But Nonore is busy all day and she could come for a few minutes only late in the evening, after 7 P.M. So that is also no good for a sick person, either in the hospital or at home.

So, what I mean is this: I cannot yet take care of myself and I need Emmy in the house. That means it would not do for her to have the operation in a week. We are going to explain this to Casiglia and we think that he will consent to have E. wait with the operation another month. And by that time you will be here, won't you, dear?

So, E. and I have decided that she must not have the operation before April, when you will be here. In the meantime she will take care of me as well as of herself. And she thinks that Dr Casiglia will readily agree that the operation should not take place till you are here. And I will see ~~Dr. Tourtou~~ my surgeon, Dr. Tourtou and arrange with him for me to wait till after Emmy has had her operation and is recovering. So that will also give me a chance to have YOU with me at the second operation, and afterwards, for I shall probably have to stay in the hospital at least one month (if not more) after the second operation. Incidentally, it is advisable to pay at least one visit to these surgeons to their private offices, for then one is considered to a certain extent the private patient of the particular surgeon, which is an advantage. Their charges are about 30 - 50 fr. for a visit, which is reasonable.)

Now, dear, this is how things stand and you have now the complete information on both cases. I do hope, and so does E. that you will be able to come to us

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022116

[Letter, 19]36 March 5 [Nice to] Em[ma Goldman, London] / [Alexander Berkman].— 4 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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in the first week of April.

Now, dear, your letter of March 3rd, arrived today, with the enclosure of a copy of the letter you wrote to E. and me on March 2nd. The original of the March 2nd letter you sent to the Hospital, but we have not received it yet. We have informed the Post Office to have ALL our mail sent to us to the house.

You ask about Modest having had two operations. The only letter received from him was of Feb. 15. He says nothing about operations. I enclose letter, please return, no hurry, though. He has had a hard time, poor fellow. And he has been very good to me. Most reliable. When I first went to hosp. (was unexpected because I meant only to go to St. Roche for immediate help and there Tourou said I need operation at once) Well, when I first went to Pasteur we had very little money on hand, so Emmy cabled (by my directions) to Modest. He responded at once, nobly and sent money twice, as you will see by his letter. We received from him about 1,200 fr. the first time and about 960 fr. the second time. He will send more, he says.

I do not think Modest ever had an operation for prostate. He caught it in time and he told me that he has EVERY MONTH, when he is home, a massage. But no massage would do me good, because I have had trouble with urination for over a year and may be longer. It was slight trouble and I paid little attention to it. But the moment Tourou put his finger up my rectum he said that my case was very advanced. The prostate much enlarged and swollen and in such a case only an operation can help. No, dear, I do not need massage for prostate now. I mean, it is better not to monkey with it in my present condition. -- Irritation of massage may not be good for it at present. My present condition is satisfactory. I drink a lot of Evian water and that tisuii-tee, as per directions, urinate per the rubber drain, keep in a sitting posture, shove suppositories up my arse, spurt clean warm water into the head of the penis, and a do a lot of other such nice things, and all this keeps me (and Emmy too) pretty busy all day long. But I am getting stronger and better every day and the burning sensation in rectum and penis is disappearing. In short, I am doing well, and on this score everything is all right.

I think I wrote you that Kapp has sent another \$100. So as to money, don't worry, dear, we have enough on hand. We did not have to pay YET in the hospital. The system is, you pay later on. They send officials to the house to us to investigate how we live, how much rent we pay, etc., so as to know how much we can pay for hospital. I think we can cut them down to 20 fr. per day for each of us. That means 40 for both per day sent in the hospital. I even think we may reduce it to 15 fr. per person per day. In the worst case I will not have to pay more than 24 fr. per day, and E. will probably not have to pay more than 15 or 20 at the highest.

But of course we had extra expenses at the hospital. Tips and little gifts to the attendants whenever they do something for you, especially at night. However, that did not amount to very much. I also had to buy medicines that the Hosp. does not supply, such as pills to keep bowels loose, suppositories, a pistolet urinaire -- a glass bottle for urine, a pistolet that stays between my legs in bed so that the urine can run into it at night, for I am not conscious when I urinate -- and similar things. The biggest expense just now is the man who comes to do the pansement for me. He is not a doctor, he is a pansour, a kind of feldsher, but he knows his work all right. He comes at present 3 times a week and later on I will have him come only twice a week. He charges 20 fr. per visit, but his work

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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They shoot me at an hour — cleaning the wound in me, plastering me up, etc. — and it takes me at least an hour and a half to come up here, as we are so far away from the hospital. He is not a doctor but yet a trained man with a degree in surgery, and naturally his services are not very cheap. Later on, when I am stronger, I shall go to the hospital for the plastering, about twice a week. But there too I understand they charge about 10 fr. for each plastering, and then there would be the car fare also to pay.

So with this and various medicines we have of course extra expenses. But do not worry about this part, we have enough money, since what we owe the hospital we won't have to pay for some time yet.

All right about Stella's and Pitale's birthdays. Will write both a brief line. Writing is an effort now. So only to you goes this long big letter. Others will have to be satisfied with short ones or postals.

I am glad that Sutton has proved such a fine friend. It is a great find. Give him my best and to Paul Robeson also. He is fine.

Of other matters by and by. I hope your meeting on the 31 will be great success. Must close now to mail this letter.

With constant thoughts of you, dearest Em,

I embrace you lovingly,

as ever the same Max even if

non-pissing

8.

Write to me to the house of course.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023133

[Letter 1936] March 5, Bearsville, N.Y. [to Emma Goldman, London] / Stella [Ballantine]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Bearsville, March 5th.

Dearest:

Your letter of the 21st of Feb. reached me yesterday. One or more of my letters must have gone astray for I wrote at least once every two weeks. When one day is like another one soon loses count of time and the mechanics of living in the country in three feet of snow makes life complicated, so it is quite a business to go for mail. We have had to pull provisions and oil for heating up a 400 foot hill and there were days I attempted to go for the milk and had to turn back and ask Teddy to go over on skis. It rained last night but this morning it turned to snow again. I haven't been to Kingston for more than two months, though it is only 15 miles away. I enclose a picture of our house and Davy on a sled taken by a friend, just to show you.

I had a card from Sasha the day before your letter and I immediately wrote Stein. It made me sick not to be able to send S. a little money, but we had just had to ask Saxe to borrow \$150 against our allowance in April. Ian got a stubborn infection last July, just as Ruth was taken ill, and he is still under treatment, and that has been a staggering expense. That from an affair that seemed certainly harmless. You can imagine how I felt to have Ruth's business right on top of that. It's run the poor kid down frightfully and at his time of life! This is in the strictest confidence. Don't even refer to it, darling, because Teddy reads all your letters and he would hate me to tell you.

You can see by the enclosed from Saxe that he has had his troubles. Moe was in N.Y. a week or so ago visiting the Davidoffs and Saxe saw him. Says he is fine, working full time, but still has trouble with his leg. Amy's death was a terrible blow to him, of course. He helped bring her up, as you know.

It is dreadful about Sasha, and Emmy too. I can imagine how impatient you are to get back to him. His letter is marvelous, just like Sasha. Fortunately after his second operation, he will feel like a new man. I am told by a doctor friend, that a man is rejuvenated and feels ten years younger. I am sure with you to look after him in Bon Esprit he will be himself again. No wonder the poor man couldn't work last summer. The effect of that trouble I am told plays havoc with one's nervous system. I do wish something could be done for Emmy. That long martyrdom of hers is just too distressing. I think they were both very sensible to keep the matter from you as you were helpless. What a barbarous place a French hospital is! Even our little Kingston hospital seems perfect in care and sanitation compared to it, understaffed as they always are. However, my writing Stein too did no harm.

Hamlet seems to be off for this season, Howard is sick. It's just as well. It would be a pity, having endured the winter to be in N.Y. during the lovely spring days. We haven't felt able to allow ourselves a few days in N.Y., though I would like a change. I would have liked to go for my 50th birthday on

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023133

[Letter 1936] March 5, Bearsville, N.Y. [to Emma Goldman, London] / Stella [Ballantine]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 17 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

the 10th - one is 50 only once, but it can't be helped. After all I had a marvelous party in Rice for my 45th, thanks to you, and you, dearest, were in prison on your 50th!

I think it a much better idea to gather your lectures for a book, than waste the material on pamphlets. After all, a book is more enduring and you can work on your material this summer. I wouldn't be in too great a hurry to dispose of Ron Esprit, unless you can get a really good price for it and exchange it for another home. otherwise it would be a shocking thing to do.

It is a hard row, I know, in England and must be heart-breaking. I was glad to hear that you found such devoted friends as the Suttens. Perhaps they can still do something? Angelica seems to have a manager. I think it outrageous of George Seldes not to have done something for her to reimburse her for her labor and material, especially as it is one way she can earn a little money. His book is selling in England and America -- how well I do not know, but he makes money in other ways. These journalist guys have no conscience. By the way, some one loaned me the Duranty book. It is the cheapest, most insincere and badly written drivel you ever read. It isn't even good Journalism. It has no continuity and he jumps from one subject to another in the same paragraph so that you become as confused as he reading it and so annoyed you want to swat him.

Ruth's case is unchanged. I enclose a picture of the baby. Isn't she adorable? I really long to see her. Teddy said that next month when the roads are clear and the snow is off the ground, we may go into N.Y. for three or four days. Pauline has asked two of us to stay with her. It will probably be Davy and me, and Teddy can stay with Snee. We just can't afford to go to a hotel.

Saxe office moved and they combined with Evelyn Scott's old publisher, Harrison Smith, so I imagine Evelyn is now one of their authors. It entailed endless work for Saxe, night and day, and two sick kids has left him very little time.

Teddy was in bed with a two day gripe, but he shook it off quicker than I ever knew him to before. He is fine now, and I began posing again yesterday. Today I tried but it was so cold in the studio I got too chilled sitting still, so I am using this time to write to you.

Poor dear Ann! How awful! This crazy Christina Science. She is darling but rather an idiot. Her boy might have been well by now. The Musicians organization would have looked after him. He has to be a union man to play in a band, you know.

I shall be so anxious for news from Sasha. I wrote him a few days before I knew and also Dmy. I wrote him again yesterday. Now I wish I could do something. I also wrote Saxe and Pauline to write him.

Davy is fine, getting a expert ski-er, hates and loathes school. There is a battle every morning, but he is at least 2 years ahead of any kid of his age. Is adored by everyone. Teddy and Davy send you their devoted love. You know what is in my heart and mind for you and Sash, don't you?

Stella -

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029060

[Letter] 1936 March 5, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Frances Briggs.—
2 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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5th March 1936

Dear Miss Goldman,

Thank you for your letter. Professor Searle called here last week and spoke about the letter I had written to him in connection with your lectures. He said he would keep the leaflets I sent him in case an opportunity occurred but he could give no definite promise. I would have let you know at once if he had been more definite.

Mr. Beresford, the advertisement manager, will be very glad to see you when you can come. Perhaps it would be better to telephone to make an appointment as he is sometimes out.

The League has not hitherto undertaken agency work for its members and I rather doubt if this could be done. Have you approached Gerald Christy? This is one of the best lecture agencies and the address is Outer Temple, W.C.2. Telephone Central 3868.

Thank you very much for inviting the Librarian and me to your lecture on the 31st. Miss Coates would very much like to come and so would I if I could postpone a reading of a play which I had promised to attend that evening. May I let you know if I am able to

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The Emma Goldman Papers

861029060

[Letter] 1936 March 5, London [to] Emma Goldman, [London] / Frances Briggs.—
2 p. ; 24 × 20 cm.

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4040

do this ? If you will send me a poster I will gladly put it up
on our board in the Hall and we will also be pleased to sell tickets
for you here. Let me know if there is anything else we can do for you.

Yours very sincerely,

Frances Briggs

Miss Emma Goldman

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870216021

[Letter, 19]36 March 6, London [to] Shloime [Sutton, Enfield, England] / [Emma Goldman]. — 1 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

6282

London March 6th 36.

My dear Shloime. I called you up a while ago. I was told you are out and would not return to day. I wonder is that disipation is not for you? I hope you did not feel all in today. I should be sorry having been the cause of it. Old disipatress that I am. I felt so wide awake I could not fall asleep until six this morning. Yet you doubted my capacity of being up all night if the company is gay. And it was that yesterday wasn't it?

You will be glad to know that The British Drama League will not only put up one of our posters but also put our tickets on sale in their office. I have already written Barr to place the address of the Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square on the cards. It is certainly a more central place than Barrs. Besides no one is so terribly interested in E.G. to go to the bother of writing for tickets. Whereas they might go to the Drama League to buy them.

Listen my dear, unless you come to town tomorrow there is no need to come for me. I will come straight to Enfield, I know how now and you can meet me at the station at your end. Of course if you do come in I should enjoy making the trip with you. But I really can find my way though you may not believe it. Call me up tomorrow by noon from your house unless you are in the office. And we will arrange one way or the other. I am so glad you liked my amusing Auntie. She really is an interesting person.

Affectionately

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920177

[Letter, 1936] March 6, London [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Es[landa Robeson].— 2 p. ; 24 × 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

4917

19 Buckingham Street,
Adelphi, Friday, March 6.

Emma Dear:

Thanks so much for your dear letters, one to me, and one to Paul. We were so deep in rehearsals that I couldn't go to Paris, after all, but did lines instead the whole week-end.

We have been rehearsing all day, and learning lines all evening this week. I'm so sorry to have been so long answering your letter.

No, my dear, there is no chance of Paul's singing, or speaking for you on the 31st. Ever since he gave that talk on Africa more than a year ago, his managers have forbidden him by contract to speak about anything, even vaguely connected with politics, etc. They claimed it caused such a furore in the press, and was so widely mis-understood, that they are taking no chances.

They also have him tied hand and foot for singing. It seems London appearances, public, private, or mixed, are very special, and the name will only draw if used every other year. That's the reason he gives only one concert here every other year, and never appears in any other way, between times. We have rebelled so frequently against this, that they tied us up by contract, tight.

I'm sorry, and Paul is sorry, too. You know what business is. But we have every hope of attending your last lecture, and have reserved the 31st. The only thing which will keep us away will be actual shooting of the film, and I hope that will not be the night they choose to work late!

Could you come to us on the 17th, in the evening? For dinner? The 17th is safest for us, as it is the day after our play, and we will surely only have just begun the film by then. After that, being on call for the studio, the time will be sketchy.

I have arranged for 2 seats on the Sunday evening, in the name of Koldofsky, and two seats for the Monday afternoon in the name of Goldman. They and you have only to pick them up at the box office of the Westminster Theatre a few minutes before the performances.

We enjoyed having you here so much. I didn't realize how long it had been! It mustn't be so long again! We were so glad to see you fit, and looking so sweet in your

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920177

[Letter, 1936] March 6, London [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Es[landa Robeson].— 2 p. ; 24 × 20 cm.

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2.

4918

charming suit.

Our love to you, and we'll be seein' you.

Affectionately,

Essie

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022118

[Letter, 19]36 March 7, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London March 7th 36.

My Dearest,

Yesterday I got a letter from Mollie with copy of her letter inclosed and your scrib to her. I was going to write you that I thought Mollie's suggestion of a flat for two months in Paris excellent. But I could not understand why you should want to change your Surgeon. After all he did succeed with your first operation. And from what you wrote me about him he must be an efficient and modern man. I concluded that you probably figured that since I would have to remain with Mummy for a while it might be too risky for you to wait so long with the second operation. Well, this morning I got your letter of Wed. My heart jumped to my throat when I read that our Mummy must have an operation after all. It is terrible. But it may well be the cause of her trouble though Alexeisky did not seem to find the same cause of her misery. Of course it is a long time since her first operation. The mouth of the stomach may have switched. And the operation may be inevitable.

Well, my dear what can I say? After all you and Mummy are in a position to know whether to go ahead or not. One thing is certain, if at all possible Mummy should wait until my return. I can not support the idea of her going under the knife in my absence. I am not stupid enough to imagine I am a wonder worker. But just because E. has faith in me, though her opinion is too exaggerated, I think it might help her to have me near. So I am hoping the Surgeon will not object to the delay. I wish to Christ I were not tied with the few dates. Not that they amount to anything except this; if I run off now Suttan and the others will consider me an unsafe proposition to stake their "fortunes" on me. And everybody else will think me an uncertain quantity. So I must hold out though it is with a bleeding heart for you dearest old chum and dear E. But you can rest assured I will leave right after my last lecture. Yes, I will be in Nice the fourth or if any hitch should happen not a minute later than the 5th. I wish we were not so poor and need every sou now more than ever. I would fly to Cannes. I have made enquiries. One leaves London at 8 A.M. and is in Cannes at 4 P.M. the same day. Just imagine what a saving of time. But it costs £12. about seventy dollars at the present rating. Of course it will cost at least six pounds going by third class all the way from here to Nice, perhaps even a little more. Still it is not £12. Perhaps if my last lecture should be a very great success which I do not expect I would fly. It would mean so much to me to be with you two days sooner. I will see. But in any case you can be certain that I will be with you both the 4th or the very latest the fifth of April. I hope fervently your and E's operation can wait until then.

However, do not jeopardize either your or E's chances of successful results by waiting too long. Its you and E. I am concerned about most not my own fear and anxieties. I don't see though what harm there can be in waiting a few weeks. It is not as if either case were acute appendicitis though your case may be as urgent. I don't know. But it seems E's should not suffer ill results from the difference of a few weeks. You two will have to

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022118

[Letter, 19]36 March 7, London [to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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decide since I cannot do so so far away from you. whatever your decision I need not tell you my thoughts and my every nerve will be strained towards Nice. Write me the outcome of your talk with X's doctor and whatever you decide. I will be waiting anxiously as you can well imagine.

I was hoping that Paul might sing at my last lecture. To day I got a letter from Jessie that he is bound by contract not to appear on any platform to sing even if not paid for. she writes that it effects his concert in London. That's why the manager is opposed to his appearance. It is different in a play. He is going to take the leading part of a play written by an ~~actor~~ next Sunday. I got tickets for the Koldofskys to see him. And I will go Monday next after I return from Coventry where I lecture next Sunday.

Well, my last meeting will have to take care of itself. It will be Suttons who will sell the most tickets. But others might help. I have not yet approached anybody as I was waiting for a reply from Paul. Auntie took twenty 2/6 tickets which she hopes to dispose of ~~adp~~

Dearest, dearest it is a god damned shame that I am always away when you need me most. My only consolation is I am not so far away from you as two years ago. Three days are not Canada. I do not believe I will ever go to Canada again unless you are completely recovered. And even then I don't give a damn to go there. I have made a small inroad here and I mean to forge ahead until I have put some life into our movement. But first comes my concern for your health. That's uppermost in my mind. I can hardly wait until I can take you in my arms and bring you back to health.

With love, my very own old grand ohum.

cg

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The Emma Goldman Papers

880206071

[Letter 1936] March 8, Sheffield, England [to Emma] Goldman, [London] / P.L. In-
gold. — 1 p. ; 28 × 21 cm.

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SHEFFIELD PLAYGOERS SOCIETY.

23127

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Hon. Sec.: Miss RADFORD, 404 Pittsmoor Road.

March 8th

Wm Ingeol
Unstone Grange.
Nr. Sheffield

Dear Miss Goldman.

I thank you for
your letter of the May 15th.

This society has decided not
to engage any lecturers for next
season.

Yours truly.

P. L. Ingeol

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The Emma Goldman Papers

870920178

[Letter, 19]36 March 8 [London to] Es[landa Robeson, London] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Sunday March 8th.36

Dearest Essie. Thanks a lot for your lovely letter. Indeed I understand Paul's position. Not for worlds would I ever want to embarrass him. So thats alright.

Thank you also for the seats for next Sunday and Monday. The Koldofskys asked me to thank you for them. And I myself will express my thanks when I see you the 17th by a good tight hugging.

I am overjoyed hat you can have me again and that the 17th suits you and Paul. I suppose yiu overlooked my reference i in my letter to Paul to my crippled artist friend. I wonder if Paul and you would care to see him. He is most eager to meet Paul. I could tell him to come around 8.P.M. the 17th about the time when dinner will be over. He is really a very great artist. He had an Exhibition here last year and was highly praised. It will much to him, by the way, his name is Hannes Hammerschmidt, to know Paul. Anyhow, I inclose a postcard. Just say, Yes, or No.

I am looking ~~xxxxxxx~~ forward to seeing you both in the new play next ~~Wrix~~ a week from Tuesday. I had no idea you too had become an actor lady. Good for you my dearest.

Had a letter from Sasha Berkman. He wishes to be remembered affectionately to Paul and you. I have told him much about you. Thats why you are no stranger to him.

With love to Paul and yourself.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022119

[Letter, 19]36 March 9, London [to Alexander Berkman and Emmy Eckstein, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London March 9th 36.

My Dear Ones.

It was indeed a grand surprise to get your typewritten letters. I hope they truly indicate that you are both feeling much improved. Because if, it meant considerable strain I'd rather have short scribes by hand. Meanwhile I enjoyed your detailed account of your condition. I have written you both Saturday that I will get away as quickly as possible after my last lecture March 31st. I will only stay a night in Paris to get some rest. And if my last lecture is successful I may even fly to Cannes. That would save two three-days. In any event you can rest assured my dearest ones I will be with you the first days in April. I am now waiting to hear what your physician, Emmychman had to say about the postponement of the operation until the first week in April. I hope he will agree to that. Though I don't see why he shouldn't in view of the fact that your condition is of long standing. I am only sorry that you should have to suffer another month, my poor little Emmy. But otherwise it does not seem to be such an emergency, does it? Well, you will have to abide by what your surgeon decides. I do hope though he will let you wait. I want very much to be present and with you after you come out of the anaesthesia. I want with all my heart to give you all the assurance and strength I can. But do not credit me with the super human my dear. Anyhow be of good cheer and brave heart until we meet. And then some more. *leaving*

Your condition my sash may be such that the second operation is imperative. Yet I hope you too can wait. It gives me the jitters to think that it might be urgent. Fact is I am between two fires. I cannot bear to have you undergo the operation without me. And I am afraid your condition demands an immediate operation. I can only hope that the latter is not the case. You could go back to the hospital almost directly Emmy comes out of the operation. I could then visit both of you at the same time and look after your comforts. I do not see why you should have to remain in the hospital a month. You say yourself we cannot recuperate there. It seems to me that it would be so much better for you if you could leave directly after the main care, dressing your wound or whatever you are getting now. You could have the man who comes to you now do the same after the second operation. However we need not discuss this now. Naturally you must not do anything rash that would harm you. The main thing now is whether you can wait until I return. I hope fervently you can my dearest sash.

my story
I don't get frightened about what I am going to tell you. Your old sailor had a very narrow escape of the kind of death she never thought would come to her. I went to spend the weekend with the Suttens. They have a very nice home. But like all English houses it is blood freezingly cold. Before I went to bed Mrs Sutton lighted a gas fan. I thought it was an electric fan like the kind we have. Well, I read until very early morning. Then fell asleep. I felt in my sleep that something heavy was oppressing me and that my head ached violently. I tried to waken but couldn't. Finally I tore myself out of sleep and found my room filled with gas. Fortunately Mrs Sutton had left my window wide open. Or there

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022119

[Letter, 19]36 March 9, London [to Alexander Berkman and Emmy Eckstein, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 2 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.
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er) the silly and futile struggle of life would have been over. Strangely enough I wanted to shut the window before I retired because the night air in England at this time is even more penetrating than in the day. But Mrs S. had given me a mountain of blankets. So at the very last second I refrained from closing the window. Strange isn't it? Anyway, I felt sick as a dog all yesterday and even to day I have my nose full of gas smell. Talk about Dutch luck. Frankly I am not keen for such an end to happen just when you and E. need me so much. Otherwise it might have been an easy escape from life with all its rotten conditions. ~~Strangely~~ Evidently it was not to be. I suppose the struggle must go on. But "ER SOLL ASEM KRIACH HOHEN ZU LEBEN WIE ICH HOB KRIACH ZU SCHREIEN HURRAH HURRAH HURRAH HURRAH. I am alright my darlings, so do not fret about me. It is certain that I will go on for some time yet.

Yes, the Suttens are very fine. Rather crude people in their make up, he even more than she. He is the typical proletarian offspring, self made and therefore somewhat bombastic. But his heart is gold. She is more sensitised. Quite naive of everything. Yet for some reason she too has taken me to her heart. They are the only ones who have and who are genuinely interested and I think dependable in their interest. I ~~think~~ they are not the kind of people who change easily. Anyway it is Sutton who will do his utmost to make my return possible. Meanwhile it is also he who works like a beaver for the success of my last lecture. I have told him of my illness. He understands so much so that he offered to pay a flying trip to you. Of course that would have been utter waste as I would have been obliged to return to meet my dates. But it was generous of Sutton.

I am seeing the Robesons again the 17th. I will give them your greetings. Paul is a very rare creature. He ~~is~~ on one the more one knows him. As I thought, he is bound by contract not to sing anywhere else. I know he would have loved to do it if he could. I have written you already that he gave me a check of twenty pounds. And that he said he would help me when I return because "I cannot bear to know you worried materially after all you have done for all of us." Great isn't it?

Yes, Modest is marvelous in his devotion to you. I am sure you mean everything to him, the only link he has with his past. I dare say he clings to you and loves you because you have done what he failed. You remained true to your ideal. That is a great inspiration to people who are too weak to remain true to their early fancies and aspirations. And Modest had aspirations though it was his art more than his ideal. Well, whatever the reason I am happy he is proving so dependable and generous. No, I do not think he had any operation. It is too bad you waited so long to have yourself examined. But you know what a mule you are when one suggests a doctor. Well, let's hope it will all be for the best.

I still have an awful lot to do to get ready and oceans of letters to write. So I must close. Goodby my dear ones.

With loads of love.

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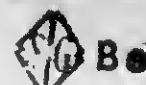
The Emma Goldman Papers

881023074

[Letter] 1936 March 9, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Jeanne [Levey].—
3 p. ; 25 x 19 cm.

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when



Telephone HARRISON 8492

IRIS GIFT STUDIO

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

36 S. State Street

CHICAGO

March 9th, 1936

Emma, dear:

Your letter dated February 21st just reached me with the frightful news about Sasha's operation. I sincerely hope he is, by this time, well on the way to recovery and will weather the storm without too much pain. I will write him today and hope when he receives my letter he will be entirely well and have no further trouble. From what you write, it appears he has a prostrate glandular condition. This of course is painful, but not serious. It is a pity he has to endure any more suffering than he has already done in his life.

Now about the copies of Sasha's book. To date from all reports there are seventeen copies in Chicago. I have not as yet received them from Dr. Heiner or Aaron, but I talked with them. They are going to send some to me. I will not have any difficulty in disposing of the twenty-five copies at \$2.00 each. I will simply not sell them for less. I do not intend to wait until all the books are sold, but will try to send at least \$25.00 for one-half of them within the next few days. I believe Railway Express will be the best way to send the money. While we are on the subject of money, I have written you on numerous occasions asking whether you received the \$5.00 I sent you at Christmas time. I have not had any word from you regarding this and have been wondering whether this check and letter went astray. Please write me and let me know if you ever received this check.

Now about the pamphlet. Emma dear, I do not feel half as worried as you do. I don't think I will have any difficulty in disposing of twelve thousand copies, which will net us about one thousand dollars. Of course, it will take a little time to get this thing organized. I hope, through some of the labor organizations to be able to dispose of a good many copies. The names and addresses of some of your friends in different cities will help a lot.

I have already had some correspondence with Jaffe in Los Angeles. I know C.V. Cook, so Los Angeles will present no problem. As a matter of fact, I am going to insist that they send me a check covering the pamphlets before I mail them. This is what I intend to do in some places anyhow.

Do you know anyone in Detroit and also in Philadelphia. I know Sara Greenberg in Philadelphia and I feel certain she will help. In New York, I intend to ask my friend, Louis Schaefer, who is at the head of the Educational department of the International Garment Workers, to help me dispose of at least a thousand pamphlets with a check from the International in advance so they can sell them in their various locals. I do not know how successful, but I feel certain he will help a lot. I also expect to sell some through the "Arbeiterrung" groups. Don't

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023074

[Letter] 1936 March 9, Chicago [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Jeanne [Levey]. —
3 p.; 25 × 19 cm.
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IRIS GIFT STUDIO

51 East Jackson Boulevard
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worry dear, I will collect. I am a hard task-master. These people will have to be reliable and responsible for the money. In the meantime send me as many names of individuals you think will be interested sufficiently to take on the job seriously in their particular cities.

Your suggestion about a full page ad by Knopf for "Living My Life" will be an excellent thing. I will write them immediately asking them if they are interested. I intended to devote a full page to your book anyhow and a frontice piece with your picture. Too, the Free Society would like a page mentioning other pamphlets, for instance Maximoff's and other literature. I could see no objection to their doing this.

Regarding your suggestions of charging fifteen cents for the pamphlet. I do not believe this will be as successful because it will immediately present some sales resistance if we take it out of the ten cent class. There is no question about the value. It is well worth fifteen cents, but anyone buys a ten cent item without the slightest hesitancy. If we charge fifteen cents it would require some sales effort, and I am anxious to dispose of these twelve thousand pamphlets as quickly as possible.

Now about your book of essays, this is a better idea than a book of portraits because, as you mention it will be propaganda literature. I feel such a compilation of your various papers will make an interesting book. It would be nice if Knopf would publish it. I have no doubt, but that he will, and it will help a lot.

The news about "Bon Espirit" is very unpleasant. I regret this very much because I can appreciate what such a retreat has meant to you. In the event you are successful enough to sell it, so you can in turn buy something close to Nice which will also be attractive, this will compensate you in a measure for any other loss you might have. I do hope you will not sell "Bon Espirit" and spend the money without buying a permanent place somewhere. As you say, at least it is a home to fall back on and it means a great deal.

Darling, Lucille has assured me she has written Sasha. I do not understand why he has not received some word from her. Maybe by this time it is in his possession. Lucille has been busy working very hard to finish her school duties so she can enter college. She is such a dear and speaks so often of you and Sasha. Be assured she has not forgotten you even if you do not hear from her. The Halperins are very poor correspondents, as you well know from the experience you have had with her elders. I have often heard Julia remark that she feels very bad because she has not written you. But you know how some people are about writing

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letters.

I, too, do not like to write letters, but I love so much to hear from you that writing letters is the lesser love of the two. If you know what I mean. Write me everything that is happening of interest to you. If you only knew what a source of real joy it is to get your interesting letters. I am unable to convey on paper many of the things that stir me, but I believe your sensitive intuition can detect my reactions to many of the problems that confront us.

Sometime back you asked me to read some copy of a letter you sent to Julia. To date I have been unable to get ahold of it. I wonder if you recall just what the incident was. If you remember will you please send it to me. I don't know whether it was some enclosure or a letter, but you wrote that it would be of interest to me, and I am eager to get it.

Received a short note from Sasha about two weeks ago in which he informs me he has gotten both pair of pajamas as well as the underwear. So that is finally settled.

That is about all the news I have pertaining to my immediate plans regarding the pamphlet, *Memoirs*, etc. I am very unhappy about your situation in England. It is a pity you are unable to meet with more enthusiasm. These are certainly propitious times. If ever people needed to be awakened, it is now. Do not get discouraged, dear. Carry on your fine work, which I know you will do to the end.

Jay has again left the city and will be away for sometime. He was very unhappy to hear about Sasha's illness and asked me to send you both his love. Mine goes without saying. Keep well, dear. Write me as soon as you can.

Fondly, *Jeanne*

P.S. Emma, dear, this clipping from the Sunday Tribune sometime back was very interesting to me. I just saw Nazimova in "Ibbesen's Ghost". When I came across this clipping, I thought it might interest you as well.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023150

[Letter, 1936 March 10? London to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].—
2 p. ; 23 x 19 cm.

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Dearst Amy. Are the doctors in the Pasteur hospital so handsome
or the care so perfect that you too decided to take to your
bed there? Dear heart you must have reached the limit of pain
to do that now when Sasha is also bedridden. I wish I could convey
to you how painful it is to stick here when both of you are laid
up. If I were not poor I should fly to Cannes for a week. Then
fly back to finish my dates. The irony of it is that my engagements
will not bring in enough for a weeks board. They are all labors of
love. Yet I cannot budge. As I wrote Sasha had I received his
card yesterday I might yet have refused the few dates in South
Wales. But even then I could not leave until the 16th of March. Now
I must stick it out until the end of March. It will be hell to
wait so long with my heart and my thoughts with you and Sasha. But
there is no way out.

Oh, I cling to the hope that you will merely consent
to the operation and nothing else. That would give you a week
or ten days rest and would do you good instead of harm. But run
from any suggestion of operations. You must not, you must not
consent to that before you have tried Seneca man. Yours is a chronic
trouble which though painful can not get worse by waiting an extra
month. In your case the knife should be the very last resort. So
be a brave child and decline any suggestion of the knife with
thanks.

What about your English friends will they come to see you and
Sasha and bring you fruit at least, or whatever you need. I
wish I knew where they are. I would write and beg them to take
care of my two children. I would be so grateful if they did. Will
you send me their address?

Katyachen will you have enough money? Your expenses
now will be double. If not please draw fifty dollars from my account
its he'll now about the dollar. One gets nothing for it. But what
ever it will bring you and Sasha it will be of help. So do not hesi-
tate if it is necessary.

My heart is heavy with grief over Sashas and your
condition and the knowledge that you really have no one of your
own race. Its cruel to be away just when I could show you that
all your misgivings about my affection and love for you are ent-
irely wrong. Even when I seemed unkind and impatient it was not

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because I did not care for you. It was my own loneliness and
inner void and the dread of having to waste the rest of my years
in uselessness and futility. I wish you would remember that.
Now when you need me I could eradicate your doubts for good and
all. For I could prove to you that my affection for you is deep
rooted and does not depend on moods. Yet here I am far away
chasing wraiths, achieving little, eating my heart out trying
to reach people when Sasha and you are ill and quite alone in
Nice. Well, my life has been replete with such situations.
I should really grow desperate if I did not know how courageous
Sasha has always been in illness and persecution, and that you
my dear will have the strength to wait until I come back.

I take you in my arms and would if I only could sooth
your troubled mind.

With love,
cg

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860417047

[Letter, 19]36 March 10, London [to] Milly [Witcop Rocker, Crompond, N.Y.] /
Emma [Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.
Obtained from the private collection of Millie Desser Grobstein of Cranbury, New Jersey.

London March 10th 36.

Milly, my Dearest. I am a truant. Have neglected you so long. I would despair if I did not feel sure that you understood my silence. I really did have an awful time since I wrote you last. ~~The~~ climate in London is just murderous. I had to run in and out of this city to meet lecture dates laboring under a heavy cold and a cough that tore my insides out. And with all these handicaps keep up a vast correspondence, mainly in England itself in re my work here. Well, its nearly over. Only three weeks more. I had planned to remain until the end of April, have a bit of a rest, see some plays, go to the British Museum. But nothing came of that. Sasha has had one operation and must have another. So I must go back as quickly as possible. It is really fortunate I am near enough to reach him quickly. It would have been unbearable to be in Canada knowing how ill my old chum is. He is waiting with the second operation until my return April 4th. Worse luck yet his sweetheart has been ill all winter and she too needs an operation. So you see I will have my hands full this summer nursing two invalides.

I have heard nothing from any of the comrades. Strange people they are. Out of sight, out of heart. Even your dad does not write. The only ones who do is Mrs Barrett and Dorothy. Dearest please make some copies of the inclosed statement and give D, Mrs Barrett, and the comrades in Toronto a copy. Also send a copy to the Bernsteins in Montreal, and the Zahlers. They too never write. By the way, Mrs Zahlers mother died. That may be the reason though Vertie Zahler has never once written me a line.

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It is definite now that I am not going back to Canada this year, or next. There is no interest in my return among the comrades. If there had been it would have shown by their willingness to raise some money for the purpose. But that is really not the reason.

It is more so that Sasha is not in a condition to be left alone at a distance which would be impossible to overcome quickly. I can do it from here in two days. I know I could not stand the anxiety were I far away, nor forgive myself if anything happened to our comrade with me far away. Last, but by no means least is the need of putting some life into our movement in England. I do not say the chances for that are very encouraging. The struggle is beyond belief. But so was the struggle in Canada. And yet the results were not even as ~~much~~ ^{marked} while as here. At least I have reached some of the workers, and I have reached native men and women, and not only the Jewish population. So I must devote myself to England.

I expect to return in the autumn and get me a place to live, a permanent place I mean. In fact I am going to try and sell Bon Esprit. Sasha and I are both on the rocks without hope of earning enough for bread, let alone anything else. The rub will be to find a buyer for the place who will not expect me to give it to him as a gift. Anyway, I will see.

Of course, it is silly to plan with the world such a lunatic asylum and its inmates mad with panic at each others throat. There may be war any day now. Then all my plans will probably go by the board. Aside of that, life itself is so uncertain. I came nearly going to my eternal sleep Saturday night. The friends I

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due the week-end
visited wanted to be good to me. They put a lamp in my bedroom to heat the room. I thought it was an electric heater. Well, it blew out during the night. And in the morning I could not be roused. When I finally did awaken the room was full of gas smell and I as was deathly sick. The open window saved me. Funny enough I was about to close it before retiring. Then I changed my mind. So you see darling it is foolish to make plans. Yet one does, like so many silly things.

Give your father the inclosed please. Tell him to look that up and write Nettlau. Give him my love and mother and Peckie as well. I am waiting to hear from Dorothy about the five copies of Sasha Memoirs I sent her. If she had no trouble I will ship the 45, still due the group. Oh, yes let Dien also have a copy of my statement.

I have no^t any dollars at hand dear or I would send you some for postage. I will later on.

With love.

Emma
When I leave England I will go straight to Nice. I do not expect to be in St Tropez before the 15th of May. It will take all that time to get my invalides on their feet after the operations. Fortunately my cold is better. And while I am very tired I am as strong as ever. So that's alright. Write me c/o A. Berkman 101, Blvd de Cessole Nice. A.M. France. Under Colton.

The Emma Goldman Papers

831121019

[Letter, 19]36 March 10, London [to Abraham Zubrin, Detroit] / Emma [Goldman].— 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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London March 10th 36.

[Abraham Zubrin]

Dear Comrade.

You will see by the inclosures why it was impossible for me to answer your good letter sooner. I had planned to ship some Memoirs to you for the Toronto comrades. But Dorothy Giessecke who is the Secretary of the Toronto group wrote me to try the customs with 5 copies of the work. She thought they would let them pass. So that's what I did. And I am now waiting to hear from our comrade about the books. If there is no hitch I will ship the balance straight to Toronto. If not I will send them to you.

About myself you will learn from the copy of my statement. It is not much to be excited about. But I think I have made a beginning which leads me to believe that it might be worth returning to England next Fall. But as I wrote comrade Harry Kelly it is foolish to plan months in advance. One simply cannot do it in this chaotic world.

You will also see from my letter to K a copy of which I inclose that Sasha is quite ill. True, he is gaining some strength since the first operation. But he is far from strong enough to stand another so soon. Another reason why I want him to wait until I can get back. I wish it could be right away. But my engagements in England keep me bound until the end of this month when I will speak on LIVING MY LIFE. Then April 2nd I will make a dash for Nice.

As I expect to remain near comrade Berkman until he is strong enough to be shipped to St Tropez where we usually spend

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our summers I will get my mail c/o Sashas address, Mr A. Berkman
101, Blvd de Cessole, Nice, A.M. France. Under E.G. Colton.

Please remember me kindly to your family and to any
of the comrades sufficiently interested to ask about us.

Affectionately.

Emma

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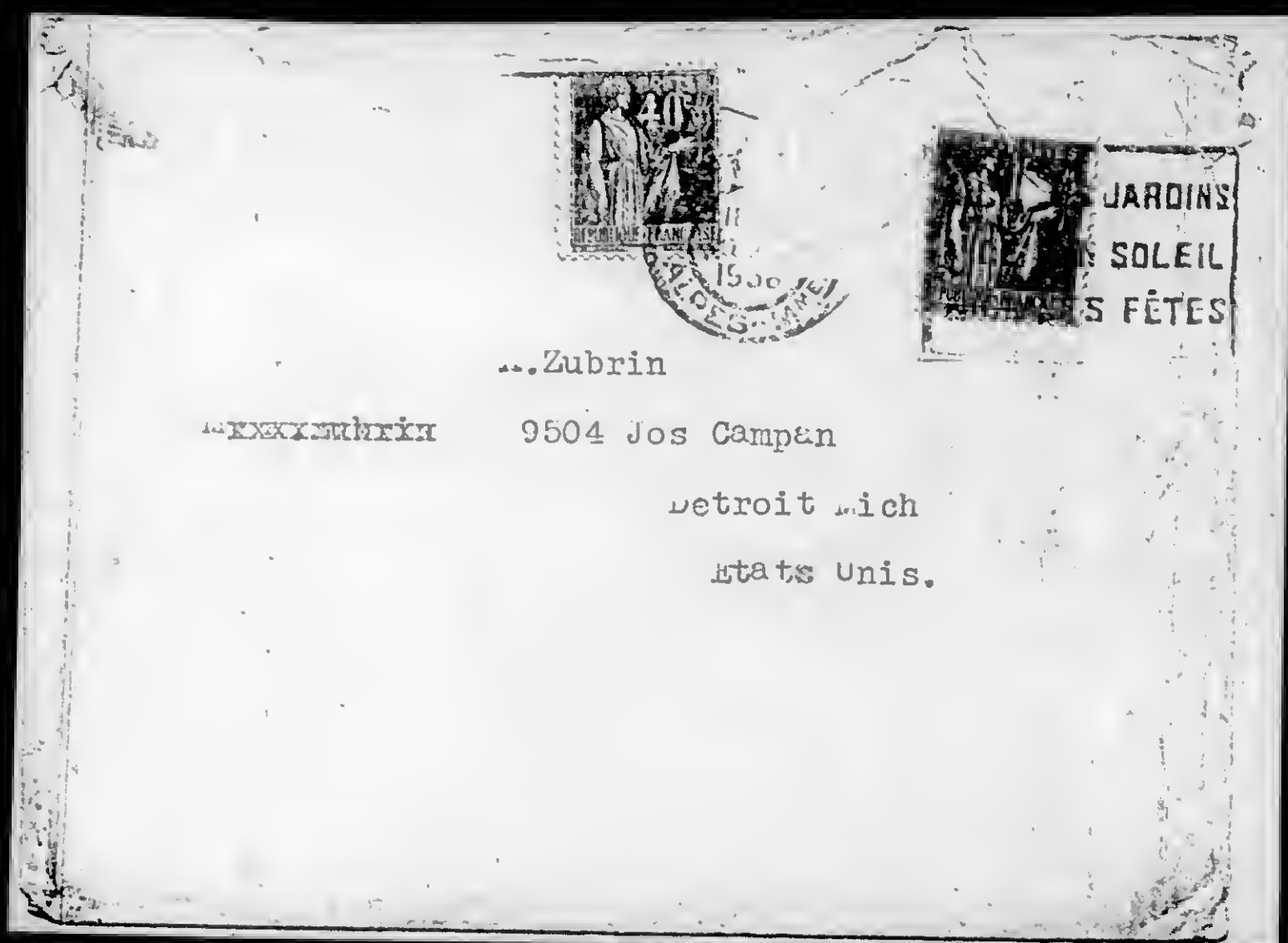
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831121024

[Envelope, 1936 March 10, London to] A[braham] Zubrin, Detroit / E[mma] G[oldman].— 2 p. ; 12 × 15 cm.

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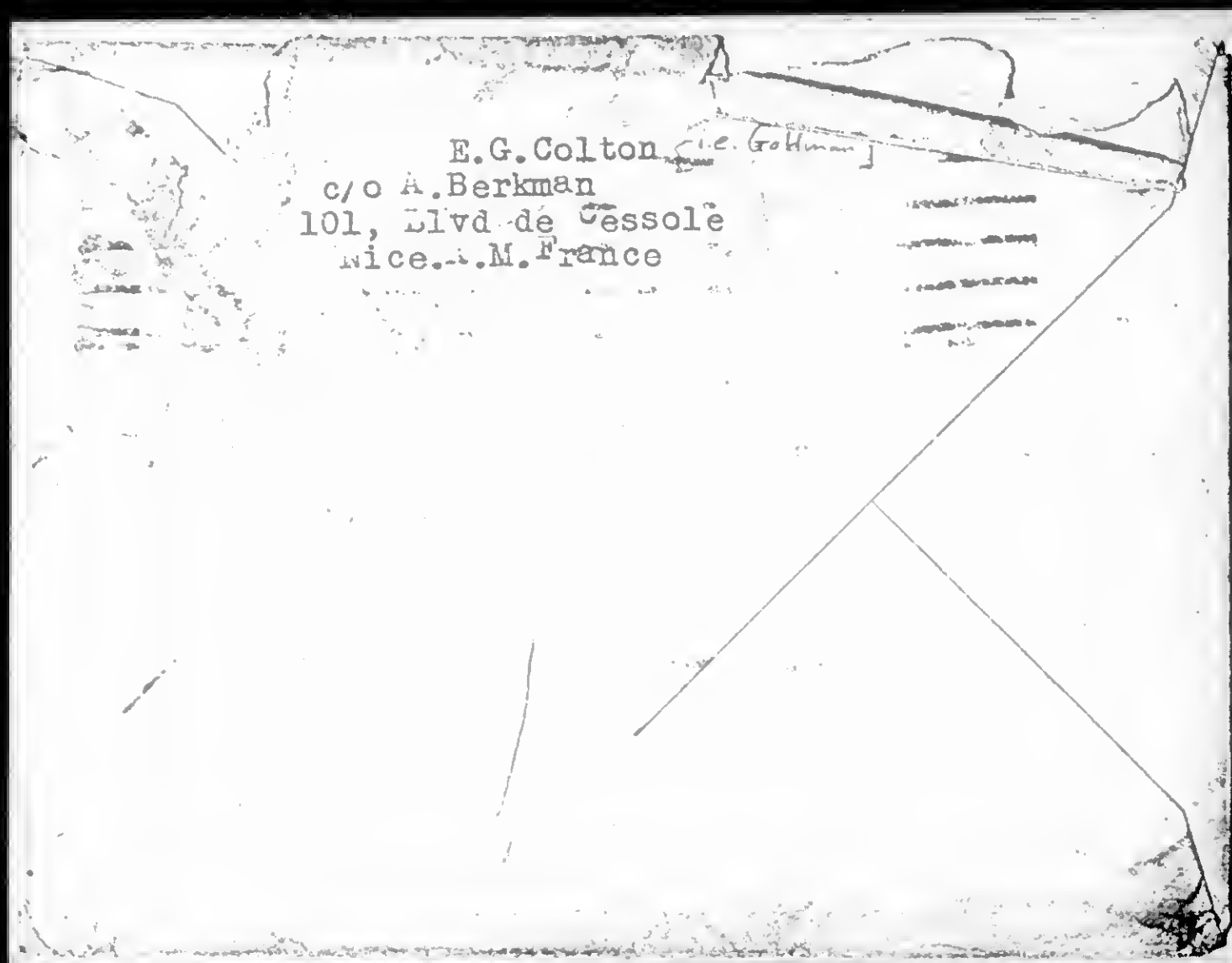
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810519444

[Letter, 19]36 March 10, London [to] Harry [Kelly, New Rochelle, N.Y.] / Emma [Goldman].— 2 p.; 27 x 21 cm.

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A. 1. 6
London March 10th 36.

Dear Harry. I have not replied to yours of Jan. 14th for a number of reasons. First I did not wish to intrude on your holiday in Florida. I was so delighted to know you could make the trip, if even for a month. It would have been cruel to spoil it by sad letters. It would have been different if I had pleasant news to report. But that does not happen very often these years. So I preferred to be silent. Secondly was my own wretched health all winter. The climate in England seemed more murderous this time than ever before. I had the devils own time lecturing with a hacking cough, and going to the provincial towns. I have come to the conclusion that it is largely the climate which makes the British so blood congealing in their attitude to outsiders. Anyhow, its been one damned misery all winter. The warm weather has begun so my cough is somewhat better. Then too I have only six lectures more. One in Coventry, 3. in South Wales and two more in London. Immediately after that I leave for Nice to take care of Sasha and Emmy. In fact I would go now if I could have cancelled my dates.

on the just state
Sasha has already undergone one operation and he needs another. Emmy has been ill all winter with her old trouble. She went into the hospital in Nice for observation. It was found that the mouth of her stomach had switched and had been pressing on her intestines. She too must go under the knife. Cheerful isn't it? They will wait for me because we have not a soul in Nice to be of the least help. And I just cannot bear the thought of operations until I am in Nice. So my invalides will simply wait unless the Surgeons consider it imperative to have the job done at once. I hope not. Anyway, there will be no rest for me this summer. It will take six weeks to bring E. and S. on their feet, and after that they will need feeding up. I admit I am tired from the grind, but as long as I will only get the two sick friends well again I shall not mind. ~~My dear Harry~~ This maybe our last summer in St. ropez. That is if we can find a buyer for the place who will not expect to get it for nothing. It will be a wrench I can tell you. It was the first time in my life that I enjoyed being in a place that was my own. But whats to be done? Sashas time for work that might give him a living is over I fear. Besides there is no work. Too many translators in the world as it is. And the kind of original work we can write no one wants. After all, one can not impose on the few for ever. So Bon Esprit will have to go. There is no help. This is the more necessary because I have definitely decided to come back to England next autumn and settle here. The inclosed copy of a statement I have written will tell you all about my plans.

With the world turned into a lunatic asylum and with inmates running amuck with panic it is silly to make plans. For aught I know another conflagration may engulf all of Europe ourselves included. I have no idea what we will do then. Especially Sasha who can go nowhere's. I will of course be able to return here. But I do not see myself leaving Sasha and E. to their doom

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without any of our friends near to be of help in case of some emergency. So it is foolish to plan. In point of fact even in ordinary circumstances life is so uncertain. Last Saturday night I came very near going to my everlasting sleep. Friends I visited for the week-end knowing how I suffer under the penetrating English weather warmed my room with what I thought was an electric heater. It turned out to be gas which they left burning. The darn thing blew out during the night and gas kept escaping with your old chum dead asleep. Fortunately the window was left open. I debated with myself before going to bed whether I should or should not close the window because of the raw air. "Well, I did." and it saved my life. As it ~~was~~ I woke up ~~such~~ as a dog, with a fierce headache, vomiting and dizziness. I am not quite over it yet. Well, it might have been an easy escape from all worries and anxieties. But as you see I am still up and doing. It seemed so childish, all this chase through life when the least wind can make an end of it all.

Dear, old chum I wish you would see Kapp. Sasha has written him shortly before he went under the knife. Meanwhile ~~Park~~ Kapp had sent him another hundred. You can imagine the expense of E's and Sasha's illness. They were both in the Pasteur institute paying 25 franc for each a day. The operation was free. But the extra expenses, such as medicine and part of their nourishment the patients have to supply themselves. Talk about the poverty of Europe. Incidentally, it is the same here in all hospitals, unless you are a private patient. Anyhow, it already cost a fortune and the next two operations will augment the expense far beyond our means ~~anyhow~~. Fortunately Stein has been most decent to Sasha. He cabled him some money. That helped a great deal of course. Still it will not be enough. That's why I wish you to have a talk with Kapp.

~~add text box x just to try it x x x x x~~

Well, not a very cheerful letter is it? But I do not feel so guilty as I would had I written you in this mood while you were in your holiday. Not that you can help. But one feels the need of sharing one's troubles with one's friends.

I am glad to know Leah felt better at the time when you wrote. Give her my greetings. I think the Vanguard is improving who is Senex. He writes not at all badly. Our youngsters ought to be encouraged. You never write about Elsie and her baby. How are they? Give Elsie my love and greet her husband for me.

With love.

Emma

As I shall go straight to Nice and be there for some weeks you had better write me c/o Sasha, 101, Blvd de Cessole. Nice A.M. Under E.G. Colton.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

831121022

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without any of our friends near to be of help in case of some emergency. So it is foolish to plan. In point of fact even in ordinary circumstances life is so uncertain. Last Saturday night I came very near going to my everlasting sleep. Friends I visited for the week end knowing how I suffer under the penetrating English weather warned my room with what I thought was an electric heater. It turned out to be gas which they left burning. The darn thing blew out during the night and gas kept escaping with your old chum dead asleep. Fortunately the window was left open. I debated with myself before going to bed whether I should or should not close the window because of the raw air. Well, I did ~~not~~ and it saved my life. As it ~~was~~ I woke up such a dog, with a fierce headache, vomiting and dizzy. I am not quite over it yet. Well, it might have been an easy escape from all worries and anxieties. But as you see I am still up and doing. It seemed so childish, all this chase through life when the least wind can make an end of it all.

Dear old chum I wish you would see Kapp. Sasha has written him shortly before he went under the knife. Meanwhile ~~Pat~~ Kapp had sent him another hundred. You can imagine the expense of E's and Sasha's illness. They were both in the Pasteur institute paying 25 franc for each a day. The operation was free. But the extra expenses, such as medicine and part of their nourishment the patients have to supply themselves. Talk about the poverty of Europe. Incidentally it is the same here in all hospitals, unless you are a private patient. Anyhow, it already costs a fortune and the next two operations will augment the expense far beyond our means ~~anyhow~~. Fortunately Stein has been most decent to Sasha. He cabled him some money. That helped a great deal of course. Still it will not be enough. That's why I wish you to have a talk with Kapp.

~~While I am just a trifling better~~
Well, not a very cheerful letter is it? But I do not feel so guilty as I would had I written you in this mood while you were on your holiday. Not that you can help. But one feels the need of sharing one's troubles with one's friends.

I am glad to know Leo felt better at the time when you wrote. Give her my greetings. I think the Vanguard is improving. Who is Senex. He writes not at all badly. Our youngsters ought to be encouraged. You never write about Elsie and her baby. How are they. Give Elsie my love and greet her husband for me.

With love.

As I shall go straight to Nice and be there for some weeks you had better write me c/o Sasha, 101, Blvd de Cessole. Nice A.M.
Under E.G. Colton.

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700

The Emma Goldman Papers

861027230

[Letter, 19]36 March 10, London [to] Alfred A. Knopf, New York / [Emma Goldman].— 2 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

2482

London March 10th 36.

Mr Alfred A. Knopf
730 Fifth Avenue
New York.

Dear Mr Knopf.

Thanks a lot for your letter of Dec. 23rd and the volume of L.M.L. that reached me safely. I am inclosing a check for \$4. To fro the volume received, and \$2 for a volume which please have sent on to Mr W E. Braund 6, Clare Buildings, Plymouth England. It is really \$1.80 per copy and 20 cents postage. That was what I paid for L.M.L. while in the States.

Yes, England is the hardest country to break through. I have tried it many times and I am still far from having reached much more than the surface. It seems the British have practiced reserve so long they cannot let go. I haven't been able to discover any other reason that makes them so set in their own groove, so unyielding. Yet they are by far more hospitable than the France. They invite one to luncheons, dinner, parties and in between. But one always leaves one's hostesses with the feeling of having remained alien. A strange people these Britishers.

Alas, with the world a large fortress one cannot choose one's abode as in the past. In my case England is the only part on this globe of ours where I do not have to feel haunted by the spectre of expulsion, a much more horrible spectre I assure you than imprisonment. You see I know both experiences. To be sure I could continue in France to the end of my years. But, it would mean being gagged, condemned to slow mental decay. I cannot face that. I have

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861027230

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2.

2483

therefor decided to come back to England next autumn and settle here. It will mean a bitter struggle to establish myself in this country. I am not known except to the Press and Scotland Yard. And the ~~reputation which~~ character they would give me would not be of much help. Would it? On the other hand no one in England does free lance work. "It is simply not done here", is the comforting assurance everybody has given me. But it takes more than such discouragements to break my spirit. So, I mean to make another attempt in the autumn. For the summer I go back to St Tropez early in April.

I did not try to locate Mr Postgate. I was ill nearly all winter and busy meetings lecture dates at the same time. Perhaps when I live in this city permanently I will look him up.

I hope you are well.

Cordially

Remember me kindly to Mrs Knopf.

702

The Emma Goldman Papers

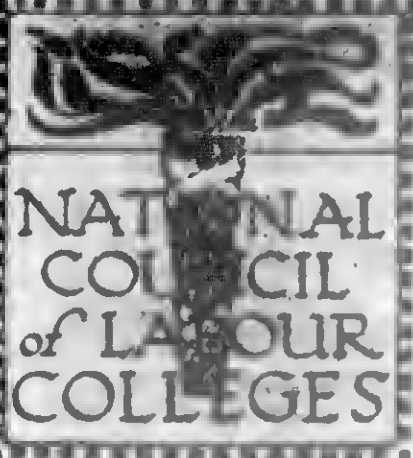
900117155

[Letter] 1936 March 10, Cardiff, Wales [to Emma Goldman, London] / A.L. Williams. — 1 p. ; 28 x 21 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Organ: "THE PLEBS"

THE PRINCIPAL LABOUR EDUCATIONAL ORGANISATION

24038



General Secretary:
J. P. M. MILLAR.

Head Office:
15 South Hill Park Gardens,
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The N.C.L.C. conducts educational schemes for over 30 National Organisations (including the undernoted) with a combined membership of 1,600,000. It also conducts schemes for Trades Councils, Co-operative Societies, Trade Union Branches, Labour Parties, etc.

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Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers
Coal Trimmers' Union
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Managers' and Overlookers' Society
Mid and East Lothian Miners' Union
Nat. Amalgamated Furnishing Trades' Association

National Union of Blastfurnacemen
National Union of Clerks
National Union of Distributive & Allied Workers
National Union of General & Municipal Workers
National Union of Sheet Metal Workers
National Union of Public Employees
National Union of Railwaymen
National Union of Shale Miners

National Union of Tailors' & Garment Workers
Nelson and District Weavers' Assoc.
Padiham Weavers' Association
Scottish Bakers' Union
Scottish Painters' Society
Scottish Trades Union Congress
Scottish Typographical Association
Transport & General Workers' Union
Clarion Cycling Club

OUR REF.:

YOUR REF.:

10th,
March,
1936.

DIVISION 4

Organiser: A. L. Williams,
9 Glanrhyd,
Rhiwbina,
CARDIFF.

Dear Comrade,

The delay in replying to your post card, has been caused by the slowness of the class secretaries concerned with your visit ~~not~~ sending me the information ~~earlier~~.

Your engagements stand as amended by wire. This half session we have had visits from quite a number of lecturers; this and the fact that the dates you originally offered were changed, is the reason that so few responses have been received from the classes.

Ystradgynlais want the "Two Communisms", and Aberdare want "Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin"; as yet I don't know what Mountain Ash want.

If you have any works written by yourself, there would be no objection to them being offered for sale, but we could not allow the publications of a group being offered for sale at meetings held under our auspices. In view of the distress that is so prevalent here, I think you would have disappointing sales in any case.

You will probably stay with me for two nights, and with D.D.Evans 26, Lluest, Brecon Road, Ystradgynlais, for one night.

Yours fraternally,

HAS YOUR ORGANISATION AN N.C.L.C. EDUCATIONAL SCHEME?

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The Emma Goldman Papers

860115250

[Letter, 19]36 March 10 [London to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton]. —
1 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

6191

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF STEPNEY.

1894

RATES OFFICE.



239, CABLE STREET.

ST GEORGE'S, E.1

10/2/36

My dear Emma,

I am enclosing herewith a spot of work that your future private secretary has done. He will do a batch more in a day or two which will enable you to satisfy your American friends.

What with a private secretary in store for you (he is by the way a very decent lad — tall, dark and handsome, to boot) your future seems promising.

I feel sure that in time many who get to know you will love you and be ready to serve you as much as

Your own

Shloime

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704

The Emma Goldman Papers

840306145

[Letter] 1936 March 11, London [to unknown recipient] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 26 x 20 cm.

Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the Tamiment Library, New York University.

My friends,

Since you received my 3. 1. 1. letter, about Dec. 24th., I have been busy as a bee. Most of the time it has been in Wiltshire! But that, too, belongs to one's efforts to win the peace.

I have to confess to having been too optimistic in my last account of my doings. Thus the Plymouth branch group fell down on the job and the month's lecture tour to give in South Wales dwindled down to three, but that cannot be helped. The three lectures in Plymouth arranged by our own committee, three new ones in London and in several of the provincial towns, have kept me busy. The attendance everywhere, with the exception of Plymouth, was unfortunately small. But I have the satisfaction that the organisations which had invited me were pleased, to the extent of assuring me of new dates next autumn. The Plymouth meetings were the best; we are fortunate in having a few splendid comrades there of exceptional high proletarian type. If only all the workers in England were of that stamp, our ideal would not have been set back for many years. The result of my second visit to Plymouth has been the formation of a splendid group that will carry on the work during the summer and prepare for my return the coming season.

The Communists are furious, because for the first time the Russian situation was presented from an anarchist-revolutionary angle, and not as those who either see paradise in Russia or who paint it as black as hell. Our comrades feel very much encouraged and so do I.

For the rest, the situation is like this: I have only broken the most infinitesimal part of the solid ground in this country. It has been bitter hard, but I believe a beginning has been made. Now all will depend on the few who have become interested in my efforts and who are living in London, whether I will find it less difficult when I return in the autumn.

You will be glad to know that a few - very few, indeed - have become deeply impressed and are most eager to have me come back. I know that they will do nothing undone to raise the necessary fund to enable me to settle in this country and to do the widest possible propaganda.

As I have explained in my last statement, the great drawback here is material. No speaker is expected to ask for fees for lectures. Most of them have other resources, but some of them are attached to organisations or are in our very midst. Thus my position is extremely difficult because of the fact that I have no resources and am certainly not a labour party official!

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The Emma Goldman Papers

840306145

[Letter] 1936 March 11, London [to unknown recipient] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 26 x 20 cm.

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However, this is not by any means difficulty. The fact that I am
moves in "Flappers" and no one with the free-lance work certainly
not minimise my difficulties. The Trade Union and Labour Organisations
in this country represent a veritable ocean; the Labour Party
cogn in the Labour and will not divert one from the line
down by the way.

On the other hand, are the Communists who, if anything, are more
bitterly hostile in this country than even in America. This is
partiality of the Jewish Communists. One has to strain every
nerve to get through a meeting without physical violence. Just to
face the side of a crowd that fairly oozes out of the eyes of
the Communist youngsters at my lectures is enough to deserve one.
to the charges hurled at one's head, they grow more fanciful every
day. At my last lecture on Soviet Literature I was even charged with
being a Hitlerite! It would be funny, of course, were it not so tragic
to think of what a devastating effect the Communist game has created.
It seems that it strikes people deaf, dumb and blind - utterly in-
capable of listening to what one has to say.

But, of course, it would take more than that to break my spirit
or my determination to go on.

Well, this is my last month here. I am going to South Wales for
three lectures and to Coventry for another lecture. My last lecture
in London will be on the 19th of this month, when I will speak on
Anarchism, and on the 31st on "Living My Life". The few friends and
comrades I have gained here are trying hard to make the "parting"
affair successful. I am then going back to the South of France, alas--
not to rest, but to take care of our comrade Alex. Berkman, who has
just come out from the hospital after an operation and will have to
undergo another one when I return. It has been extremely painful to
me to keep on with my activities here, knowing that my old chum is
ill. Fortunately, his was not a dangerous condition, or nothing
would have induced me to remain. As it is, I am glad that I am able
to meet all engagements. You see, it is not only a question of break-
ing faith with people who are helping me, but it also concerns my
future in England. One cannot expect the confidence and faith of
others if one rushes off in the midst of engagements.

Of course, I will spend the summer at St. Tropez and mean to
utilise whatever leisure I will have after nursing my old chum to
preparing new lectures for the winter season in England. My next
October I hope to have enough advance bookings in this country that
will enable me to return, when I could also establish my own quarters.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

840306145

[Letter] 1936 March 11, London [to unknown recipient] / [Emma Goldman].—
3 p.; 26 x 20 cm.

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- 3 -

... , ... , that I still It is
... , optimistic to do that in the face of the present world
... . The governments, with Great Britain in the lead, are again
... , the ... fast over the top. The most terrible aspect
... this is the stupid faith of the Labour Party and the Commun-
ists. In supporting the British Government in its loud insistence
on sanctions, the Labour Party and the Communists are now doomed
to go the limit, namely to also support the Government in its
military campaign. It is a worse spectacle than in 1934. There was
no illusion of achieving lofty ideals and in this case committing
every responsible

... all ... , it is in a measure childish to make definite
... , and that one has to do so, or one would not be able to
... in life at all. It is fortunate that we can still dream. For
... very few people will admit it, I yet insist that dreams
... result, more real. I hope I may never lose the capacity to
... .

After April 3rd I can be reached c/o ... , 101 Boulevard
de Cassole, ... (A.S.).

Affectionately,

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022120

[Letter, 19]36 March 11, London [to Alexander Berkman and Emmy Eckstein, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

March 11/1936
London March 11 36.

My dears, my very dears.

I am sure your impatience to see me back cannot be greater than mine to see my two beloved invalides. Fact is I am frightfully restless. I'd give anything not to have tied myself up with South Wales. ~~Three~~ Months of negotiations with the Labor Colleges there turned out to be a Wasserkopf. Three small classes in three small South Wales towns. But I have to go through with it. Then the last lecture the 31st. I am trying to arrange everything so I can get away the second. You know how everything accumulates when one is four months in a city. There is so much to do and no one to help. Barr has all he can do to look after the two last lectures, printing, distribution and a lot more. Suttan is a busy man though I have never known ^{one} more willing. You will laugh over the inclosed note. I wrote him no greater love had any man for a woman than to supply her with a secretary who is "young, tall dark, handsome and decent". Alas, that is only when I return. I wish I had had him during my stay. My poor back would not hurt so much from hours at the machine every day. Well, it will soon be over. Only 13 days more.

You understand dearest Bess that it is my anxiety about you and E. that makes me want to get away as quickly as possible. Had you both been well I would have stayed on until the end of April. Not to lecture but to rest for a bit, do some reading in the British Museum, see some plays, hear some music. But nothing on earth would induce me to stay an hour longer than I must. I wouldn't enjoy anything anyhow with you two ill and needing operations. I would go right through from here to

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022120

[Letter, 19]36 March 11, London [to Alexander Berkman and Emmy Eckstein, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.
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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Nice. I could see Mollie and Benia at the station in between trains, but I left my trunk in Paris and ~~am~~ excess weights costing a mint in France I will have to pack my books and winter clothes in the trunk and ship it petite vitesse. From here I can take 150 pound on my ticket. Some difference isn't it? Of course all will depend on how you both get on. If an extra day or two will in the least effect your operations I will fly from here to Cannes. All other things are of no importance. So you must keep me posted, my dears.

Sunday I go to Coventry. I will be back Monday. Paul and Essie Robeson have a matinee Monday in a Negro play called Toussain. And they are leaving me tickets at the theatre. So I will go straight from the station to the Theatre. The 19th I speak here on Anarchism. I am already sick to my stomach from nervous anxiety about that lecture. The 23th I go to S. Wales returning the 28th. Unless it will be very important to reach me quickly you had better continue writing me to the Koldofskys as I will have to move about from town to town every day. But here is the main address c/o Mr A.L. Williams 9 Glanrhyd, Rhiwbina Cardiff, South Wales. I will be stopping with him the 25th and 26th. I hope nothing will happen that you should have to reach me quickly. Mail in the morning is delivered here quite early so that a letter can reach me the 25th before I go to the station. And the 28th I will be back in the early afternoon.

I may stop off in Bristol for a day. ~~There's~~ Tom and ~~Caro~~ and Nellie Lavers are going through a deep tragedy. Nell has fallen in love with another man and she and Tom are breaking up their

The Emma Goldman Papers

881022120

[Letter, 19]36 March 11, London [to Alexander Berkman and Emmy Eckstein, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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message. Nellie writes me she struggled hard against her new passion. But the more she tried the worse it got. She simply has outgrown Tom physically. But still feels the deepest concern and friendship for him. Tom looks like a wraith Nell writes. Not enough misery for the boy, he is under management of Nellie's new man. And he can get no other job in Bristol. To fill Tom's cup to the brim his mother had a cerebral stroke. Pierce isn't it? Tom wanted me terribly to come for Christmas. Had I known the situation I certainly would have gone to them. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Not that one can help in such a situation. But just to give them a warm friendly feeling might help them. Too bad about Tom, he is so sensitive anyhow. He must be suffering like hell.

My dears I hope you are both gaining strength. You will need it for the operations. Well, what's the good of having been a nurse in the old long ago. If I don't get you well, who should or could. Some vanity eh?

I embrace you both with love.

The Emma Goldman Papers

860115023

[Letter] 1936 March 11, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Bessie [Davidoff]. — 2 p. ; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

Hotel Wellington
7th Ave at 55th St., N.Y.C.

5697

Dear Emma.

I just spoke to Mo and hasten to answer your letter lest it stay unanswered as did one of your other letters that really deserved a better fate. Mo is alright as to the heart, that is, his heart is behaving much better than anyone could have expected. It is his foot that is giving him trouble. The toes often get numb, the whole foot gets numb too from time to time and of course he ought to be off his feet but feels he cannot afford to give up work for fear he will then have nothing to live on. He does not get into town at all but of course could not rest until he had seen Amy and until he knew just what physicians are doing and saying about her. That was the time that Paul was here and they met. Paul assured Mo that he would immediately see you and give you a report of him. If Babsie comes or if I go over there soon I shall give them all the data you sent me.

Thanks for the sympathy you are offering us. Essie's was the first yours the second from London. I have not had anything but a cable from Paul but I received his itinerary and knew that he was in a different city every day or so and could hardly get the time to write, especially when I knew that his feelings were far too deep to express on paper or otherwise. I knew without his telling me. Just how he felt and how much sympathy he was sending out in his heart for us. He knew and understood Amy as very few did. They were so much alike in so many instances. I pitied him having to sing day in and day out with the news about Amy in his mind and heart. He wept with us--how well I know how that great heart was breaking. Paul, our dear Paul, what would we have done without him! Heaven knows if it depended upon him ~~XXXX~~ she certainly would have been here today. What did he not do that was humanly possible to do for her? He carried her, he sang to her, he gave up everything of importance to stay near her to entertain her. And truth to tell, her spirits were high while he was here and she was improving right along. When he left she felt blue and somehow began to fade and sink. He had helped with all his strength and that strength was passed on to her while he was here. How wretched I felt to see him go on that boat! Somehow I felt that Paul had Amy's life in his hands and that his leaving would ruin it all. I could not turn the hands of fate. It seemed destined that he must go. She too, it seemed.

How is Paul? What are his plans? I would give anything to hear from him but know what a Herculean task it must be for him to talk to me at this time. Is he planning to come back to America or is he still touring.

How right you are about that boasted medical science! They had to confess horror-struck, that while they knew that she was going, there was nothing that they knew about that could save her, except perhaps her own youth and vitality. And with those she fought, God, how valiantly she fought, for her life! As with everything she ever did in her beautiful little life, she put in her best efforts. She was capable beyond description. Nothing she could not do, from clay modelling to sewing to cooking to repairing anything that was amiss, to writing, singing, playing or what you will! She was direct and straightforward in her conduct and there are very few people if any, who were not influenced somehow for the better in having known her. The scores of letters from all over the U.S. all testify to that. What tributes to such a young child! And she was developing by leaps and bounds. What heights might she not have reached? French, Spanish, German, some Italian, she spoke those languages and played in some. Her acting was so often commented on, whether in a play by Ludwig Lewisohn or one in Spanish. She brought Spain to Wisconsin is what

The Emma Goldman Papers

860115023

[Letter] 1936 March 11, New York [to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Bessie [Davidoff]. — 2 p.; 27 x 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

5698

one Spanish Professor said in his letter to me. Did you see any of her artistic jewelry work? Bessie has a pewter plate that she made for them rings, pins, etc. etc. that she had given to others. There is a void and ache in every heart that knew Amy and loved her. And of the latter, so many! — And no wonder. Wherever she went there was joy and sunshine and laughter. She brought a world together, always so anxious that those she knows and is fond of must meet and be fond of one another. And somehow she succeeded! And what a pain she was to me, to her Dad and to her brother! How painfully we miss her. A vacation with her coming home meant bells, telephone calls people for dinner, supper, breakfast, people staying over, music song and dance and everything that is purely joyous! How quiet is our home now, and now sad, now unutterably sad!.....

Oh, but I mustn't, dear Emma, throw my sadness upon you. Surely, these days, your own lot is not altogether a bed of roses. I am so glad to have heard from you! Alas, that it should have been on such an occasion! So many trying to comfort me is of some help, of course. But I find no comfort except, perhaps in the fact that Amy has been spared what I am going through now... But it is a small comfort. I miss her sunniness and her beauty and her invaluable companionship! Above all, she loved life so and got so much out of it, why could she not have lived at least, a good average life?

I am so sorry to hear about Sanna. Please give him my love and wishes for his recovery.

Emma dear, how is that woman where Amy and I had stopped when I was in London? Do you remember the one who wept and sobbed so copiously at the theatre where Paul sang "Tired of living and feared of dying", who had lost her son, her daughter and her husband, but had a little grandchild she took me to see at some institution? How is that poor soul, if she is still carrying on, life's ills and tragedies notwithstanding?

Be well, dear Emma. Take good care of yourself.

Henry, too, is pretty miserable. During the day and evening he teaches. The nights are terrible and his sobs are frequent. My own days grow more miserable as time goes on. Oh, I guess I had better quit.

Our love to you.

Bessie

*Henry and Bob send
their greetings*

March 11th '36.

The Emma Goldman Papers

861029159

[Letter, 19]36 March 12, London [to C.W.] Daniel, [London (fragment)] / [Emma Goldman].— 1 p. ; 24 x 20 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

~~xxxx~~ London March 12th 36.

4200

Dear Mr Daniel.

Thanks a lot for your good letter and check for 10/ inclosed. Here are the ten tickets you want me to send you.

Monday the 16th is impossible for me. In fact I am booked up un il the 20th, next Friday. Would that do? I would come to your office so we can settle everything in re my indebtedness for MISLUSIONMENT and psotsge for MEMOIRS. And I will be glad to take tea with you when "business" is done. However, I must aks you to kindly let me know by return mail or phone if Friday is suitable. My days in London are fast running out. At the last moment people have awakened to my presence in the city. And everybody wants to see me now. I should not bother with most of them since they should precious little interest so far. But as I am planning to come back I cannot afford to lose even the lukewarm friendships. So please have your girl call me up to say whether the 20th is alright.

Another reason for being so busy next week is that I lecture on Anarchism in Hammersmith the 19th. Would you believe it though I have treated the subject thousands of times I do have to begin from the beginning each lecture. So I will have to devoted to full days to that next week. Please let me come Friday.

I hope you can have a talk with Mr Suttan. He has been most helpful and means to be much more so to ptepare fascilities for my return. In fact it is he who is financing the Conway Hall lecture. So I am very keen you should meet him. I hope it will be before my departure as I should like to know your impression of the man. Alright about the posters. We could not wait anyhow

The Emma Goldman Papers

900117163

[Letter] 1936 March 12, Cardiff [Wales to Emma Goldman, London] / A.L. Williams. — 1 p. ; 29 × 21 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

24047

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF LABOUR COLLEGES

THE PRINCIPAL LABOUR EDUCATIONAL ORGANISATION

Head Office: 15 South Hill Park Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

General Secretary: J. P. M. Millar.

Phone: Hampstead 0041-0042.

OUR REF.

DIVISION 4

YOUR REF.

Organiser: A. L. Williams,
9 Glanrhyd,
Rhiwbina,
CARDIFF

12th March, 1936.

Dear Comrade,

I must fly to the defence of my progeny !
The delay was on your side at first. I was kept waiting for dates, and after provisional arrangements were made, you changed the dates, making it necessary for us to completely alter our arrangements. Classes are run by voluntary people, and I have learned to appreciate the great difficulties under which they work. In South Wales one has to develop a strong sense of charity----or go mad.

We had to change the dates because Aberdare could not get a hall until Friday the 27th. You are to lecture as follows:-

Wednesday	Mountain Ash.
Thursday	Ystradgynlais.
Friday	Aberdare.

On Wednesday you will book to Cardiff, as you will travel to Mountain Ash by 'bus. You will leave Mountain Ash after the lecture and return to Cardiff, and I shall arrange your accommodation. The following day you will travel to Ystradgynlais, and will stay the night there. On Friday you will travel to Aberdare, and after your lecture you will again come to Cardiff and will stay with me. On Saturday morning you can return to London by train. If you will let me know the exact time of your arrival on Wednesday the 25th I shall arrange to meet you at the station. 3-0 p.m. would give you sufficient time to have tea before taking 'bus to Mountain Ash. You can come earlier if you wish. I can give you detailed directions when I meet you.

Each class will pay you a fee and part of your fare. This is the only way we can hope to deal with the matter.

You can say what you like, providing you make it perfectly plain that you are expressing your own personal views. If there is opposition, I suppose you will know how to deal with it.

Fraternally yours,



Read the PLEBS, 3d. monthly (4d. post free).

The Emma Goldman Papers

870216124

[Letter, 19]36 March 12 [London to] Emma [Goldman, London] / Shloime [Sutton]. — 1 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

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METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF STEPNEY.



RATES OFFICE

238, CABLE STREET.
ST GEORGE'S. E.1.

12/3/36

My dear Emma.

Herewith another drop to help your boat along on the high seas. More drops are to follow. Meanwhile your future sacrilegious is gaining ample practice.

You will please observe that it is Thursday and I am deliberately writing to show you that even on such a day I am capable of a spot of warmth for dear Emma.

Be of good cheer; the sun will soon be shining, and all things will be joyful

Yours
Shloime

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023151

[Letter] 1936 March 13 [Nice to Emma Goldman, London] / Emmy [Eckstein]. — 2 p.; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

den 13. März, 1936

My Dearest friend:

If I did not write for quite a while, it surely does not mean that I did not think of you! Indeed, you are in my mind now more than ever. But -- as usual, I could not sit for a moment at the typewriter, the usual nervousness through the nagging inside me. But that will soon stop. And how great to think of that!

My dear, the reason why I write to you is the need after receiving your letter yesterday eve, that announced the thing with the gasstove - your escape from a catastrophe. Well, Emma, it was a real shock for the both of us. Sasha just gave me the letter and said: "read it right away, Emmy". What a luck that you did not close the windows. Emma, dear, I want to know how that happened? Since you read until late with that stove, and it burnt alright, what happened later on, when the gas "evaporated"? Probably you must have turned out the wrong "robinet"? It is a dangerous stove, I should say, and I do hope that you will be very careful in future. I think it is rather old-fashioned, to have gas stoves, when everywhere everybody has electric arrangements. But, knock wood, you are a lucky devil, Emma, dear, and then your strength always brings you back on your feet. What a comfort, that at least one of the family is "solide".

You know, dearest, I have made an appointment for this afternoon with the doctor. Because, he said that he wants to operate me in a week, but as you know, I want to wait for you. So, I phoned him up and he said that I should come this afternoon. And I am SURE almost that it will be O.K. Dear, BY NO MEANS rush so terribly! Look back. You even should stay a day or so in Paris in order to see your friends. You are perfectly right in thinking that a few days or one week does not play a role, when I am tortured for all my life with that pain. So, then, keep in mind, Emmachen, that even one week earlier or later does not make any difference. And -- I will add under this letter a line in order to ask sure --- what the doctor said. The fact is that since yesterday there is a considerable betterment in my condition and I eat with appetite, and I have gained already 5 pounds, since my return from the hospital. I want to be fat before my operation. So, please don't worry.

Sash has rather a tough time in arranging his pipe and so forth. The poor devil is busy all day long LITERALLY. And then, Emma dear he loses all fine manners of late, and we will have a hard time to make him sit again to go under the "fine society-people". Or he has his hands on the pipe, or he looks if he piss drops sufficiently, or he has his finger in the nose. I really am shocked, and I prepare you, Emma darling, that this house has gone down in respect to the niveau..... So be better prepared.


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- 2 -



Kiss and more kisses

9.1.

Eune - darling. how about a nice little ^{a green} chicken before I leave for Pastors? ^{in morning} it's 11:30. Love

222

Dear
Am busy
with my
to all
about
Taste
more

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023149

[Letter, 19]36 March 14, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman]. — 3 p. ; 23 x 18 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

London March 14th, 36.

Dearest Anychen, I am so relieved to know that your operation can wait until the first week in April. But what about Sasha's operation? I suppose he ~~hasn't~~ has not yet seen the surgeon again. I hope he too can wait. Sure my dear you need someone you care about near. I makes everything easier to bear. You bet I will be on hand in time. I am not anxious to see people in Paris. But I 'll need an extra day to pack and ship my trunk, go to the bank and on or tow other matters I must attend to. And that cannot be done in a day. But I will be in good time for your operation. That is certain as far as anything is humanly certain.

I wonder why Sasha must continue with that tube business? I suppose it has to go on until the second operation. I hope the man who does the dressings is efficient. And so you have both become demoralized, using apologetic language etc? That's all right dearie I will stand it. The main thing will be to get you both well and healthy. I'll do my damndest you bet.

About the gas stove, dearest the light blew out after I was asleep. There was no wind when I retired. It must have started during the night and that may have blown out the light. I don't know why the Suttens use a gas heater when they have electricity in their house. But it was a narrow escape. As I often say, it takes death to kill me. I smelled gas for days. But I am alright now. do not worry about me my dear.

Let me know dearest if you have a decent night gown, or pyjamas for the hospital. I'd like you to look nice in bed. I can get you some here much cheaper than in France. So be

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023149

[Letter, 19]36 March 14, London [to] Emmy [Eckstein, Nice] / [Emma Goldman].—
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be sure to let me know soon.

Well, my dear little Emmy soon I will be near enough to take care of you and if the operation is really to restore you to health I will push along with the care I want to give you. Never mind about being used to your pain. One must not get used to such things. To heel with bad habits and your illness has been a bad habit. Too bad we did not know long ago what you need. Perhaps your naughty stomach switched only recently. In that case Ann Neagoe is right since it was Sasha's operation that helped you to know the cause of your misery. As to needing a horrible experience to know whether I love you. That only because you judged by surface and appearance. You must never again do that my dear. You must bear in mind that I am not of iron. Each time I came back from a tour I was worn out and my nerves were on fire. Last summer about finished me because of my silly infatuation. Altogether made every day share torture that I was unable to free myself from. But all that had nothing whatever to do with my love for you. Only you did not know it. Well, dearie I hope you know it now and will know more of it when I return.

Be of good cheer you will yet enjoy life once you will be free from pain.

With love.

Dearest Sasha, I cannot write you to day. I will from Coventry tomorrow. I will have couple of hours for myself in a hotel, thank goodness. I will write you by hand. So glad E's operation

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881023149

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3 p.; 23 × 18 cm.

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car wait. I hope yours too will not make your condition worse
because of the extra wait.

You will enjoy the illustrated cartoon of the
man is the best cartoonist in England. And the conception of
so true.

With love.

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022121

[Letter, 19]36 March 15, Coventry [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 12 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

Dearest Alex. ^{Coventry Sunday} I wrote March 15/36
yesterday with only a greeting
to you. I have a little time
before dressing for my lecture
to write again. I will
add a line to tell you the
outcome of the night's affair.
I understand the Drama
organization in this town
has a thousand members,
and most of them will
attend. I wish, if only I
could have, made such head-
to-head for. How much
misery that would save me.
Perhaps when I have once
established myself. When
I feel it will take many
more years than I have
before me. And the way so

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022121

[Letter, 19]36 March 15, Coventry [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 12 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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I have been told
that you have to help
a friend said I never
saw in my former visits in
this country. A plodder of
hope even was one. But
slow as death, and without
the spirit of enterprise. In
addition, he has been un-
employed for 2 years and
is therefore very poor.
I would have had to give
up 2 months ago if Cullen
had not come along. He
has put some guts into
Burr. And I must say, he
has encouraged me to go on.
It is he who is financing
the last lecture. But as he
has already sold fifty Dollars

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022121

[Letter, 19]36 March 15, Coventry [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 12 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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and here maybe a surprise
fact that is not the important
thing though I could use
some money. It is that I am
is so really interested
in winning my pack. He
I have the last feeling my
furnish a nucleus that would
gain him to replace the
ground for my return.
Latham is a strange mixture
of very poverty stricken
he grew up in London slums
and by his own doggedness
he has pulled himself out
But he is a level headed
position. That surely does

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The Emma Goldman Papers

881022121

[Letter, 19]36 March 15, Coventry [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 12 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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to me. I feel he is making
some money. I see he can
not be so willing to help
that is not the point. His
strangeness is his very
advanced ideas on a new way
and his extreme limitation
on others. He is singularly
mislead for a man of his
stamp. But he is awfully
naïve in human affairs.
I cannot for the life of me
explain his interest in
me or my work. But he
is extremely ego and wishes
to go the limit on his help.
He keeps telling me
I should not worry. He'd like

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]36 March 15, Coventry [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 12 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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the same as it is. His
secretary. All the time
do is to "keep on" as they
say here.

The same as it is. His
wife is as interested as
he. She keeps telling him
he is not doing enough.
They are a sunny couple
and so. Well, I don't
know, but I don't
expect will last. 6 months
are a long time. But what
ever will happen. I think
has been tremendously help
ful already. One can make
no plans in our crazy world.
But unless the situation demands

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]36 March 15, Coventry [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman]. — 12 p. ; 24 x 19 cm.

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Institutional Location: Alexander Berkman Archive.

My main concern now
is to get to you & C. and
help you ~~the~~ back to health
I hope I will succeed.
Signed by my dearest Love
to C. Must dress now.
Emma

Monday morning.
Here I am my dear waiting until train
time to return to London. He meets
last night brought back a very great
quantity. About 100 people in the theatre
more responsive than any audience I

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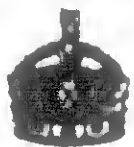
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TELEGRAMS 'QUEENS COVENTRY' 4 TELEPHONE 2424 COVENTRY

 **QUEENS HOTEL,**
COVENTRY.

FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL
R. J. ORLEY,
RESIDENT PROPRIETOR

ever had. His grace
at the Reception in this
City and also in the
man of society. I
than most such people
I found in the
and the reception in
case in the
myself here in the
I am I had 2
much engagement
a lot to do. I
would have been
happy to see you know
I feel that any
now consequently it is
to make the delay
delay yourself. I
want to see you in

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been told.
 I've only a fair
 amount of it at present,
 & I don't see
 a way to have it.
 I might be able to
 make some more
 to you, however,
 but I don't know.
 How the gallery work
 will look next week?
 Say what you like
 my dear friend, and make

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The Emma Goldman Papers

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[Letter, 19]36 March 15, Coventry [England to Alexander Berkman, Nice] / E[mma Goldman].— 12 p. ; 24 × 19 cm.

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TELEGRAMS 'QUEENS COVENTRY

TELEPHONE 8484 COVENTRY



5

QUEENS HOTEL.

FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL

COVENTRY.

R. J. ORLEY,
RESIDENT PROPRIETOR

and may I am
certainly so as that
very soon as you
the day is nothing
are not an even
then occurrence the
matter each of these
are as a case of in the
great good, which
I can see that
I am sure you
in 1917. I am sure
and you are not
the day is not
I am sure you
may nearly be
I am sure that

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TELEGRAMS: BUREAU, BOSTON, NEW YORK



FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL

R J OKLEY,
IDENT PROPOSITION

TELEPHONE 2624

QUEENS HOTEL,
COVENTRY

In Jess Ray's words
 and I will be with
 you. And I will
 understand your
 case. John Ray.
 I suppose you
 have not been
 very much an agent
 of the cause in America
 lately. I have
 intended to say
 there may be no
 more meetings in
 the South. I am
 at present in the
 and will be 25th
 John Ray's writing

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[illegible]

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my to the Walden story,
Dear Sir, I will
send a letter from
you as I am
going straight to London
to take in a few days
in a few days I am
not at all sure
I need not say
anything more, I have
an interest in a few
days more. I am
just an anarchist
to say I had in
a few days more
I am a great deal
more than a few
days more. I am
a "green",
all, "green", and
decent" private secretary
for me, when wrote
I have

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The
Emma
Goldman
Papers

A Microfilm Edition

Reel 36

Correspondence

December 1, 1935, to March 15, 1936

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and
Daniel Cornford

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Alexandria, Virginia

Cambridge, England

16X



END

